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Issue 48 2012

RURAL TREASURES

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HADRIAN RESURRECTED

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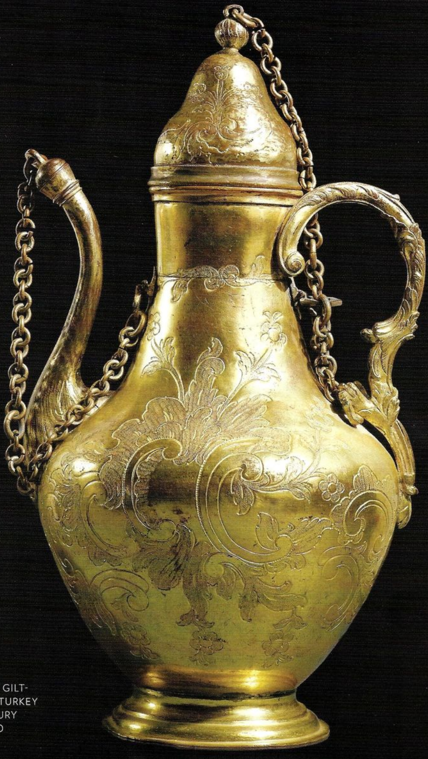

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Cover: Belenardıç Mosque, Denizli. Photograph Ali Konyalı (Yapı Kredi Yayınları, Istanbul). See page 80

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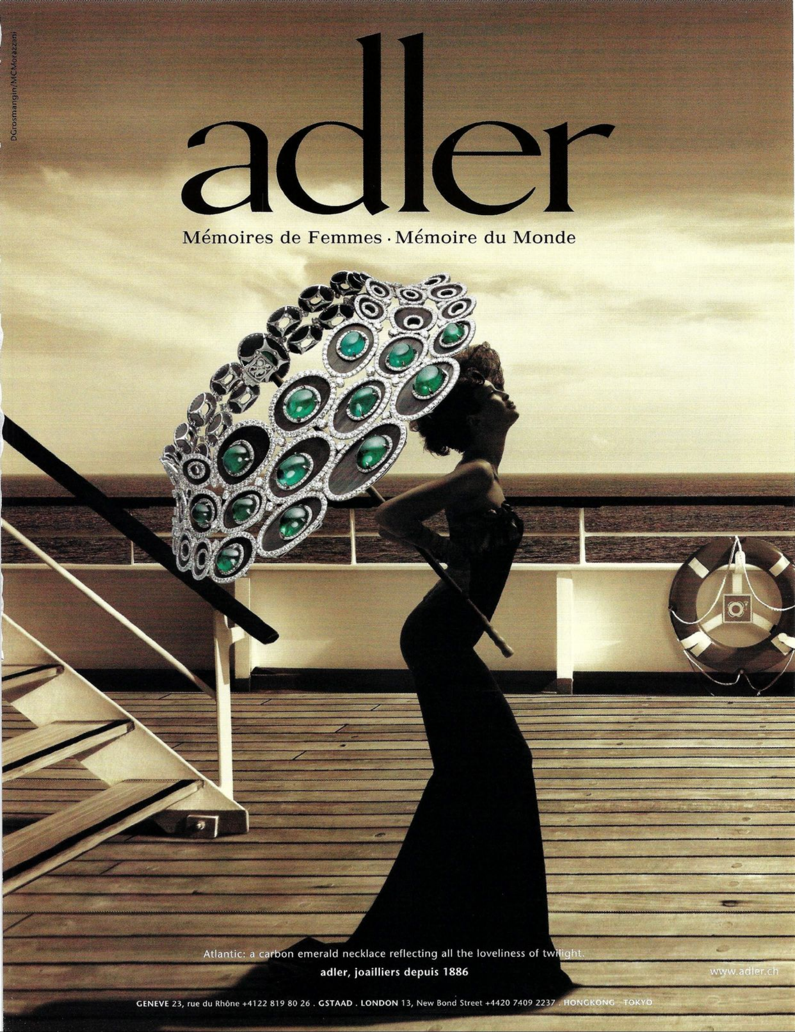
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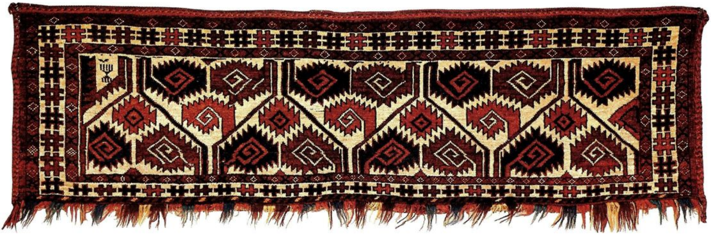

Arabachi Torba, mid 19th century, 46x156 cm. (1'7"x5'2")

Facing page, from top row

Azarbaijan embroidery, early 18th century, 73x77 cm. (2'5"x2'7")
Yomut asmalik, mid 19th century, 85x130 cm. (2'10"x4'4")
Bukhara suzani, mid 19th century, 116x175 cm. (3'10"x5'9")
Kaitag embroidery, mid 18th century, 63x108 cm. (2'1"x3'7")
Ottoman embroidery, mid 18th century, 120x126 cm. (4'x4'2")
Yomut bocha, mid 19th century, 38x40 cm. (1'4"x1'5")
Bukhara ikat panel, mid 19th century, 122x204 cm. (4'x6'9")
Samarkand suzani, late 19th century, 167x232 cm. (5'6"x7'8")
Kaitag embroidery, mid 18th century, 60x98 cm. (2'x3'3")
Konya fragment carpet, late 17th century, 122x135 cm. (4'x4'6")
Bukhara coat, mid 19th century,
Konya kilim, mid 18th century, 88x330 cm. (2'11"x10'10")

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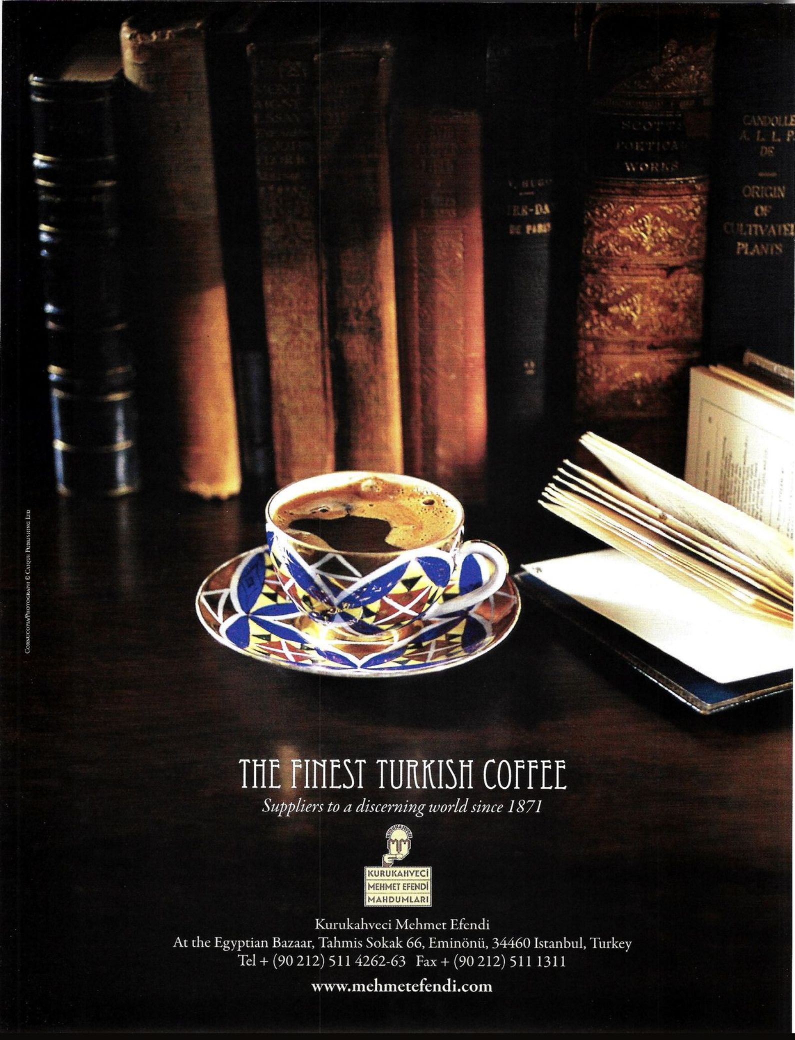
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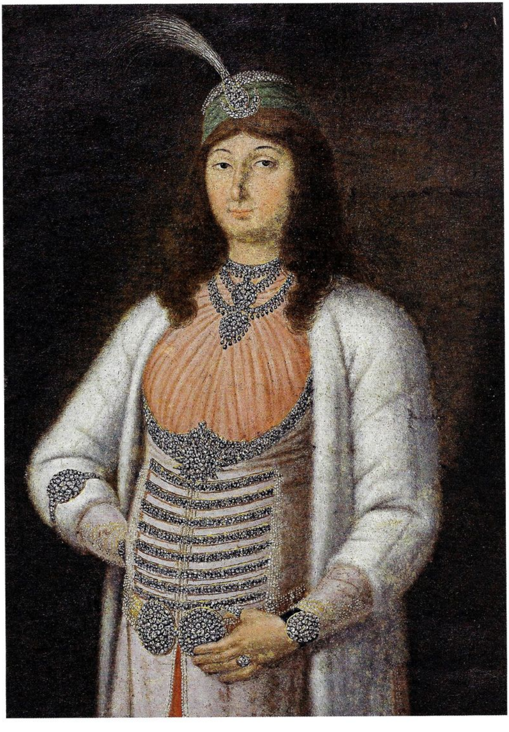
CONNOISSEUR

THE TOPKAPI HAREM UNVEILED, LONDON'S SALEROOM FINDS, THE LOUVRE'S DRAMATIC ISLAMIC GALLERIES, FLOWERS IN BLOOM IN WASHINGTON AND THE ART OF EARLY OTTOMAN BRANDING

HAREM SECRETS

CAROLINE FINKEL ON A REVEALING NEW SHOW THAT BRINGS THE TOPKAPI PALACE TO LIFE



A BEJEWELLED PALACE WOMAN, PAINTED IN THE LATE 18TH CENTURY. THE HEAVILY FROGGED 'ENTARI', THE FUR-LINED ROBE, THE AIGRETTE IN HER HEADDRESS AND THE WEALTH OF DIAMONDS ATTEST TO HER STATUS

Few places are so shrouded in myth as the Harem of the Topkapı Palace in Istanbul. Travellers longed for a glimpse of what went on within its well-protected walls, and European artists gave rein to their fantasies in flamboyant paintings. In recent years the Harem has been refurbished and sections previously hidden from public view have been opened up, but it is bereft of life and of the myriad objects that sustained it. The present exhibition showcases sumptuous and everyday things, both those used by high-status women – princesses and the sultan's concubines – and those of the slave women who served them. These include seals, garments and textiles, boxes, jewellery, combs and mirrors, cradles and toys, writing implements, saddles and archery bows, musical instruments, Chinese bowls, vases and flasks, chess sets and shadow puppets.

The exhibition also features portraits of sultans who influenced the architecture of the Harem. Although there has not been a full architectural survey of the precinct, the main phases of its development are understood. Contrary to the conceit of the popular TV soap *Muhteşem Yüzyıl (Magnificent Century)*, the sultan's women remained in the city-centre palace built by Mehmed the Conqueror until the 1540s, when Süleyman I merged his private and public household (already at the Topkapı) and building began in earnest.

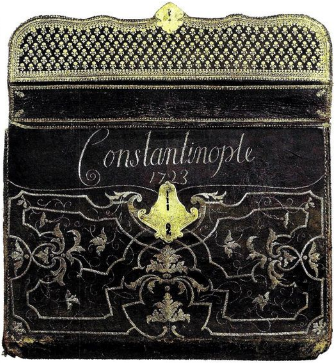
Fifty years later, Murad III greatly extended the Harem and transformed it into a key state institution headed by the Chief Black Eunuch. A miniature showing the first incumbent, Habeşi (Ethiopian) Mehmed Ağa, before Sultan Murad, is displayed alongside documents hinting at the extensive financial responsibilities that made this office so powerful.

The catalogue misleadingly refers to all Harem women as "concubines", a term properly used for women who had sexual relations with the sultan. One who most certainly did was Hürrem Sultan, whose passion is on display in a letter to her husband, Süleyman. We also see a moving plea from his half-sister, Fatma Sultan, to their father, Selim I, to be released from marriage to a brutish husband. Every time a document from the Ottoman court is published, we can sense the degree to which more generous access to the palace archive will fundamentally change our understanding of the dynasty.

The wealth of previously unseen things brought out from the palace depots humanises the Harem's long passages and cheerless reception rooms. It is an art historian's exhibition and focuses on the objects themselves rather than on the history of the Harem as a political force. Informative essays and explanatory notes in the lavish catalogue (in Turkish and English) are written by those who know the place best, the curators of the palace collections. As we roam the empty spaces of the Harem today, we can now better imagine the vibrant life that was lived there and the women for whom it was their whole world.

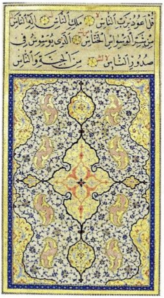
Caroline Finkel is the author of 'Osman's Dream: The Story of the Ottoman Empire 1600–1923' (John Murray paperback, £14.99)

'Harem: The House of the Sultan' is at the Topkapı Palace Museum until October 15. The lavishly illustrated catalogue, with essays by many of the museum's curators and an introduction by İlber Ortaylı, is available from cornucopia.net at £52.50, post-free to CORNUCOPIA *subscribers*

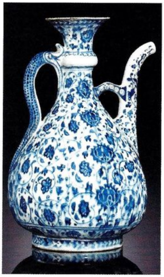


LONDON'S ISLAMIC SALES

△ No Levant merchant on the Kordon of Smyrna or the Dam of Amsterdam was without his Ottoman leather attaché case. They were also popular in London. The diarist Samuel Pepys's is still preserved. This 1723 example, in Sotheby's Arts of the Islamic World sale on October 3, has an old label on its salmon-pink silk lining with the Rue Saint Honoré address of Léon Gruel, Relieur d'Art, Objets et Livres Anciens (est £12–16,000).



قل اعوذ برب الناس ۝ ملك الناس ۝ اله الناس
من شر الوسواس الخناس ۝ الذي يوسوس في
صدور الناس ۝ من الجنة والناس



△ Christie's Art of the Islamic and Indian World sale (October 4) includes this early Iznik ewer, dated c 1510, with a characteristic dragon's-head handle (est £200–300,000)

◁ A no less extravagant delight at Sotheby's is the Koran from the hand of Mustafa Dede, celebrated son of the 'father of Ottoman calligraphy', Shaykh Hamdullah. Mustafa was born in 1495 in Amasya, but lived in Istanbul, dying there in 1538. His manuscripts are very rare. Only one is known in Istanbul's Süleymaniye Library, for example. The delicate illumination, seen here in the frontispiece, is typical of the first half of the 16th century (est £180–220,000).

PARIS IN A NEW LIGHT

THOMAS ROUECHÉ IS AWED BY THE NEW ISLAMIC GALLERIES AT THE LOUVRE

Over an elegant courtyard of the Louvre, a few floors below the museum's most famous resident, the Mona Lisa, stretches an undulating golden veil. Beneath this vision of architectural beauty lies what will be the museum's new Islamic Galleries. "You can see as if you were looking through the wing of a dragonfly," the architect Rudy Ricciotti told *La Stampa* earlier this year. The Cour Visconti "will not be covered and will, in fact, remain visible".

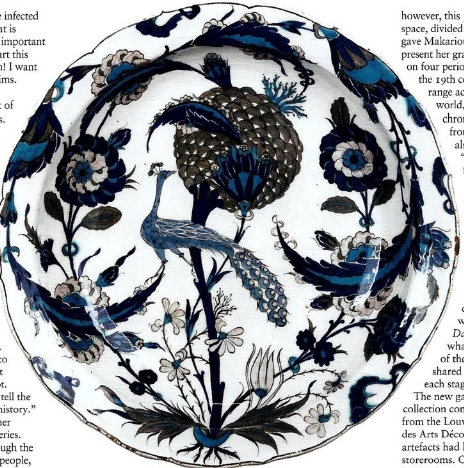
To note that the new Islamic Galleries, designed by Mario Bellini and Rudy Ricciotti, are the first major architectural change to the museum since 1989 is no small statement – made all the more significant because the previous development was the controversial Pyramid, designed by IM Pei. While Pei is now seen as one of the most significant living architects, when he first gained the commission from President Mitterrand in 1984, the plans were met with horror by much of the French public, leading to the resignation of the Louvre's then director, André Chabaud.

Despite the architect referring to the Islamic Galleries as "almost gastronomic", a construction that "strikes minimalism like an axe", few have criticised the plans – almost certainly because they are astonishingly beautiful. In mid-August, the view from the windows of the Salle de la Joconde revealed a golden vista, with elegant contours unfurling. The "golden cloud", as the architects call it, has been designed to float over the courtyard, diffusing light down onto the galleries, giving an impression that Sophie Makariou, the Louvre's chief curator of Islamic art, likens to "an outdoor museum".

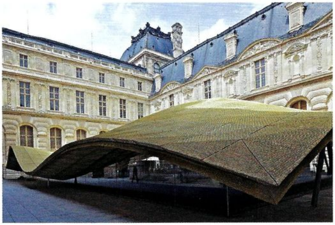
Talking to Makariou, who has been working on these new galleries for the past decade, it is impossible not to become infected with excitement over what is certainly one of the most important developments in Islamic art this century. "I am a historian! I want to tell a story!" she exclaims. Makariou's ebullient statement lies at the heart of her vision for the galleries. "I want to work on the prejudices of the general public – to face them. It is important not to reject such ideas as stupidities but to deal with them."

She refuses to pigeonhole her audience in a period when it is all too easy to confuse ignorance about the Islamic world with stupidity. "The first reaction in Paris to 9/11 was a shortage of change in the bookshops. People wanted to read – to learn. We must not forget that people can learn a lot. The question is how you tell the narratives that make up history."

Narratives are key to her approach in the new galleries. "If you tell the story through the great dynasties, you lose people, especially if they are unfamiliar with the history and the geography. We must take their hand and help them: first give them pleasure, astonishment."



△ A nimble Peacock, one foot on a giant peony, the other on a saz leaf, on a delicate Iznik plate, c1550, in the Louvre (M and Mme R Koechlin Bequest). The Louvre's new Islamic Galleries climax in a blaze of Iznik – 572 tiles on a single 12-metre wall



▽ A 'golden cloud' floats over the new galleries in the Cour Visconti

© Musée du Louvre, Dist. RMN / Hughes Dubois

In the background of our conversation lurks an awareness of the new Islamic Galleries at the Met in New York, which opened to great fanfare last year. These are arranged by (modern) country, as translated into dynasty – an approach that can be confusing to the uninitiated. Of course, as Makariou notes, "The Met is a private museum. The Louvre is not." The rooms at the Met were each sponsored by a large donor; in Paris, sponsorship is mediated by the state. This of course has its advantages. "We can face complex issues under the banner of the state and of *laïcité* [secularism]."

Prior to expansion, the collection was kept "in tiny spaces with no natural light", which "imposed a logic of small units, of compartmentalisation. I needed a big space to tell an epic story that covered a vast geographical space and a huge history. I needed light. The sense of scale is vital to the way in which the public receives things".

As is beauty: "I want to overwhelm the public with beauty. I want their first impression to be 'Well, that's great!'"

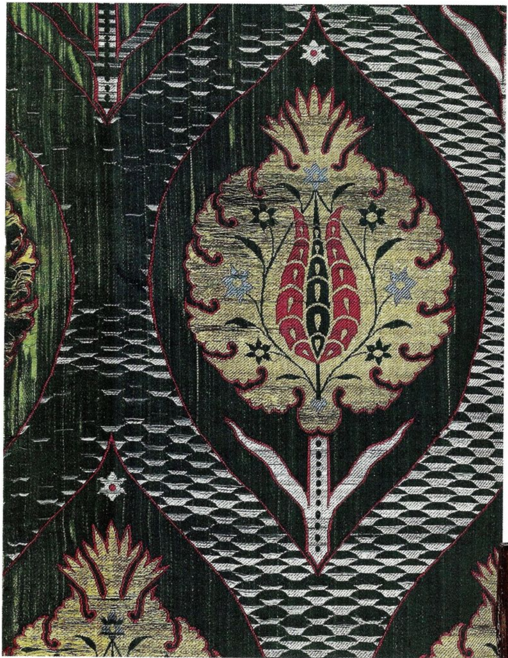
Moving the collection into the large Cour Visconti was a game-changer. "There are no walls. One has the impression of being in an open-air museum. It is a radical change of architectural perception from the Louvre." Most crucially, however, this 3,500-square-metre space, divided into only two floors, gave Makariou the opportunity to present her grand narratives. Seizing on four periods from the 11th to the 19th centuries, the galleries range across the Islamic world, moving chronologically and from west to east, but also juxtaposing "contemporary objects from different areas" – for example, comparing Mamluk and Ilkhanate objects, in other words, Egypt and Iran.

In this way, Makariou wants to answer the fundamental question of what tied the *Dar al Islam* together – what the separate regions of the Islamic world shared with each other at each stage of their histories.

The new galleries will form a collection comprised of objects from the Louvre and the Musée des Arts Décoratifs. Many such artefacts had long languished in storerooms. Others were acquired by the department over the past few years, in particular significant pieces of Mughal art. "We bought a lot," says Makariou. "It is a whole new museum within the museum."

Since Pei's work, the curators have been keen to move the collections out of the Louvre itself; in 1999 the holdings of primitive art were moved to the Musée du Quai Branly. Many people didn't realise that there was space remaining in the Louvre to use. These new galleries are hugely ambitious in concept and in architectural execution, yet there is a lightness of touch and a conceptual integrity that make it hard to imagine them failing.

The historical sweep of the galleries will build to a final flourish: a 12-metre wall of 572 Iznik tiles, arranged chronologically from their earliest Chinese-inspired origins through the heyday of the 16th century to the last days of the Ottoman Empire. "We finish the visit with that," says Makariou. "Then you must go home, because you will be exhausted."
www.louvre.fr

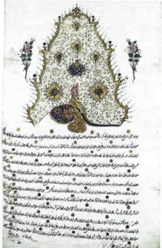


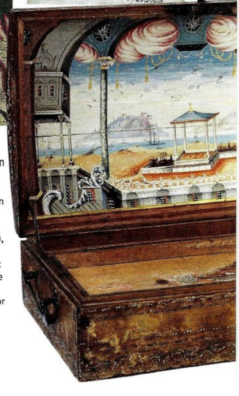
THE SULTAN'S NEW WEAPON

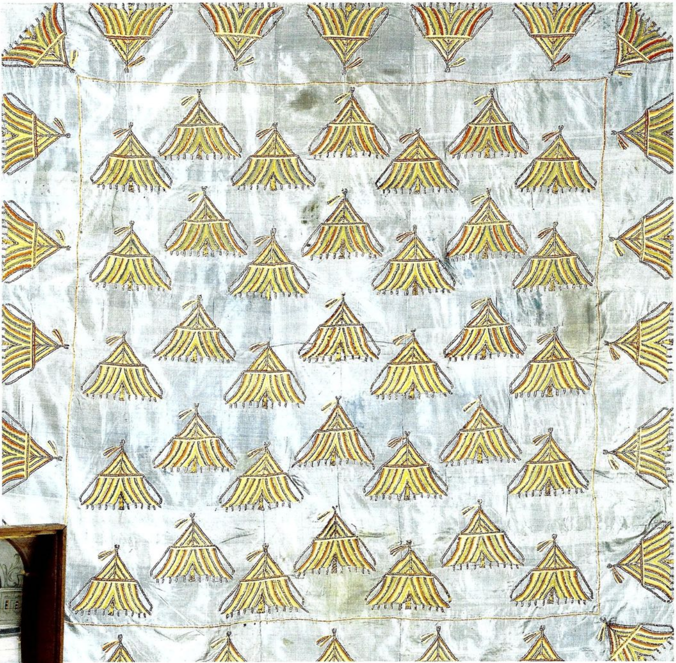
△ The Ottoman Empire harnessed style as one of its most potent weapons in its pursuit of world dominance. Ottoman floral designs became instantly recognisable from the Adriatic to the Indian Ocean. *The Sultan's Garden: The Blossoming of Ottoman Art*, the new exhibition at **Washington's Textile Museum** (until March 10, 2013), includes 58 works – from the museum's own collection and private and institutional loans – tracing the 16th-century revolution in Ottoman style back to the repertoire of a single artist, Kara Memi, at the court of Süleyman the Magnificent (1520–66). A symposium, *Ottoman by Design: Branding an Empire* (October 12–14), explores how art became a political tool. Above is a fragment of dramatic green-ground *kemha* fabric from the first half of the 17th century. On the left is a detail of a classic 16th- or early-17th-century embroidery. (www.textilemuseum.org)

A NEW SHOWCASE FOR THE ART OF WRITING

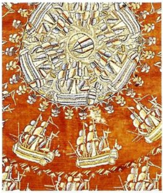
▽▽ The **Sakıp Sabancı Museum** in Emirgan confidently strides from one blockbuster to another. In the spring it was Cobra, the Dutch art group. Next up is Monet. But the museum has not been neglecting its own permanent collection, and has created beautiful new galleries in the late Sakıp Bey's Bosphorus hilltop villa for its distinguished calligraphy. The *ferman*, or edict, below is addressed to Surmalı Tanyel, the Armenian patriarch in Istanbul in 1799–1800, and bears the *tuğra* of Selim III, flanked by bouquets of roses. The box for writing instruments (bottom), with its prettily painted lid, is early 19th century. (muze.sabanciuniv.edu)







AN EYE FOR NEEDLEWORK



△ Nothing is further from affairs of state than *Skill of the Hand, Glory of the Eye* at Istanbul's **Sadberk Hanım Museum** (December 7 – May 26), the sequel to the spectacular women's costume exhibition in 2010, and the first showing of the museum's collection of embroidered textiles. The 165 pieces in the show range from the 17th to the 20th centuries. The two 18th-century examples shown here are a woman's delightful picture of a man's world. The *bohça* (above), embroidered on satin, would probably have wrapped the fresh shirts of a distinguished traveller. The *kavuk örtüsü,* or turban cover (left), was surely used to protect an admiral's turban when it was not in use. The island of dry land in the centre, covered in ships, rested on top of the *kavuk*, the hat the turban was wrapped round, which was particularly tall in the case of admirals. (www.sadberkhanimmuzesi.org.tr)

Private view

Andrew Finkel finds his customary cynicism losing its edge when it comes to Istanbul's bid to host the 2020 Olympics, but he's a firm believer in Turkey's future in Europe, and he blames James Bond for his love affair with the city he has called home for 40 years

Twenty-twenty vision

"Bah! Humbug!" When the subject of Istanbul's bid to host the Olympics in 2020 comes up, I feel like Ebenezer Scrooge in his unreformed middle period. The city has applied and failed four times already and I long ago arrived at the conclusion that the Istanbul Bid Committee is like some Soviet Ministry for Paperclips: a self-perpetuating bureaucracy that struts towards the starting line with no intention of completing the race.

Cynicism is intellectually lazy, I know, but I have come by mine through hard work. In 1996 I was recruited to write sections of Istanbul's 2004 bid book. At the time, I more than believed my own propaganda that the Olympics would provide a legacy far more substantial than a circuit for bicycles to go round.

The very act of constructing an Olympic village west of Istanbul would force the local authorities to plan an orderly expansion of the city, I thought. It would mean putting the horse before the cart, building major infrastructure and a public transport system before the developers' land-grab and the higgledy-piggledy sprawl of concrete apartment blocks. An Istanbul capable of staging the Games would be a city in control of its future.

This argument impressed no one. The Istanbul bid was binned, unread – or so it seemed at the time. The prize went to Athens.

But for 2020 things are looking different. Eddie the Eagle has turned into Usain Bolt. While Athens's economy teeters, Istanbul's is on steroids. The city has made the short list, alongside Madrid (which is cash-strapped) and Tokyo (which has already held the Games, in 1964). Its project is credible. It might even win. (The result will be announced in September 2013.)

I am not yet a believer, but I am prepared to become an agnostic. This is partly because I have seen scepticism far greater than my own melt away. Pre-Olympics London felt like a city preparing for an invasion. Instead, everyone had a good time. In Istanbul people are not asking "Why bother?" but "How can we produce a Games so cool?"

In the end, I think, Olympic maths doesn't add up: there are more direct ways of investing billions upon billions in the health of a nation. That said, I also believe that an Istanbul that managed to co-ordinate an event on the scale of the Olympics would be a better city than it is today.

Time for Europe to talk Turkey again

If patience is a virtue, then Turkey's place among the angels is secure. Efforts to become a member of the European Union have dragged on for 50 years. But now is not the time to give up hope. Voter disenchantment in the Eurozone claimed the head of the French president Nicolas Sarkozy, leader of the die-hard Turko-sceptics. The German chancellor Angela Merkel's job may or may not be on the line, but her foreign minister, Guido Westerwelle, a member of the Liberal Democrats, urged all concerned "to seize the opportunity that emerged after the latest elections in Europe and restart EU–Turkey ties".

Carpe diem may not be what Turkey does best, but making the EU a priority would quiet growing criticism that the current government is becoming more autocratic as its traditional opponents (including the military) become weaker. But doing so will not be easy. If Europe suffers from enlargement fatigue, for Turkey it's more like narcolepsy.

Attitudes may change. Turks had begun to flirt with the notion that the Middle East was Ankara's natural backyard. But the Arab Spring has turned into a season of attrition. Turkey's relations with Iraq, Iran and Syria are at a low, and export opportunities in Libya and Egypt have taken a hit. Europe still accounts for 43 per cent of Turkish trade. With Europe more sceptical about itself these days, it should be less sceptical about admitting Turkey. The task will seem less daunting if a "two-tier" Europe – with political integration occurring at different rates for different countries – emerges from the current crisis.

Turkey should spin Europe's economic problems to its advantage and revive talks for EU membership. That would be good for Turkey, for Europe and for Turkey's neighbourhood. Just don't hold your breath.

Licence to destroy

That I still harbour a romantic vision of Istanbul is all the fault of James Bond. My first glimpse of the city was from the edge of my seat in a darkened cinema at a Saturday matinee, watching Sean Connery save the world in *From Russia with Love*. I saw the film again a few years later, this time as a teenager living in Istanbul. I sat in the balcony beneath the gilt rococo ceiling of the fabled Emek Cinema, looking down at the screen behind a vast proscenium arch. It was every bit as exciting as the action itself.

So I was the first to cheer that Bond was back, or at least in his Daniel Craig incarnation. Earlier this year, the historic city was turned into a film set for the new Bond epic, *Skyfall*. The police barricades went up, the traffic went haywire, but it will have been worth the detours if the images of Istanbul stay as sharp in the imagination as those of its prequel all those decades ago.

The ancient Roma quarters where some of the most exciting scenes in *From Russia with Love* took place were filmed in Pinewood Studios but accurately modelled on the Sulukule district near the Byzantine Land Walls. The district is no more, razed in favour of luxury apartment blocks and shops. The backstreets round the corner from the Emek Cinema were turned into a throughway in the 1980s, and what remains of the neighbourhood is even now being redeveloped – just one of some 50 urban clearance projects. The Emek itself is slated to be turned into a shopping centre with a multiplex on top.

If my years living in Istanbul have taught me anything, it is the folly of nostalgia. In 1963, when *From Russia with Love* was released, Istanbul had a population of just over 1.5 million. The Istanbul of *Skyfall* is closer to 14 million. They are not the same city. At the same time, I fear that Istanbul needs saving not from Spectre but from itself. The rewards of speculative growth are too vast to let us protect what we cherish from the high-handedness of central government.

In 1902 the poet Tevfik Fikret described the city where I live as "a young virgin who survived a thousand husbands". The notion that Istanbul always triumphs over those who would possess her is an illusion as romantic as the idea that James Bond always wins. It is one I still cling to, but my grip becomes looser every day. ◆

Some of this material was first published in the international edition of The New York Times: *http://latitude.blogs.nytimes.com/author/andrew-finkel*

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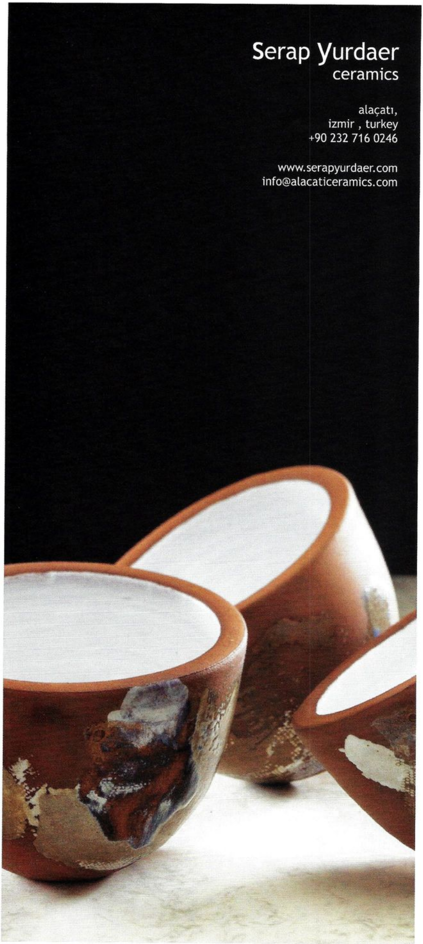

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Scene and be seen

By Michael Hornsby

When Contemporary Istanbul, the city's flagship commercial art event, docks at the Istanbul Congress Center in Maçka this November (22–25), it will be bigger than in any of its previous six years. It is reasonable to expect well upwards of 60,000 visitors over the four days, and organisers are planning space for 100 galleries, with a closer balance between foreign and local exhibitors than ever before. In a sign of increasing confidence (and relative economies), the bulk of the international contingent is from Central and Eastern Europe – this year's theme, "New Horizons", following last year's Gulf States, and Syria and Iran before that. There is also a strong showing from Holland, in keeping with this year's celebrations of 400 years of Dutch–Turkish relations.

This theme continues to influence many a programme, most notably the "free art" of the Cobra group recently at the Sakıp Sabancı Museum (SSM) and the third instalment of SALT's collaboration with Eindhoven's Van Abbemuseum (until December 30), which this time showcases pre-1968 modern art. Istanbul Modern, meanwhile, goes with *Transformation: A View on Chinese Contemporary Art* (until November 25), part of celebrations of 40 years of Turkish diplomacy with the People's Republic.

Contemporary Istanbul will arrive on a brand-new citywide wave of events known as Art Istanbul, a week of exhibitions, talks and screenings starting three days before the fair itself, and organised by the same company. Details are still emerging as we go to press, but participants include all the luminary institutions listed above. Another venue is the Pera Museum, which all autumn combines a showing of Yannick Vu and Ben Jakober's collection of historical children's portraits with an exhibition of their own paintings and sculptures from the past 30 years (until January 6). At least a couple of dozen private galleries will take part, including Egeran, which since opening in Karaköy in May has gained a reputation for hosting fun opening soirées and top-drawer international artists. A show by the Chilean artist Iván Navarro will be complemented by an evening of what sounds like all-out entertainment.

On October 13, İKSV (the Istanbul Foundation for Culture and Arts), which this year staged its 40th annual Istanbul Music Festival, launches the first Istanbul Design Biennial (until December 12). The Aga Khan Award-winning architect Emre Arolat shares the curatorial reins with Joseph Grima, exploring a theme of "Imperfection" through the full range of design fields, from fashion to industrial, at various venues.

With the Biennial's art equivalent falling in alternate years, IKSV has ensured that autumn is always a good time for the contemporary culture vulture to visit Istanbul, and one week in November looks especially packed. Yet a gallery director I spoke with warned that such efforts to present Istanbul as an art destination are merely tacking another attraction onto an already long list of the city's appeals. It is tempting to say that the big Istanbul-branded events are overinflating the actual scene. Nonetheless there are also real signs of growth: more world-class exhibitions such as *Monet* at the SSM (October 9 – January 6), the Rodeo and Elipsis galleries both moving to shiny new premises in Taksim and Karaköy respectively, and young Turkish artists gaining increasing attention abroad.

Istanbul's art heavyweights should remember that strong art communities create great biennials and fairs, as much as the other way round. Contemporary Istanbul flies a flag that is becoming increasingly difficult – and unwise – to miss. ◆

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The flow of time

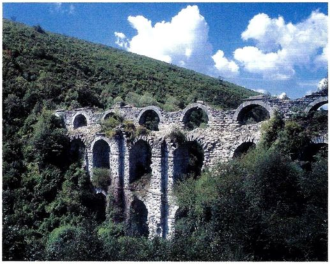
JAMES CROW ON ISTANBUL'S AMAZING SYSTEM OF AQUEDUCTS

WATERS FOR A NEW CAPITAL:
THE WATER SUPPLY OF
BYZANTINE CONSTANTINOPLE
The Research Centre for
Anatolian Civilizations, Istanbul
November 9 – March 1

For great cities size matters, and for cities like Byzantine Constantinople, almost totally obscured beneath the Ottoman and modern city of Istanbul, the scale of the past glory is rarely glimpsed through the majesty of monumental buildings such as Justinian's Ayasofya, and from the relics of the imperial hippodrome, the Land Walls and the recently excavated Theodosian harbour at Yeni Kapı. To appreciate the Byzantine city requires effort and imagination.

Astride one of the old city's main boulevards, like a comb parting the constant lines of traffic, the multi-arched Aqueduct of Valens (Bozdoğan Kemeri) is among the longest Roman aqueduct bridges known, only 29 metres short of a full kilometre in length. Built in the 4th century to carry water from the fourth to the third hill of the city, it is the most obvious surviving element of the new water-supply system constructed for the expanding metropolis.

This was the vital link for water to flow towards the Forum of Theodosius, where there was a great fountain, and from where water channels led throughout the new city, terminating at the huge underground cistern of a Thousand and One Columns (Binbirdirek). The better-known Basilica Cistern (Yerebatan Sarayı) was built by Justinian but filled by the Hadrianic aqueduct. At least 170 cisterns are known from the Byzantine city. Many are far smaller, but others located towards the Theodosian Walls were vast open-air reservoirs later used as market gardens, playgrounds or football stadiums. Strange as it might seem, the remains of water systems far exceed any other category of surviving monument known from the Byzantine city.



THE MIGHTY KURŞUNLUGERME AQUEDUCT, BUILT IN THE 4TH CENTURY

Where did this water come from, and how was it channelled? For the past 20 years Turkish water engineers and British archaeologists have been investigating the sources and courses, with some amazing results. Constantinople was the largest city in the ancient world by the 5th century, and the network of channels and bridges in Thrace stood comparison with the 11 aqueducts of ancient Rome.

Unlike the earlier Aqueduct of Hadrian, the new water sources were not close to the city. They led far into the steep, forested valleys and hills of Thrace to newly sourced springs at Danamandra and Pınarca. The pompous orator Themistius claimed the new line of channels was 1,000 *stades* in length, equivalent to 185 kilometres, considered by historians to be a gross exaggeration. Our estimate from recent fieldwork is that it was in fact 227 kilometres long. Such lengths significantly exceed those of other known Roman aqueducts, from Naples, Cologne or Carthage, and by the mid-5th century new waterlines stretched out from the city an astonishing 451 kilometres as they wound through the Thracian hills beyond the small town of Vize. Because of the dense forest within 50 kilometres of the city, the network of channels is extremely well preserved, and some of the aqueducts are among the finest to survive from the Roman world.

The grandest is the great bridge at Kurşunlugerme near Gümüşpınar. Set in a deep valley, the bridge rises to a height of 30 metres in three stages. Built of almost marble-like crystalline limestone, it was decorated with a host of Christian symbols to protect against earthquakes. Five other bridges are comparable in size and grandeur, and there were probably another hundred smaller bridges and culverts carrying water, led by gravity, towards the city.

Completed in less than a century, this was one of the greatest engineering projects of any pre-modern society. Maintained and renewed for a further six centuries, the city's water supply challenges the popular perception of an effete, superstitious Byzantine empire. Instead it provided a remarkable legacy and example for the later Ottoman city. ◆

Exhibition: www.rcac.ku.edu.tr.
James Crow is Professor of Classical Archaeology, Edinburgh University, jim.crow@ed.ac.uk

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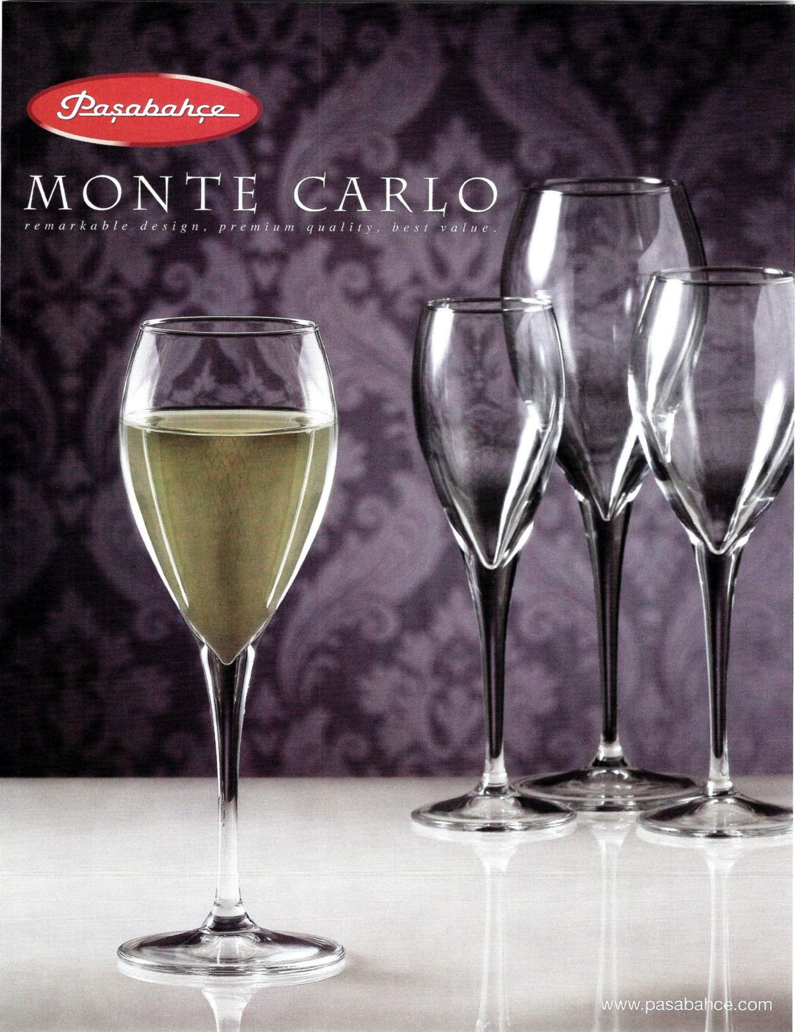

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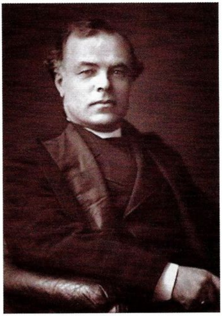
MALCOLM MACCOLL IS LITTLE KNOWN TODAY. BUT THIS LONDON VICAR – A FRIEND OF GLADSTONE – WAS THE MAN BEHIND A STORM OF ANTI-TURKISH SENTIMENT ACROSS 19TH-CENTURY BRITAIN. IN A COMPELLING EXTRACT FROM HIS NEW BOOK, 'OTTOMAN LIVES', DAVID BARCHARD REVEALS THAT THE MACCOLL AFFAIR WAS ALL BASED ON A TERRIBLE MISUNDERSTANDING

On Monday September 18, 1876, two Victorian clergymen of the Church of England were on board a steamer on the River Sava, travelling to Belgrade. Both men, it is probably fair to say, were full of indignation and very excited. Eastern Europe was on the edge of war and their journey was an investigation into reports of Bulgarian atrocities the previous spring when Ottoman irregular troops (themselves Circassians recently expelled by Russia from their homeland) had put down an uprising by killing several thousand Bulgarians.

Our two clergymen had spent the previous evening as the guests of Bishop Josip Strossmayer, Catholic Bishop of Bosnia but also a militant Slav nationalist. Strossmayer had told them stories of Turkish cruelties, his strongest claim apparently (though he would never afterwards confirm that he had actually said so) being that the Turks had impaled pregnant Christian women. With the bishop's words ringing in their ears, the two men asked the steamer's crew about impalement. Had they ever seen such a thing? The sailors solemnly assured them that they had often seen human beings writhing on stakes and that the latter were used by the Turks to impale their prisoners. In later years sailors on the river steamers would be questioned about this incident on many occasions. They invariably told visitors that the two credulous Englishmen had been the butt of a joke.

While the horrified travellers were considering the sailors' claims, their boat passed some poles, 6 metres high, standing in the water near a military outpost on the Ottoman side of the river – used, according to later travellers, for agricultural and fishing purposes. Whether or not they were the victims of a hoax, the two Englishmen believed that they were looking at impalement. The younger of the two, Malcolm MacColl, would later declare that he had seen a body on one pole, still alive and writhing. His companion, Canon Henry Liddon, a former Oxford professor and canon of St Paul's Cathedral, was not quite so definite but backed him up whenever required to do so. On reaching Belgrade, MacColl immediately wrote a vehement letter to *The Times*, denouncing the "cruel rule of the Turk", who "feels he can indulge in safety his unbridled passion for cruelty".



CANON MALCOLM MACCOLL (1831–1907): HIS POLEMIC INSPIRED WILLIAM GLADSTONE'S FIERCELY ANTI-TURKISH STANCE

> *The sailors solemnly assured them that they had often seen human beings writhing on stakes and that the latter were used by the Turks to impale their prisoners*

This was the first shot in a controversy that would erupt at intervals in the letters column of *The Times* for the next 11 years. MacColl was quickly challenged – by the local British consul, by travellers the Balkans and Turkey. But he was backed by others, though most of these were already political opponents of the Ottoman Empire and supporters of the Slav movement. Initially MacColl seemed to win the debate and convinced the horrified Victorian public. A decade later, however, the attitude of the public and the press was openly sceptical and disbelieving. Later still, in the 1890s, although MacColl – who by then was Britain's leading opponent of the Turks – still clung to the story of the impalement and the corpse on the pole, this was only brought up by others to mock him. But that hardly mattered. By the late 1890s, public opinion in Britain – thanks to the efforts of MacColl, above all others – had settled firmly into a groove of hostility towards the Turks that would last well into the 20th century. That boat ride on the Sava was a historical turning point.

When *The Times* reported on June 5, 1878, that definite cases of impalement of Muslims by Bulgarians had been authenticated by British diplomats at Dedeağaç (today Alexandropolis), no one in London seems to have taken much notice.

Back in the late summer of 1876, MacColl and Liddon had been newcomers to the Eastern Question. Their interest was only a couple of months old, triggered by newspaper revelations in July of the terrible events in Bulgaria in the late spring. But they acquired an agenda very quickly. In mid-August, Liddon had preached a famous sermon in St Paul's warning Benjamin Disraeli's pro-Ottoman British government that support for the Turks amounted to sin. About a week later, on August 21, MacColl urged his close friend and patron, William Gladstone, to take up the question of the Bulgarian atrocities.

MacColl and Liddon were almost certainly already in touch with Russians and Serbs in London eager for strong support from British public opinion against the Ottomans. At the house of Madame Olga Novikoff, a Slavophile writer and propagandist and a friend of

Gladstone's, MacColl met the Russian ambassador and would have come into contact with Russian views. He was also apparently in contact with representatives of the Serb nationalist movement in London, for in Belgrade he and Liddon stayed at the home of Philip Christitch (Hristi), the main Serbian official who had been lobbying on behalf of the Serbian national cause in London since 1863.

The Russians were poised to launch a war of liberation in the Ottoman Balkans and Britain had long been extremely fearful of Russian expansion into the Ottoman lands. Whatever liberal public opinion made of the dead Bulgarians, the sympathies of Queen Victoria and Prime Minister Benjamin Disraeli were on the side of the Turks. Disraeli's government was less committed, with four ministers opposed to support for Turkey, but it was only a little over two decades since Britain had blocked Russian moves against the Turks by going to war in the Crimea. So the Russians needed to win friends in British society and to discredit the Turks; publications arguing their case began appearing in London.

Over the following decade MacColl would emerge as the doyen and most energetic organiser of the movement against Turkey and an outspoken advocate of the "ethical foreign policy" of allying with Russia to break up Turkey. In 1876 he had been merely the 45-year-old vicar of a small and obscure church who had won a name for himself in London high society with his writing. It was an impressive achievement. MacColl was a self-made man, and though he had studied to become a clergyman, on most matters he was entirely self-taught.

The son of a very poor Scottish Highland family in Argyllshire, he had extricated himself from provincial obscurity as a young man by writing to Gladstone in 1858 on a theological issue. In the resulting exchange of letters, the unknown and poverty-stricken MacColl somehow skilfully persuaded the statesman to help him to move to London and to transfer into the Church of England. Several brothers and sisters seem to have moved with him.

Once in the capital, MacColl had almost immediately begun turning out a flow of highly readable and articulate books and pamphlets, though until 1876 these were almost always on church matters or in support of Gladstone. Several were dedicated to Gladstone for, though the politician was 22 years his senior, MacColl had become his personal friend, confidant and ultra-loyal supporter, invited at regular intervals to stay at Hawarden Castle, the Gladstone family's country seat. In London, MacColl would sometimes visit Gladstone twice in a day, and he remained a very close family friend for the rest of his life.

His personal situation, however, was fragile. In 1874 Gladstone, then prime minister, had managed to get him a living at a small church, St George Botolph Lane, in the City of London. There was little work to do there – he had a tiny parish of only eight worshippers and used part of his income of £600 a year to hire a deputy. But St George's was due to be knocked down and when that happened the income of its rector would disappear.

By 1876 Gladstone was 65 years old and temporarily on the sidelines of politics. After resigning as prime minister two years earlier, he had given up the leadership of the Liberal Party, apparently swapping politics for theology and Classics. A brilliant classicist, he had always been strongly Philhellene.

For three months hundreds of demonstrations against the pro-Turkish prime minister, Benjamin Disraeli, and the Turks took place in towns and villages across England

Gladstone had, however, been hesitant over taking up the cause (to which MacColl had already become a strong convert) against the wishes of his seniors in the Liberal Party. On August 26, a few weeks before his departure for Serbia, MacColl wrote to Gladstone, then still apparently undecided over whether or not to defy his party bosses and campaign. He urged Gladstone to take up the Eastern Question. "Do, please raise your powerful voice against the bestial government of Turkey and the degrading policy of our own government," he wrote.

Just before he and Liddon set off on their journey, MacColl put together a bundle of press cuttings and information for Gladstone to make use of. His mind made up, Gladstone, after a few feverish days of writing, published a 64-page pamphlet on September 6: *Bulgarian Horrors and the Question of the East.*

The pamphlet, an instant bestseller, became one of the most famous documents of the 19th century. Forty thousand copies were sold in four days, 200,000 in the first month. It denounced the Ottomans with a mixture of religious and racial fervour – "No government ever has so sinned, none has proved itself so incorrigible in sin, or which is the same, so impotent in reformation" – and branded the Turks "the one great anti-human specimen of humanity".

Gladstone had ignited a blaze of protest. Three days later he made a great speech on the atrocities, at Blackheath, the first of many "indignation meetings" that autumn. For three months hundreds of demonstrations against the pro-Turkish prime minister, Benjamin Disraeli, and the Turks took place in towns and villages across England.

Such was the background against which MacColl stepped to the fore in the anti-Turkish movement in the autumn of 1876. His stream of impassioned letters in *The Times* about his sighting of an impalement helped build up the torrent of public indignation. And his details grew more, rather than less, specific as time went by. On his own account, he was also doing a great deal more behind the scenes.

Years later, writing to Arthur Balfour, MacColl would boast that the agitation had all been his doing, the work of a vast secret association of Anglican priests. The boast must have been an exaggeration, since many of the meetings were organised by Non-Conformist churches with whom MacColl had little sympathy. But for the rest of his life he remained one of the most prominent names in anti-Ottoman committees and groups, and his name became a byword for hostility towards the Turks.

The main effect of MacColl's 30-year-long campaign was to make it very unsafe for any British consul in the Ottoman Empire to write despatches that portrayed Christians sometimes as aggressors and Muslims as victims. Those unwise enough to do so ended up, like Sir Alfred Biliotti, having public meetings organised against them in London and being discussed in the House of Commons. In the mid-1870s Turks were seen as an empire on the edge of Europe. By 1900, they were viewed as something close to demons. ◆

'Ottoman Lives', by David Barchard, will be published by CORNUCOPIA BOOKS *in 2013. For more articles on Ottoman heroes and villains, see cornucopia.net/davidbarchard*

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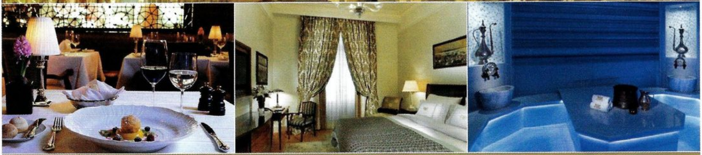

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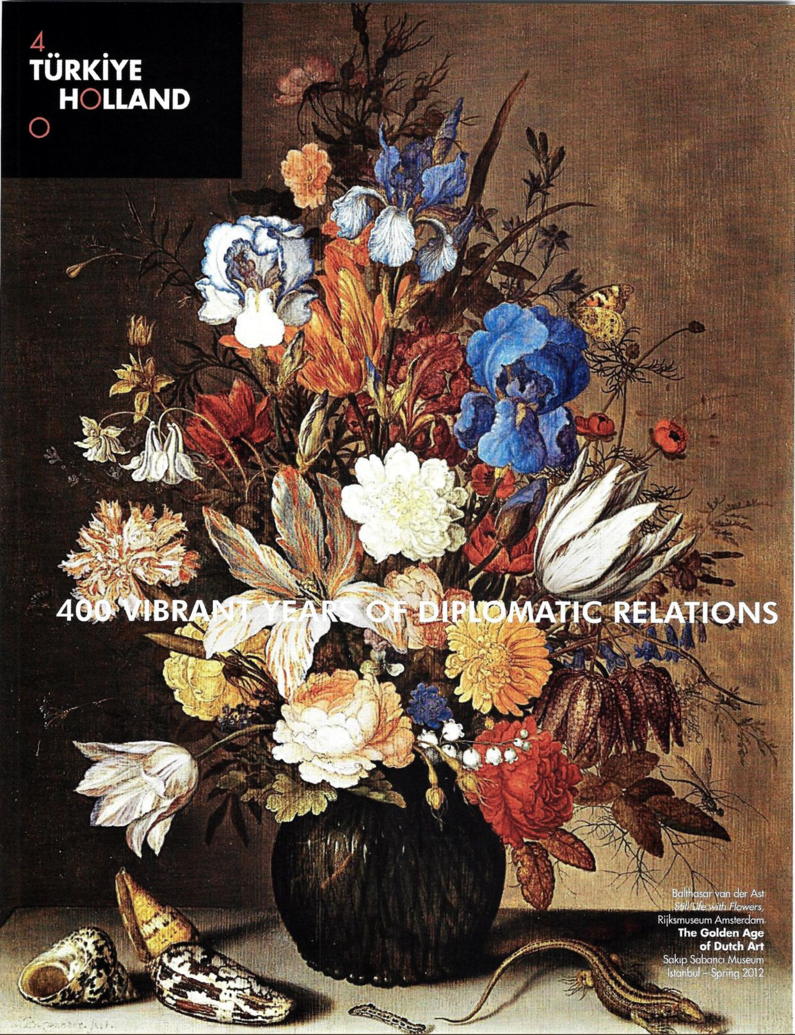
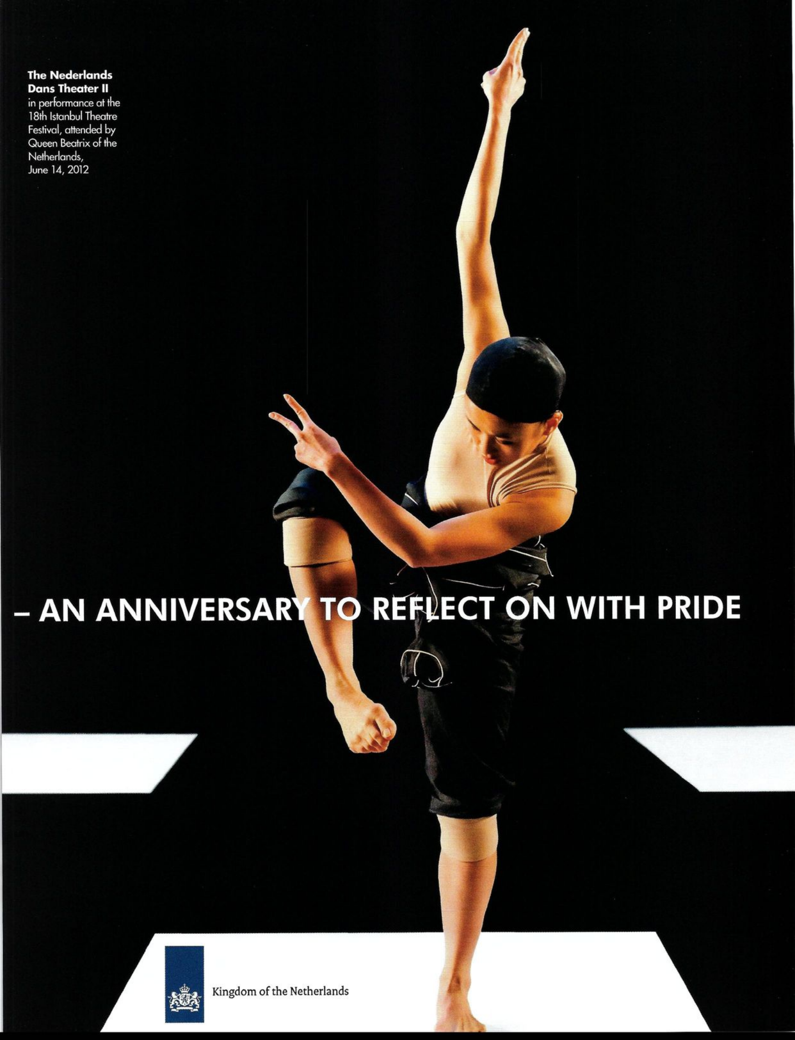


Balthasar van der Ast
Still Life with Flowers,
Rijksmuseum Amsterdam
The Golden Age
of Dutch Art
Sakıp Sabancı Museum
Istanbul – Spring 2012



The Nederlands Dans Theater II
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BOOKS

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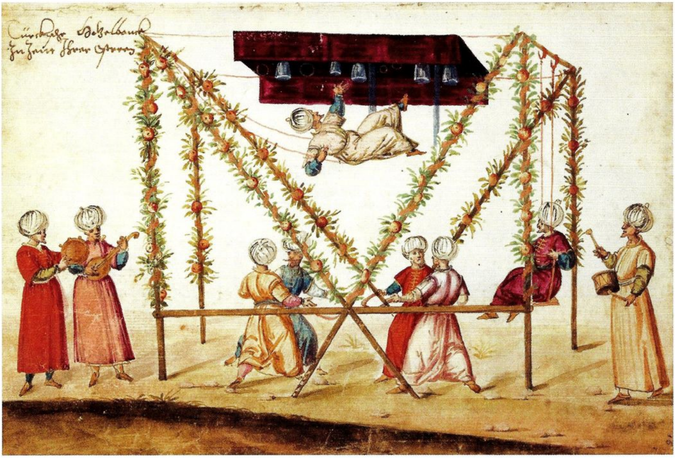
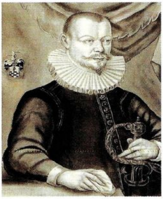


WHAT THE MAYOR SAW

Olga Nefedova

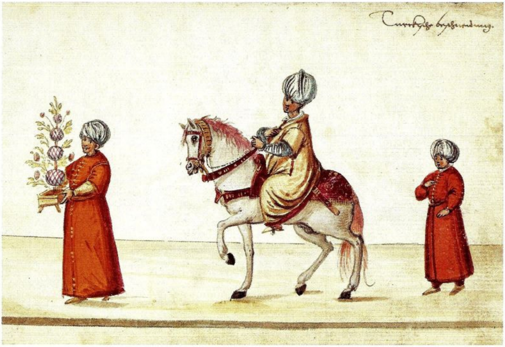
THE ART OF TRAVEL
Bartholomäus Schachman 1559–1614
Olga Nefedova, Anna Frackowska, Hyejung Yum. Skira £60

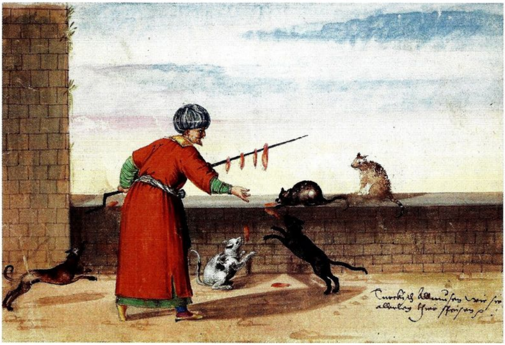


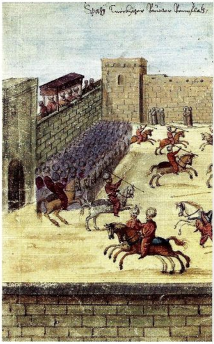
There was great demand among travellers and diplomats for records of life in the Ottoman world in the 16th century. One fascinating pictorial record is an album dated 1590, commissioned by Bartholomäus Schachman (1559–1614), who was a traveller and collector as well as being mayor of Gdansk. He journeyed through the Ottoman Empire between 1588 and 1589, and the resulting album is now part of the collection of the Orientalist Museum in Qatar. It was exhibited in Gdansk this summer. The exhibition, which has a sumptuous accompanying book, reopens in Doha in November.

Schachman himself can be seen in a portrait attributed to Anton Möller. He holds a handkerchief in his right hand (probably a symbol of power), a rapier in his left, and below are the Latin words *"Praeconsul Gedanensis… Equitem at capitaneum Hollandiae"* (Mayor of Gdansk… knight and captain of the Dutch).

Schachman was born in Danzig, as Gdansk was then, an



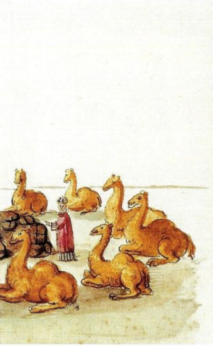


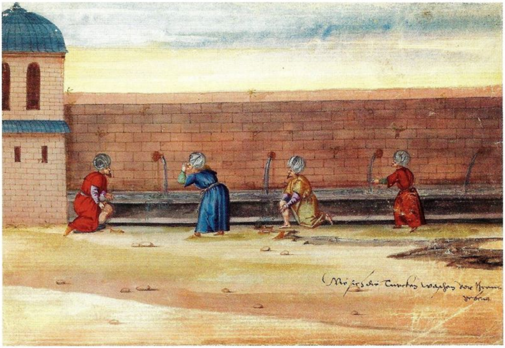


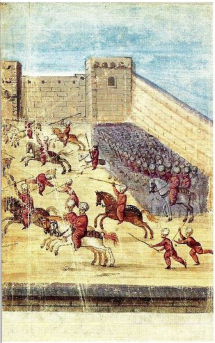
autonomous Hanseatic League city within the kingdom of Poland. It was a vital trading post for Dutch merchants at the time, and Möller was the most famous artist active there. The Shachmans (literally "chessmen", as reflected in their coat of arms) were from Hungary and had arrived in Danzig in the 15th century. Bartholomäus was educated in Krakow and Danzig, Strasbourg and Siena, and travelled widely in Europe, the Middle East and North Africa. His Ottoman adventure coincided with the reign of Murad III, who opened up the empire, commissioning portraits by Venetian artists and exchanging letters with Elizabeth I of England.

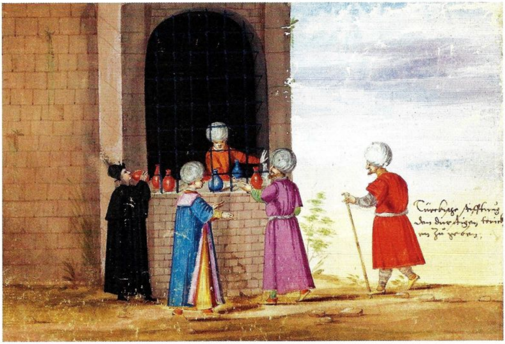
Unfortunately, when the Orientalist Museum in Doha acquired Schachman's album of Ottoman adventures, its 105 full-page watercolour and pencil drawings were unbound and the pages loose, so it is unclear whether any are missing. The album includes impressions of everyday scenes, mostly in Istanbul and its environs, probably witnessed by Schachman himself. Details of Schachman's itinerary are sketchy, but the traveller Samuel Kiechel of Ulm mentions in his diary that in November 1588 he met Schachman, his brother Jacob and other companions in Istanbul when he dined at the house of the Habsburg ambassador. The "Germans", as he called them, had come from Venice and were planning to go on to Jerusalem.

Watercolours in the album depict Syrian Tripoli and Jerusalem; others suggest that




Wie sich die Turcken waschen vor Ihrem
gebett





Schachman visited Cairo, Crete, Rhodes, Chios and Dubrovnik.

Schachman's album is one of the greatest travelogues of its era, a window onto the Ottoman world, showing everything from sporting activities to bathing ceremonies, and from agricultural labour to religious celebrations.

Olga Nefedova is the Director of the Orientalist Museum, Doha, www.qma.com.qa

PAGES FROM SCHACHMAN'S TRAVEL ALBUM OF 1590
THE ALBUM CONSISTS OF 105 FULL-PAGE WATERCOLOUR AND PENCIL DRAWINGS ON PAPER. ALL BUT SIX HAVE INSCRIPTIONS IN OLD GERMAN. THREE DIFFERENT HANDS APPEAR TO HAVE BEEN AT WORK. ONE ARTIST MAY HAVE ACCOMPANIED SCHACHMAN OR HAVE BEEN ATTACHED TO AN EMBASSY IN ISTANBUL. THE SECOND ARTIST MAY HAVE BEEN SCHACHMAN HIMSELF. THE THIRD WAS PROBABLY ASKED TO COMPLETE THE SERIES WITH SINGLE-FIGURE PORTRAITS ON SCHACHMAN'S RETURN TO DANZIG
PREVIOUS PAGE BOISTEROUS BAYRAM FESTIVITIES
TOP ROW, FROM LEFT A YOUTH ON HORSEBACK ON THE DAY OF HIS CIRCUMCISION; CAMELS AT REST; RITUAL WASHING BEFORE PRAYERS
BOTTOM ROW, FROM LEFT A BENEVOLENT TURK FEEDING ANIMALS; CAVALRYMEN HONE THEIR SKILLS AT JAVELIN-THROWING IN A GAME OF 'JEREED'; THREE OTTOMANS AND A WESTERNER ARE SERVED SHERBET AT A STREET-CORNER 'SEBIL'

MUTED WORLD

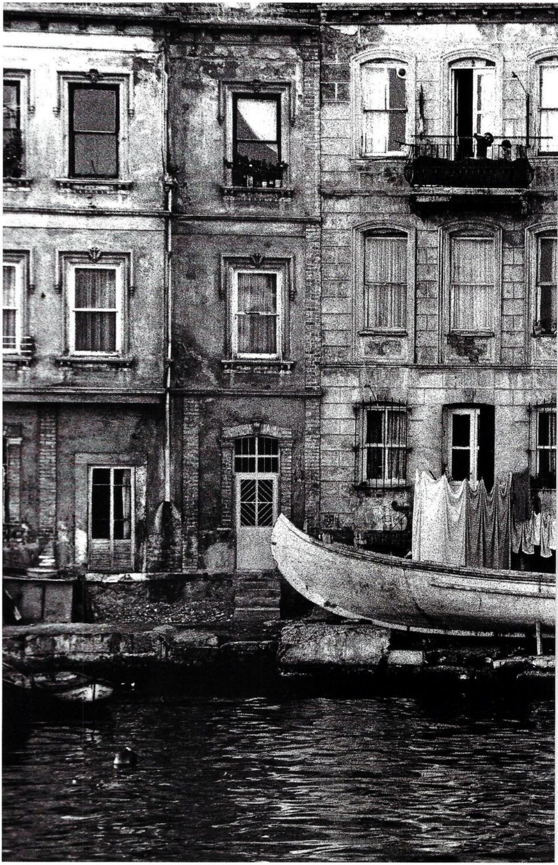
Maggie Quigley-Pınar

ISTANBUL: GATEWAY TO HAPPINESS
Photographs by Paul Veysseyre
Text by Jeanine Riegel
and Paul Veysseyre
Translated by Patrick Creber
Editions Djahânnâma,
Lyon, €50

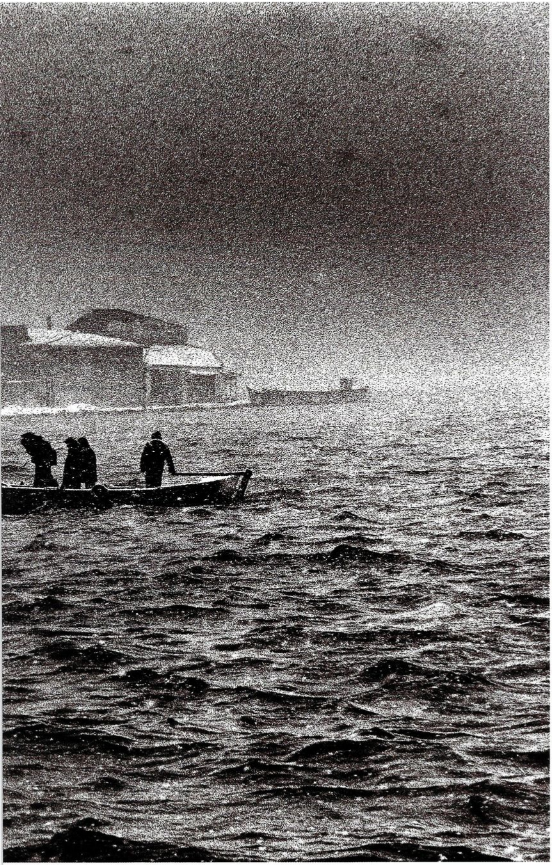
This handsome volume consists of 120 black-and-white photographs of Istanbul taken between 1972 and 1991 by the French photographer Paul Veysseyre. For those who have lived in Istanbul, or who passed through during that era, or for first-time visitors seeking an unusual memoir of Istanbul, Veysseyre's photographs invest the city with an unexpected dignity, presence and detachment. For lovers of photography and urban history, they are a mysterious treasure trove of views and characters.

These are images of a city teetering, accidentally or intentionally, on the brink of social and political change. Colour comes by way of the artist's accounts of the grand old city under pressure from the daily transactions of a burgeoning population, and from a complementary "insider's view" by his colleague, the writer Jeanine Riegel, a longtime resident of Istanbul.

Born in Lyon in 1947, Veysseyre had a boyhood fascination with photography that became a passion. He learnt his craft while studying maths, economics and history of art at Lyon University. It was the black-and-white photography of the American Magnum photographer Constantine Manos (in particular his *Suite Grecque*),



ARNAVUTKÖY, NOVEMBER 1977. A FISHING BOAT IN FRONT OF A ROW OF YALIS ON THE EUROPEAN SHORE OF THE BOSPHORUS. A HIGHWAY NOW RUNS BETWEEN THE HOUSES AND THE SEA



which Veysseyre first saw in 1972, that would inspire a "similar style of work on Istanbul".

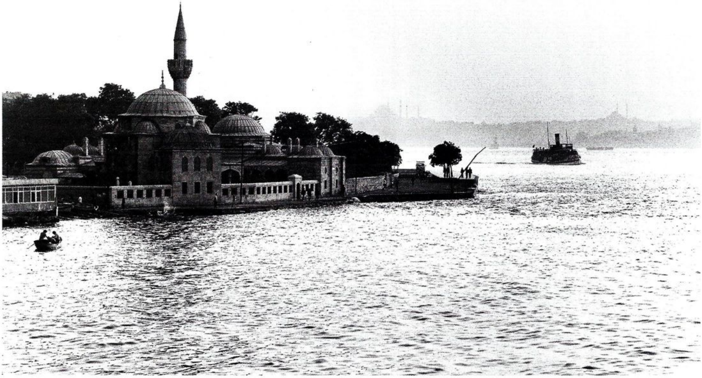
His early fascination with Turkey saw him returning again and again over three decades to a city in constant flux and always full of surprises – first as traveller, later as a resident of the city while he worked as a teacher and an archaeological photographer at the Institut Français d'Etudes Anatoliennes in the late 1970s and 1980s. It is Veysseyre's vision of the incongruities and harmonies of the changing city that can be seen in this book.

Veysseyre has held the post of specialist photographer at the Gallo-Roman Museum in Saint-Romain-en-Gal since 1987, and has taught photography at Lyon 3 University. He has been responsible for several publications and exhibitions devoted to archaeology and art conservation, among them *L'Usure du temps* (1998) and *Sauvé des eaux* (2007). His photographs of Turkey, the Balkans, the Caucasus and Central Asia have also been the subject of numerous exhibitions.

I first met Paul at Istanbul University in the 1970s. We regularly escaped together from the lecture rooms into the "real world" of the second-hand book stalls of Beyazıt's Sahaflar market and the unfailingly surprising streets of Kalenderhane and Vefa. I well remember the delight of watching him in a Balat alley – behind his Leica lens, with an icy November drizzle running off the end of his nose – as he focused (seeing but unseen) on a cat emerging from behind bars, while I and his other companions speculated from the dry haven of a nearby portico what lasting image might evolve from this unlikely encounter: the cat clearly a symbol of resilience and adaptability in the urban jungle.

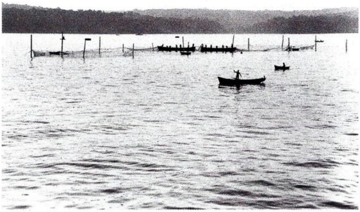
In this volume, he sets his personal observations of everyday folk against the enquiring documentarist's search for time-defying images. We see flame-brittle timber houses and ephemeral street objects, views inevitably destined for oblivion,

THE GOLDEN HORN, FEBRUARY 1977. DOLMUŞ BOATS CROSS THE WATERWAY IN A SNOWSTORM



Above Üsküdar, June 1974. The Şemsi Ahmet Pasha complex, built by Sinan in 1580, includes a mosque, medrese and mausoleum. Beyond it the silhouette of the Süleymaniye can be made out in the evening haze

Right Beykoz, June 1989. The fishing nets ('dalyans') are now an ever rarer sight on the Upper Bosphorus. A boy is perched on a platform on the left, ready to signal the arrival of a shoal of fish

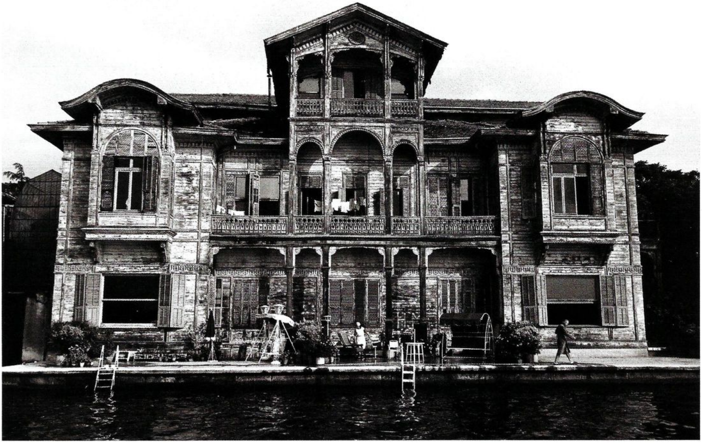


and ancient stone alleys and billboards that even now remain defiantly indestructible. He guides the viewer through lost and forgotten districts, taking us on a journey as much through time as through a neglected city, which perhaps will soon have entirely disappeared.

He shows us iron barges long gone from the city's waters but here still bearing coal for the ferryboats. Waterside mosques stand wrapped in sea mists, houses are reoccupied by urban latecomers, Ottoman *hans* house impromptu foundries. Such are the textures and tones of the urban landscape suspended in this fascinating visual documentary.

Decades of work, travel and exploration inform Veysseyre's photography. The key is his skill in so positioning himself as to render the unseen visible – against all odds. Picture him, camera in hand, during the Iran–Iraq war, on the hills outside Tabriz and you will see a photographer seeking the high ground even at moments of extreme duress. Like James Joyce ensconced on the balcony of Bewley's coffee shop in Dublin, fleshing out characters from the passing throngs below, you know that Veysseyre is always, whatever the risk, prepared to share his vantage point.

Veysseyre's chosen metaphor for this encounter is that Islamic terrace suspended, sometimes precariously, over the street, from which the viewer sees what would doubtless go unnoticed at ground level. So attached is Veysseyre to this image that he gave its name, *cihannüma*, transliterated the French way, to the publishing house founded specially for his series of

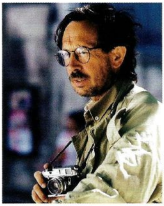


photographic publications on Turkey, Éditions Djahânnâma.

Some of these images have been previously exhibited; many more are being seen for the first time. Ironically, for one so enamoured of such a metaphor, heights and climbing were never Veysseyre's strong suit – which makes his determination to climb the minaret of the Süleymaniye in 1982 in pursuit of an unusual viewpoint seem all the braver, if not decidedly reckless.

"To get permission for this daunting task was an unending trek from this government office to that," he recalls. "I'd be told: 'It's not under the jurisdiction of this department. Try the ministry of culture... try the municipality... try the *müftülük*...'"

Finally acquiring some form of authorisation, the photographer sets off on his daunting climb up the rickety stone steps, emerging from pitch-blackness into sunlight on the first *şerefe* (balcony), only to find the railings dangerously loose. After several moments, too terrified to move, he looks around: "The view was so extraordinary that I soon forgot my vertigo and became totally absorbed in taking pictures."



NICOLE VEYSSEYRE

Above Paul Veysseyre, Leica at the ready. As he explains in his book, the images were taken in natural light without special filters

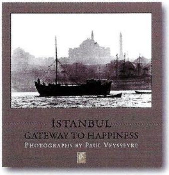
Top Yenİköy, August 1975. The magnificent Şehzade Burhanettin Efendi Yali in all its faded glory. The house is still standing today, but much modified and painted strawberry pink

Unaware of the passing of time, he is so startled by the sudden sound of the muezzin's voice from round the other side of the balcony that he almost drops the camera. Of course at prayer time back in 1982 the priest would still have had to climb the minaret.

At an early exhibition of his Istanbul images in a Lyon suburb in 1984, Veysseyre noticed one particular visitor staring intently at each photo. It was the Turkish consul in Lyon, Özcan Davaz, freshly arrived in his new post from Tehran. A native of Bostancı, Mr Davaz thanked the artist for his fresh renderings of the city he knew and loved. "Such pictures are rarely to be seen," he said. Davaz has remained one of the photographer's most ardent admirers. ◆

Maggie Quigley-Pınar is an art historian living in Istanbul

'Istanbul, Gateway to Happiness' is available to Cornucopia *subscribers at £39.50, post-free, from cornucopia.net.*
The second volume in Paul Veysseyre's three-part series of photographs of Turkey, 'Anatoliques', is due to be published in 2013

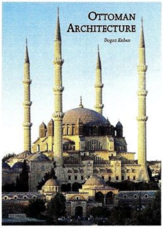


A SERIOUSLY MAGNUM OPUS

Tim Stanley

Ottoman Architecture

Doğan Kuban
Photography by Cemal Emden
Translated by Adair Mill
Antique Collectors' Club, £65



Selimiye Mosque, Edirne, 1568–75
Sinan's masterpiece graces the cover of Doğan Kuban's 719-page survey. 'There are few examples in the history of domed buildings in which the interior and exterior are integrated with such complete correspondence,' he writes. Not only is it 'the highest point attained by Sinan and Ottoman architectural design; it is also the highest stage of rationalism in Ottoman culture'

The publication of a book that covers the six centuries and more of Ottoman architectural history ought always to be a significant event. The appearance of the English edition of Doğan Kuban's *Ottoman Architecture* lives up to this expectation. The work is truly massive, with 719 pages and over one thousand illustrations, including many superb photographs by Cemal Emden. It is a great pleasure to leaf through its pages, although this can only be done when the book is resting on a table, as it weighs some nine pounds (more than four kilograms).

Kuban, who was born in 1926, belongs to the small group of 20th-century Turkish scholars who, by creating an account of their country's architectural history, allowed Turks to feel justifiably proud of what was achieved. In doing so, they have had to rescue the architecture of the Ottoman period from earlier, often ill-informed assessments. The worst excesses were the work of foreign commentators unable to judge this great architectural heritage within its own terms of reference. Ottoman mosques, many of them thought, were poor copies of the Haghia Sophia, and their decoration was where the arabesque tradition of Islamic art had gone to die.

The road to a new, national view of Turkey's architectural heritage has, though, been a bumpy one. Some 20th-century historians relied almost exclusively on the buildings themselves as their source. This led them to misunderstand the function of many of those they studied, at least initially, and their theorising has seemed divorced from the realities of Ottoman society.

Another practice was to insert buildings into a historical narrative marked by teleological excesses, so that, most notably, a belief that the rise of the single-domed mosque was in some way predetermined distorted accounts of earlier buildings. Other writers recorded inscriptions and mined the archives for data; they were thus able to fill out the subsequent history of the buildings, but were hobbled by a naive approach to the broader issues.

Doğan Kuban has avoided many of these errors, combining all the available sources and presenting the buildings in a rounded context. In the process, he has produced intellectually satisfying ideas about why this architecture was created and why it changed. We know where he stands when we read what he has to say of the early 18th century:

"Today we have far transcended the negative approach to the Tulip Period manifested in the rejection of 200 years of development and in the idealisation of the styles of the Sinan period fostered by the extreme nationalist currents of the early years of the Republic."

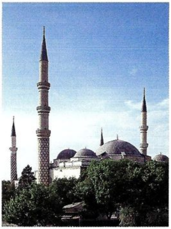
Kuban's re-evaluation of these 200 years – the 18th and 19th centuries – is one of his great contributions, and, although his views are not universally accepted, they have shown how to come to terms with this less-appreciated aspect of Turkey's architectural history. Kuban treated every period of Ottoman architecture as a subject worthy of our attention, and he has ideas about each one.

The book has its limitations. Kuban's prolix style and tendency to repeat himself mean that the reader may need to be strongly motivated to reach the end of a chapter. The translation by Adair Mill is generally accurate (and is a tribute to the translator's enormous patience), but the book would have benefited enormously from interventionist editors. A shorter, less rambling version of Kuban's work would have challenged Godfrey Goodwin's more mellifluously phrased *A History of Ottoman Architecture* as the obvious book to recommend on this enormous subject.

Some of Kuban's judgments, too, are difficult to accept. An extreme example occurs at the beginning of the book, where we read that "There are problems… in Ottoman design such as the lack… until the 19th century of a monumental staircase." For me, Ottoman architecture is perfectly fine without monumental staircases.

This and other small vestiges of an earlier, absurdly Eurocentric evaluation of Ottoman architecture could easily have been edited out if the author had had a faculty for self-criticism. Yet Kuban's refusal to confine his thoughts in this or other ways is also what allowed him to innovate. His book is the product of an earlier age, and few people will ever be able to synthesise a densely detailed account of Ottoman architecture of this type, which makes Kuban's book something of lasting value.

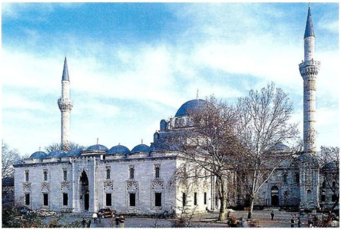
Tim Stanley is Senior Curator for the Middle East at the Victoria and Albert Museum



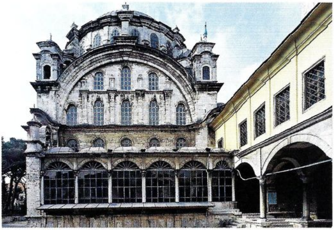
Üçşerefeli̇ Mosque, Edirne, 1437–47
The central dome comes of age, with 'Early Ottoman' minarets

Mahmud Pasha Mosque, Istanbul, 1462–03
A 'Bursa-style' mosque with large twin domes in the heart of the bazaars, built by Mahmud Pasha, a Byzantine aristocrat who became Mehmed the Conqueror's grand vizier

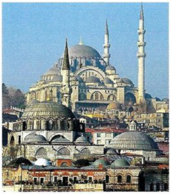
Çini̇li̇ Köşk, Topkapi Palace, 1472
'The oldest of the several pavilions erected in the outer garden.' A unique example of the 'Central Asian or Persian' style in the Timurid period: in secular buildings, 'the Turks studiously avoided complexity of this sort'



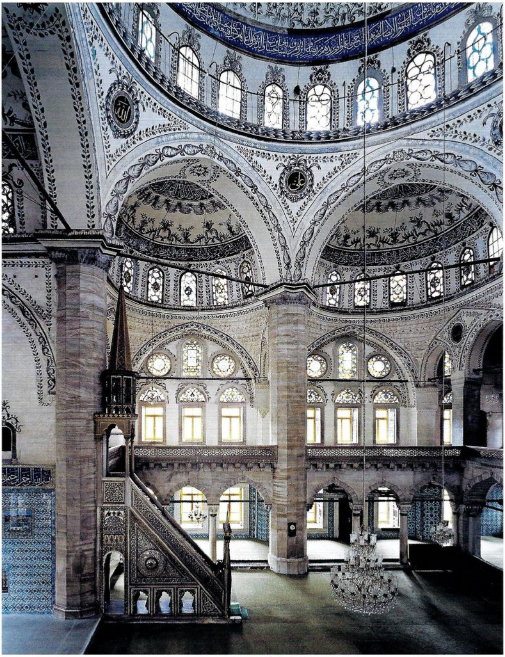
Beyazit Mosque, Istanbul, 1500–05 'The most outstanding example of an Ottoman monumental mosque prior to Sinan', but 'controversy' surrounds the identity of the architect



Selimiye Mosque, Üsküdar, 1804–05 Built next to the barracks of Selim III's New Army (later Florence Nightingale's hospital), this set the fashion for mosques 'with a large imperial apartment'



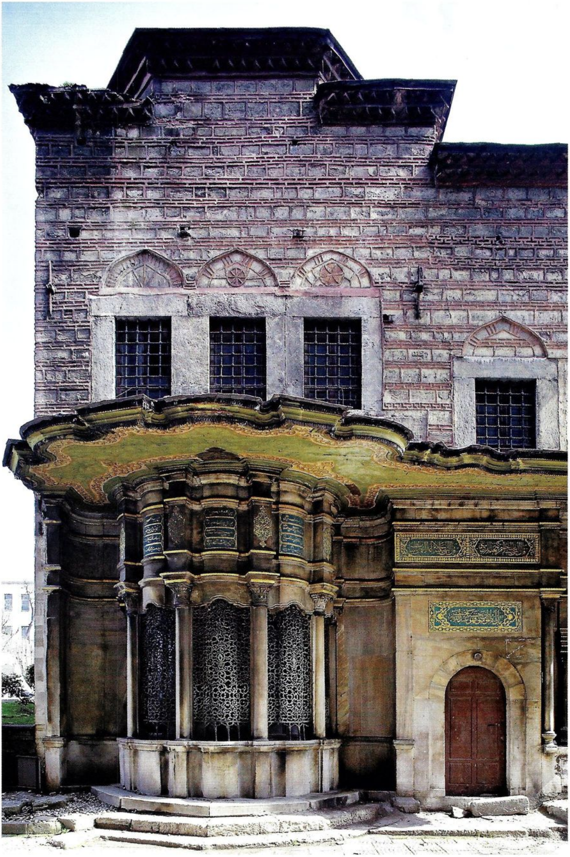
Süleymaniye Mosque, 1550–57, towering over the Rüstem Pasha Mosque, Istanbul
Süleyman the Magnificent waited 36 years to found a mosque in his own name. Sinan's triumph became the symbol of the Empire's 'global power'



Above: Süleymaniye Mosque
It shows 'a striking contrast between the shade of the arcades and the superstructure'
Right: Hekimoğlu Ali Pasha Mosque, Istanbul, 1734
A hint of rococo lightens the last classical baldaquin mosque

This page: Seyyİd Hasan Pasha Sebİl, Istanbul, 1745
Decorated in the 'Early Istanbul Rococo' style, this group of charitable buildings ingeniously combines a fountain and 'sebİl' (where refreshments were freely distributed) with a primary school, a medrese (with a chamber that served as a classroom, seen above the 'sebİl'), a concealed courtyard and shops

Opposite: Nuruosmanİye Mosque, Istanbul, 1749–55
A highlight of Kuban's book is his re-evaluation of the 18th and 19th centuries. In pride of place is the Nuruosmanİye, at the entrance to the Grand Bazaar. 'In its total rejection of the classical Ottoman style,' writes Kuban, it is 'the most important monumental construction after the Selİmİye Mosque in Edirne.' It was built by Mahmud I 'in spite of the opposition of the Ulema'. Mahmud died the year before its completion, and the mosque takes its name, 'Light of Osman', from his successor, Osman III



CRY ME A RIVER

Rupert Scott

MEANDER
Jeremy Seal
Chatto & Windus, £16.99

SOUTH FROM EPHESUS
Brian Sewell
Tauris Parke, £11.99

The Meander, surely the most seductively named river in the world, is not particularly long or large. In fact you can probably drive from its source near Dinar (some 100 kilometres east of Denizli in western Anatolia) to its mouth near Didyma in less than four hours. But the river is famously bendy, and runs through a landscape that has been fertile and prosperous for as long as history is recorded. So it is easy to see why Jeremy Seal had the idea to meander down the Meander in an ingenious collapsible canoe (a Packboat Puffin, for canoe cognoscenti).

This is one of those travel projects that appear delightful in principle. But the canoeing aspect of the journey is a disaster almost from the start. Even near its source Jeremy Seal finds the river cluttered by rubbish and choked with fallen willows. Early in his journey downstream he encounters the first dam, beyond which the Meander is unavigable, even for a canoe, and remarkably short of pastoral allure. "The river was almost empty. Glazed patches of its bed, humped slicks of mud, had broken surface. No birds, for all their abundance on the adjacent lake, frequented the half-lit mire. The only living things were midges." The canoe is hauled up the bank and he proceeds by *dolmuş* to a point further downstream where canoeing is again an option.

As he descends, and agriculture becomes more intense, the state of the river becomes steadily worse. In fact the state of the river becomes the central fascination of the book. There are fewer and fewer birds or turtles. River fish, seen in a restaurant, look greenish-yellow and diseased. The water becomes malodorous and polluted; even its mud looks toxic. Below Çal "a familiar gloom settled on the river, a drowned cow… floated upright among the willow brakes". Below Çetin "… the river loped like a bowel, carrying its foul load, and me, to evacuation… It was time to get off this river… before it finally died and I risked doing the same."

The sad truth is that the Meander, like the Tigris, the Yangtze or countless other rivers in parts of the world that have seen rapid industrialisation, has been mercilessly barraged, siphoned off for irrigation, and filled with effluent and pesticides to the point that it hardly resembles a river. In its sorry state we see a negative side to Turkey's economic achievement of the last 50 years. Growth has come at a high price to the environment.

Jeremy Seal has disarming honesty as a travel writer. He does not try to make things seem more beautiful or glamorous than they are, and *Meander* is all the better for this. He is likeable, modest, self-deprecating, well informed and humorous – all good qualities for a travel writer. I found myself laughing at descriptions of terrible maps that seem deliberately drawn to confuse rather than guide, and of people he encounters along the way. There is much in this book that will be familiar to anyone who has travelled in inland Turkey, in particular the contrast between great kindness and hospitality frequently encountered (in the upper part of the river he is almost never allowed to pay for food or lodging) and a remarkable lack of comfort or man-made beauty.

His conversations with the various people he meets on his journey – a lawyer, a hotelier, a farmer and others – are not always very exciting, but you feel they are real and from them we learn much about modern Turkey and its priorities. Mostly these people are astonished that he wants to make the journey at all. They tend to be less interested than he hopes in their own recent history. You feel that he would like to engage them in discussions of the Greek War, the Exchange of Populations, the arrival of industrialised agriculture and other topics of interest to the curious tourist, but they are strangely unwilling to do this. They are keener to watch *Valley of the Wolves*, a Turkish TV gangster drama showing in every café.

This is a pity, because when Jeremy Seal turns to recent history he writes about it very well. There is a fascinating account of events around Aydin in 1919. Perhaps less successful are the chunks of classical history that regularly parachute into the text.

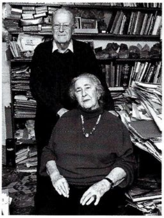
Brian Sewell's *South from Ephesus* is published unaltered from the original edition in 1988. In style this is at the opposite pole from Jeremy Seal – no one would describe Brian Sewell as modest or self-deprecating. It combines intense personal idiosyncrasy with formidable scholarship – a highly unusual combination that is undoubtedly compelling. The book is a tour of the archaeological sites of southwest Turkey, an amalgamation of different visits made between the mid-1970s and the mid-1980s. There is a very gloomy new author's preface written "with profound melancholy". "The book… was written by a much younger man, vigorous, curious and optimistic, physically strong and almost fearless, whom I can barely remember."

The preface finishes on an even sadder note: "I mourn for Turkey too… [the book] records a coastal Turkey that no longer exists, lost to every manifestation of mass tourism, the most obliterating layer of the palimpsest."

This is an exaggeration. Tourism has destroyed a great deal since the mid-1980s. Bodrum, Marmaris and Fethiye are no longer villages but sprawling towns. Very few sites are now unvisited, covered in scrub and only reached by long, bumpy journeys down kilometres of dirt track.

Those days are gone. But prosperity and mass tourism have brought some benefits, and this is particularly true of archaeological sites. At Old Cnidus Brian Sewell finds "one of those cities so derelict that it requires a prodigious effort to see it as a working city". But over the last 25 years, careful re-erection of columns and excavation of the stoa and Sacred Way by archaeological teams from the University of Konya and the British Museum have hugely improved the site. Great things have been done at Aphrodisias and others cities. As with the Meander, there is some cause for cheer amid the gloom. ◆

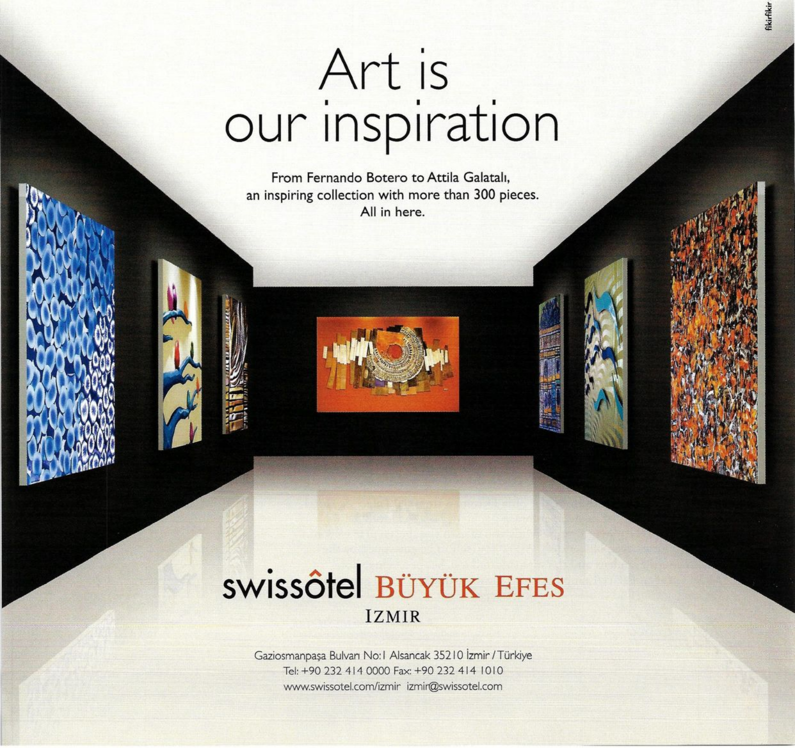
REMEMBERING JIMMY MELLAART
(NOVEMBER 14, 1925 – JULY 29, 2012)



The great archaeologist James Mellaart died this summer at the age of 86. Here he is seen at home in London with his wife, Arlette, photographed by Charles Hopkinson in 2005.

According to *The Times*, "His greatest achievement was to excavate Çatalhöyük and to show that Anatolia was not a cultural backwater during the Neolithic."

Christian Tyler interviewed Mellaart for CORNUCOPIA on the occasion of his 80th birthday. He recounts the story of an early discovery. "At Jericho he was sent out one morning to look for tombs… At lunchtime he came back to announce he had found one, intact… A top prehistorian was called in, spent two days down the hole and came up with the verdict: 'You've got it!' 'It' was the record of the moment when modern man took over from his cave-dwelling ancestors, the moment when he turned from hunting and gathering to agriculture… Mellaart had joined history to prehistory."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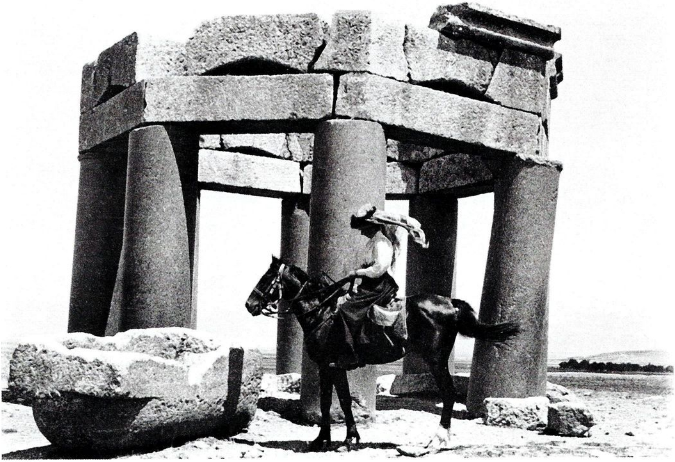


SOCIALITE, TRAVELLER, SCHOLAR, SPY…

The Istanbul diaries of Gertrude Bell, now available online, reveal her astonishing transformation from socialite to scholar and political observer. By Robert Ousterhout

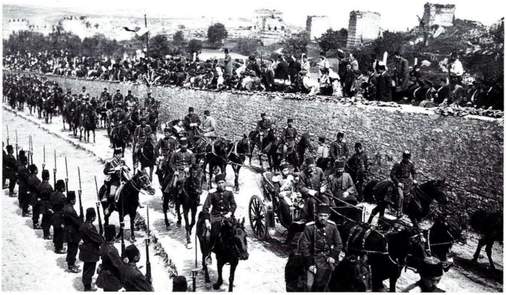
Gertrude Bell's diaries, letters and photographs may be accessed online courtesy of the University of Newcastle Library at www.gerty.ncl.ac.uk

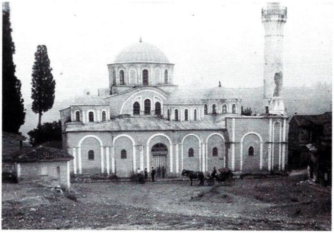
For the Western traveller of a century ago, Constantinople represented an exotic destination – indeed, one of the most exotic: legendary entrepôt of the East, capital of the declining Ottoman Empire, city of sultans and potentates, with vestiges of past civilisations faintly visible through a crumbling Oriental veneer.

The intrepid British explorer Gertrude Bell viewed the city quite differently. For her, rather than a destination *per se*, Constantinople usually marked the end of a journey and a return to civilisation, society and decorum after months of exploration off the beaten track, considerably farther to the east. Having dispensed with her pack animals and assistants at a convenient Anatolian railway station – usually Konya or Eskişehir – she would take the train to Constantinople, check into the best hotel, take a bath and dress for dinner.

When Gertrude Bell arrived in the city on May 20, 1905, she commented: "Queer feeling of coming into the centre of the web of which I had been testing the meshes and to the high-water mark of all the ebbs and flows of civilisation I have seen." For the preceding months she had been travelling by camel and on horseback through Syria, breaking new barriers in desert exploration, finally crossing the highlands of Anatolia to end her journey on the train from Eskişehir. She arrived at sunset at Haydarpaşa station, where she was met by a *kavass*, or armed guard, from the British embassy, with letters from her father. She headed directly for the Pera Palace but, finding it full, settled for the Continental – most of the time she never bothered with reservations but would just show up. Her next days were a social

GERTRUDE BELL ON HORSEBACK BEFORE A ROMAN FUNERARY MONUMENT AT QUBBET ED DURIS, IN PRESENT-DAY LEBANON, DURING HER FIRST VENTURE INTO THE WINDSWEPT SYRIAN DESERT, JUNE 1900
ABOVE: A CLASSIC OXFORD BELLE





whirl, as she tracked down friends, saw various officials and consulted scholars. She attempted in vain to see Osman Hamdi Bey at the Archaeology Museum, which he had founded, and instead visited Byzantine monuments in the company of the noted Byzantinist Professor Alexander Van Millingen of Robert College and Sir Edward John Poynter, president of the Royal Academy and director of the National Gallery in London.

Such was the life of Gertrude Bell, who made the transition from socialite to desert explorer to research scholar with remarkable dexterity. Born in 1868 into the family of a wealthy industrialist, she bristled with intelligence and impatience throughout her life. She never married and never had to worry about an income, and so spent much of her adult life setting herself stiff challenges. She travelled around the world twice, excelled as an alpinist, and explored the deserts of Syria and Arabia. Educated in modern history at Oxford, she learned Persian in Tehran and Arabic in Jerusalem and taught herself archaeology along the way. She put this to use, first in 1907 at the early Christian settlement known as Binbirkilise (now in central Turkey), and subsequently at the churches and monasteries of the Tur Abdin (now in southeast Turkey) in 1909, and the early Abbassid palace at Ukhaidir (now in northern Iraq) in 1911. By the outbreak of the First World War in 1914, her interests had shifted to politics and diplomacy, in particular the fate of the Arab provinces with the disintegration of the Ottoman Empire.

Bell's Istanbul diary entries mark her transformation as a scholar and cultural observer, as well as her increasing political awareness. During her earlier visits to the city, in 1898–99, she behaved more like a tourist, and her recorded responses rarely go beyond superficial observation. On the afternoon of June 6, 1898, for example, she disembarked at the end of a round-the-world cruise, left her brother to deal with the luggage, and "flew off" immediately to the museum to see the Alexander Sarcophagus, over which she swooned in ecstasy:

"The low sun touched the marble figures and threw out all the delicate colour – what struggle to escape, what mad pursuit! As one looked at the battle scene one wondered why all was silent and no din of battle rose from that conflict. The dead lay under the horses' feet, with exquisite heads thrown back and arms outstretched or doubled under them and over the top of them rode the conquerors striking and slaying the hooded Persians."

Like so many others, she wrongly assumed the tomb had been that of Alexander himself. After the museum, she visited Ayasofya in the late afternoon light and was similarly "overcome again by the beauty and the space of it". Then, on her way to the Bristol Hotel, she stopped at Hadji Bekir's to purchase orange- and ginger-flavoured *rahat lokum*. The following day she revisited the museum and Ayasofya, as well as Sultanahmet and the Bazaar, then took a caique to Eyüp before catching the Orient Express home.

Her 1899 visit was longer, but her reports of it have a similar tone: she bought carpets and attar of roses in the Bazaar; she watched the dancing dervishes, she visited the "most exquisite" English cemetery at Skutari and dined at the Calypso on Prinkipo. Her itineraries to the historic monuments seem to be straight out of the guidebook, and her comments about them are often imprecise – for example, she compared the Church of Saints Sergius and Bacchus to a Ravenna church, but could not remember which one (identifying it vaguely as "the one with the mosaics of J and Theodora"). Somewhere in Vefa she saw "the place where Constantine was murdered, his grave and his murderer's". This is a very curious reference, for the Constantine in question must be the last Byzantine emperor, Constantine XI, whose demise occurred elsewhere, most probably near the gate of St Romanos. However, 19th-century tourists were shown a grave in the Vefa Meydan said to be that of Constantine, along with that of the Turkish soldier Arapis, who according to legend was executed for killing rather than capturing the emperor. The spurious

GERTRUDE BELL IN ISTANBUL

TOP LEFT: Bell photographed the coronation procession of Mehmet V passing in front of the Theodosian walls
TOP RIGHT: The roof of the Topkapi and the Bosphorus, June 1911. Bell obtained 'much coveted permission' to visit the 'Old Serai'
ABOVE: The Kariye (Monastery of the Chora), seen from the west, May 1905. She remarked on the 'Mariolatry' of its mosaics
ABOVE RIGHT: Tourists in the harem garden of Yildiz Palace in 1909, three months after the Young Turks had finally deposed Abdülhamid

identification seems to have been propagated by the owner of a neighbouring coffee house; the tomb has since disappeared.

By 1905 Gertrude Bell was a seasoned adventurer and a budding scholar, whose reputation preceded her. In 1899 she had become lost "through miles of rough streets", trying to find the Yedikule, which she misnamed "Yeni Kuli". In 1905 Professor Van Millingen accompanied her; they travelled by train and stopped at St John Stoudion along the way, where she noted comparisons with churches she had visited in Anatolia. In 1889 she had dismissed the Church of St Theodore (Vefa Kilise Camii) as "a miserable place". Six years later her comments are completely different in tone, as she writes that it "has a very pretty arrangement of apses, two to each aisle and a charming niched Eastern outside. It has two narthexes and a very good W door in the second narthex with an arrangement of windows at either side and relieving arch over the door which is most effective. The W face is highly decorated – has carved panels". In contrast to the emotional responses of her earlier visits, she attempted to situate the buildings she was visiting within her growing picture of Byzantine architectural developments.

By 1905 Bell was also taking an interest in the political situation of the Ottoman Empire. She attended a *selamlık*, the Sultan's public attendance at Friday prayers, which she described in detail, noting that Abdülhamid II looked like "a worn, watchful phantom of royalty". She also conversed at length with various British officials, notably Sir Adam Block, who had been chief dragoman at the embassy and was at the time administrator of the Ottoman Public Debt. She recorded in detail his opinions concerning the future of the railway in Arabia and the advance of German interests in the region. But she had clearly begun to form her own opinions, based on her experience in the eastern provinces, noting: "He thinks we ought to have made friends with Ibn er Rashid long ago but I do not agree with him there on account of the character of the two men. Saoud is the better ally." She similarly expressed her concerns for the failure of the British to support the Young Turks, and the weak presence of the British ambassador, Nicholas O'Conor. Her heated conversation with Block, she concluded, left the other dinner guests "awfully bored!"

By her 1907 visit, following her excavation at Binbirkilise, Bell was a minor celebrity. Her first archaeological reports had been published, as well as *The Desert and the Sown*. This time she went yachting with the ambassador, lunched with Hamdi Bey ("a pleasant old party") and spent the afternoon with him; she made an appointment with the director of the German railway, and paid a visit to the grand vizier, Ferid Pasha. She also arranged a stopover in Graz to share her results with the art historian Professor Josef Strzygowski. "There are troops of professors and people of that kind here who have all been to see me. I find it vastly entertaining!"

Following her 1907 visit to Constantinople, she wrote to her mother: "The only person I have not seen enough of is Mr Fitzmaurice, the second dragoman, whom I think the most interesting man in C'ple. But as soon as I go back there I shall make him come and spend many hours with me." Later becoming chief dragoman, Gerald Fitzmaurice, who "knows more about Turkey than most people", was the *éminence grise* at the embassy, and was held by many to be an evil genius. His presence looms large in Bell's later visits to the city. Like Bell, he held firm opinions, and he certainly encouraged her interest in the political situation.

By 1909 Bell's observations from Constantinople are mostly political in nature. This is hardly surprising considering the events of 1908–09 – the Young Turk Revolution and its aftermath was still very much the topic of discussion when she arrived on July 4, 1909, and the future of the nation remained uncertain. As she related, Fitzmaurice supported the status quo, which he saw as being to Britain's advantage. He was probably one of the players behind the counter-revolution of March 31, 1909 that attempted to restore Abdülhamid to power.

By contrast, Bell seems sympathetic to the Young Turks at the beginning, noting Britain's ineffectiveness in dealing with them. She wrote to her father from Mosul in April 1909, "[I]t has been Salonica to the rescue again, and the Committee of U and P has saved Turkey a second time. So much for all the wise politicians in England who said that its work was done."

Fitzmaurice was not sympathetic: "Mr F is very much against their getting rid of all the old people, even Ferid, I gather. He rightly urges that the French revolution is a bad example…"

She had less sympathy for the reformers once she saw the situation in Constantinople: "As things are, events have taken the wrong turn." She recounted her conversation with Ahmet Riza, one of the Young Turks:

"I told him I had reached Mosul the day the Sultan was proclaimed.

He said, 'Et tout le monde était bien content, n'est ce pas?'

'No,' said I, 'ils avaient plutôt peur.'

'But when they found all was going well, then they were pleased. The people are with the Constitution.'

'No,' said I, 'most of them are indifferent.'

'Ah,' said he, 'because they do not yet understand what it means. They will learn.'

'And many are against it,' said I, 'not pour le bon motif.'

'Of course,' said he, 'those who profited by the old regime.'

Having explained this, I said no more except that they w[oul]d have the people with them if they could establish security and the army if they paid it."

Because of her travels in the eastern parts of the empire, Bell was capable of a more nuanced view of the political situation than either her British or Ottoman contemporaries. As she explained, a broader perspective was necessary: "The one point of view corrects the other."

The dramatic turn of events within the Ottoman Empire would also redirect the career of Gertrude Bell, who entered the diplomatic service with the outbreak of the First World War. She wrote almost apologetically to her mother in July 1909:

"I have also seen Hamdi Beg of the Museum and am to lunch with him on Friday – but that is archaeology, not politics." At the same time her brief diary notes on the historical monuments of the city are much more astute, even in their brevity. She returned to Saints Sergius and Bacchus, for example, where she studied the traceries and marble carvings of the entablature to compare them to those she had seen in the Tur Abdin. She determined that those at Saints Sergius and Bacchus were older, concluding: "The lowest moulding round the piers a sort of adaptation of the fan shaped acanthus; it is more widely open and a flower springs out of it." And then she at once returned to the Young Turks: "The young men mean to win and they will sweep everything before them, if necessary clear all the present lot out, conquer C'ple again and turn them out."

Gertrude Bell, the quick-change artist, who could ride into town from the wilderness and within hours emerge properly dressed in polite society, could make similar dramatic transformations in her intellectual persona – from archaeologist to political observer with barely a heartbeat in between. She never abandoned her interest in archaeology, but over the course of a decade her growing awareness of the politics of the declining Ottoman Empire is evident. Seeing first-hand the upheavals within the Ottoman capital played an important part in setting the course of her later career.

In both archaeology and politics, Bell was an astute observer and an eminently readable commentator. While she remained suspicious of the Young Turks, her account of her visit to the Yıldız Köşk (in a letter to her father of July 1909) in the company of the *Times* correspondent Philip Graves says legions about the cultural vision of the old guard:

"It is a dreary place, laid out without any skill, the trees so planted that they hide all the views, the ponds full of green oily water. At every corner there are menageries, some now empty, some still inhabited by small unhappy animals of the genus badger (I can't describe them more nearly) and dishevelled birds. The palaces are closed to the public, though the kiosks are open. These are filled with incredible furniture and still more remarkable pictures. In one I saw an advertisement of a German factory solemnly framed and hung up on the wall; in another there was an allegorical piece representing a Turkish and a German soldier embracing on top of a monument, the base of which was piled with wreaths of manifestly artificial flowers. Through the gates file bullock carts loaded with pink and green satin covered armchairs, dilapidated wire jardinieres and gimcrack cupboards, journeying mournfully to the second hand furniture dealers. In the Harem garden we found a little restaurant, so we sat down by the dirty pond on which the Sultan's ladies used to be rowed about by black slaves and had lunch, and if anyone had told me two years ago that I should be lunching that day in Yıldız Harem, I should have set him down for a lunatic." ◆

Robert Ousterhout is Professor of Byzantine Art and Architecture at the University of Pennsylvania. He is currently a Fellow in Residence at Dumbarton Oaks in Washington, DC. His book *John Henry Haynes: A Photographer and Archaeologist in the Ottoman Empire 1881–1900* (Cornucopia Books, £20) is available from cornucopia.net

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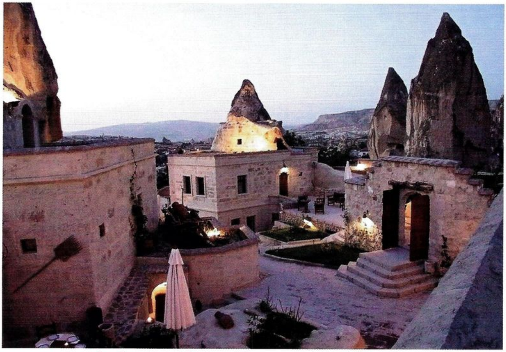

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HIDDEN FROM THE VIEW OF VISITORS TRAILING THROUGH THE TOPKAPI PALACE, A MODEST DOOR
CHAMBERS. CORNUCOPIA WAS GIVEN RARE ACCESS TO THESE ROOMS, WHICH CAST LIGHT ON THE WAY
A PROMINENT FEATURE OF THE DECOR. NURHAN ATASOY AND FELLOW ART HISTORIANS FROM

THE DOOR TO ABDÜLHAMİD I AND OSMAN III'S PRIVY CHAMBERS, INSCRIBED WITH THEIR NAMES

Most of the sultans' privy chambers and pavilions in the Topkapı Harem are closed to the public and will remain so until ways can be found to exhibit them sensitively – no mean feat given the fragility of the murals, the gilded fretwork, and the rush flooring that once protected precious carpets from damp and friction.

CORNUCOPIA was allowed to tiptoe through two of the privy chambers at the palace built by sultans for themselves and their families rather than for public show.

Filling out the picture of how life was lived in this inner sanctum, the palace museum organised an exhibition this summer of some 300 related objects, entitled *Harem: The House of the Sultan*. The book of the exhibition contains useful essays on the history of the Harem, and how it was built and added to, layer upon layer, over the centuries, until they ran out of room and had to build huge platforms and terraces out over Gülhane Park, literally creating pavilions in the air.

The year 1665 was a watershed in the history of the Harem. A great fire destroyed many of the rooms, and over the next century-and-a-half it became the custom for each sultan to add his own privy chamber. Ahmed III (1703–30) was an enlightened ruler who witnessed the horticultural frenzy of the Tulip Period. He and his successors, Mahmud I (1730–54), Osman III (1754–57) and Abdülhamid I (1757–74), all made additions to the Harem, sometimes redecorating old rooms in the new baroque manner of the day, sometimes adding new buildings. Mahmud I was the first sultan to build on top of the walls of the Harem. The result, as Ayşe Çötelioğlu writes in the catalogue, "is reminiscent of 18th-century waterside houses".

Abdülhamid I broke with tradition by sharing an apartment with his family – he built a wooden house for them in the great Mabeyn Court at the end of the Golden Corridor.

As the art historian Nurhan Atasoy explains, the sultans showed an extraordinary respect for the past. "These rooms are entirely traditional and Oriental in design. With the changing sultans, additions and alterations were made to the interior decoration and paintwork, but without touching the existing structure. They carefully preserved the earlier buildings that had housed their ancestors."

The most unfortunate sultan among them was Osman III, who completed the pavilion named after him in the palace, using Dutch tiles for decoration. During his brief reign of less than three years, he had to endure the most severe winter, when the Golden Horn froze solid, several appalling fires that left entire quarters in ashes, outbreaks of plague and a bloody rebellion or two. Yet he ordered the building of the lighthouse at the entrance of the Sea of Marmara (Ahırkapı) after a shipwreck, as well as additions to the Nuruosmaniye Mosque, including the fountain facing the Grand Bazaar.

The long-hidden pavilions of the Harem are a vivid reminder of the 400 fruitful years of trade between Turkey and the Netherlands that were celebrated in 2012. Delft tiles are seen in their thousands on the walls.

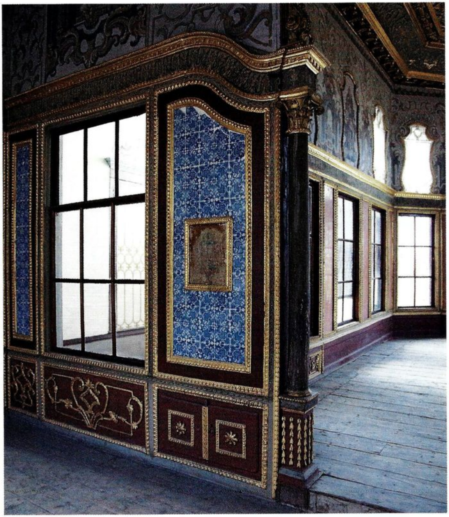
When the first tulips and hyacinths arrived in Holland from Ottoman Turkey in the 16th century, they stirred a fascination that led to the infamous "tulipmania". In the centuries that followed, Dutch gardeners continued to create perfect hybrids. And when these showy tulips and double hyacinths returned to Turkey, looking so different from the delicate Ottoman specimens seen on Iznik tiles, it was the turn of the Turks to be struck by a frenzy over bulbs: the Tulip Period. It contributed to the downfall of Ahmed III, an enthusiastic horticulturalist, who eventually lost his throne.

A similar exchange took place with tiles. Initially, Turkish ceramics were collected by travellers and caught the courtly eye of Europe. Then Dutch factories produced tiles inspired by those of the Levant. Again the attraction worked both ways: in the 18th century, Dutch blue-and-white tiles, known as "Delft Blue" (even if they were not actually made in Delft), became fashionable at the Ottoman court. With fashion creating a demand, trade flourished. Large numbers of Dutch tiles made in Rotterdam, Utrecht and Makkum were shipped to Istanbul. And when the state apartments at the palace were being redecorated in the 18th and 19th centuries, Dutch companies were commissioned to provide yet more tiles.

It was not that the Ottomans disliked their own tiles. "Tiles," as Selda Kalfazade writes in *Harem: The Sultan's Home*, "were a status symbol." The Chamber of the Valide Sultan, the Queen Mother, was covered floor to ceiling in Iznik tiles after the fire of 1665. But in the 18th century tiles were no longer being made in great

SULTANS

IN A NARROW CORRIDOR IN THE HAREM OPENS INTO AN EMPTY BUT SPLENDID SET OF PRIVY
IMPERIAL TASTES CHANGED DURING THE 18TH CENTURY AND HOW DUTCH TILES BECAME SUCH
TURKEY AND HOLLAND TELL THE STORY. PHOTOGRAPHS BY FRITZ VON DER SCHULENBURG



THE OSMAN III PAVILION, WITH ITS STRIKING 18TH-CENTURY DUTCH BLUE-AND-WHITE TILES

quantities in Turkey, and Dutch tiles were cheaper. Treasured Iznik tiles, where they survived, were often removed to places with a greater need. So Mahmud I reinstalled the 16th-century tiles from the Hünkar Sofası, the Imperial Hall of the Harem, in the Library of Ayasofya. From the 1750s, Delft started making its appearance in earnest.

An ambitious project to put all the tiles preserved in the Topkapı onto a database started in 2001. So far, 22,000 pieces have been included, says Professor Filiz Yenişehirli, scientific director of the Topkapı Palace Tiles Digital Database Project, which is sponsored by the Friends of Topkapı Palace. "Not all the pieces are complete, of course." Dutch tiles are to be found in the palace storerooms "in considerable number among other European tiles, from Italy, Spain and Austria".

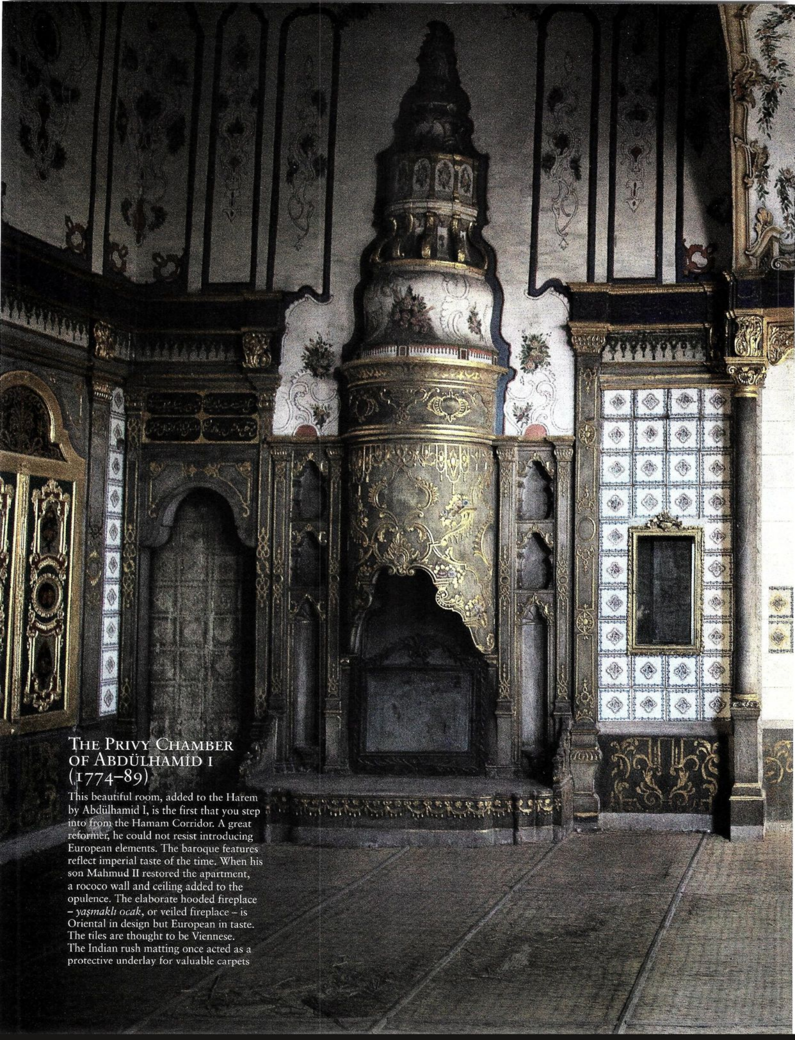
The project's Delft expert, Gülgün Yılmaz, has been able to trace the factories where most of the palace's Dutch tiles were produced: 35 different designs in blue-and-white and purple-and-white have been recorded on the walls and in storerooms. Of these, 32 measure the classic 13 by 13cm. Two half-size designs, 13 by 6.5cm, were for frames, and one quarter-size design was for the corners.

Yenişehirli has established from excavations that production of ceramics at the Tekfur Sarayı, the ruined Byzantine palace on the city's Land Walls, ended in the 1750s, coinciding exactly with the appearance of new Dutch tiles on the walls of the Osman III Pavilion.

Both Osman and his brother used new tiles to cover whole walls of the Harem damaged by fire and dilapidated by time. The Imperial Hall and the window insets of the music room next to it are covered in 18th-century Dutch cobalt wall tiles. The Dutch tiles at the back of the fireplace of Osman's pavilion were part of the new mood, elegantly complemented by baroque flourishes and murals.

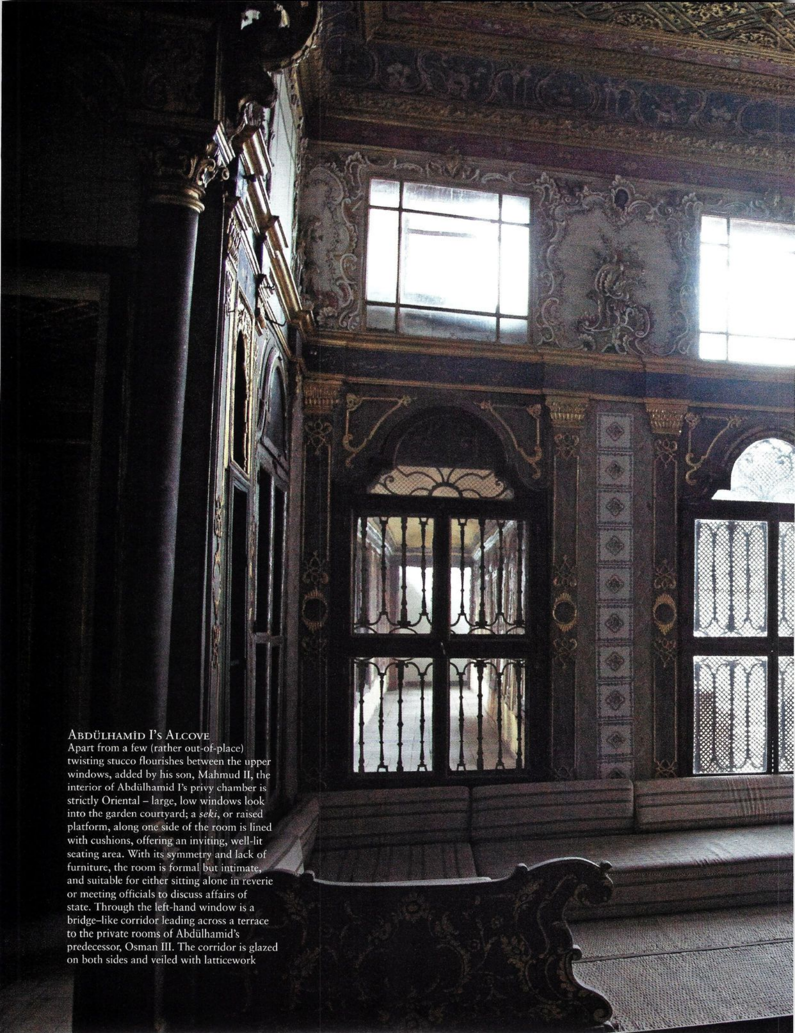
İlber Ortaylı, the charismatic Ottoman historian who bowed out as director of the Topkapı in June this year, expressed a last wish in the conclusion to his introduction to *Harem: The House of the Sultan*. "The Harem was not a place of amusement, but first and foremost a home," he wrote. "It should at least be treated with as much courtesy as the home of any other family. The Imperial Harem at the Topkapı Palace should first be understood, and then visited in a quiet and civil manner."

'Harem: The House of the Sultan' is available from cornucopia.net.
See Connoisseur, page 7.
With special thanks to John Carswell, Filiz Yenişehirlı, Gülgün Yılmaz, Reino Liefkes of the V&A, and Femke Diercks of the Rijksmuseum Amsterdam

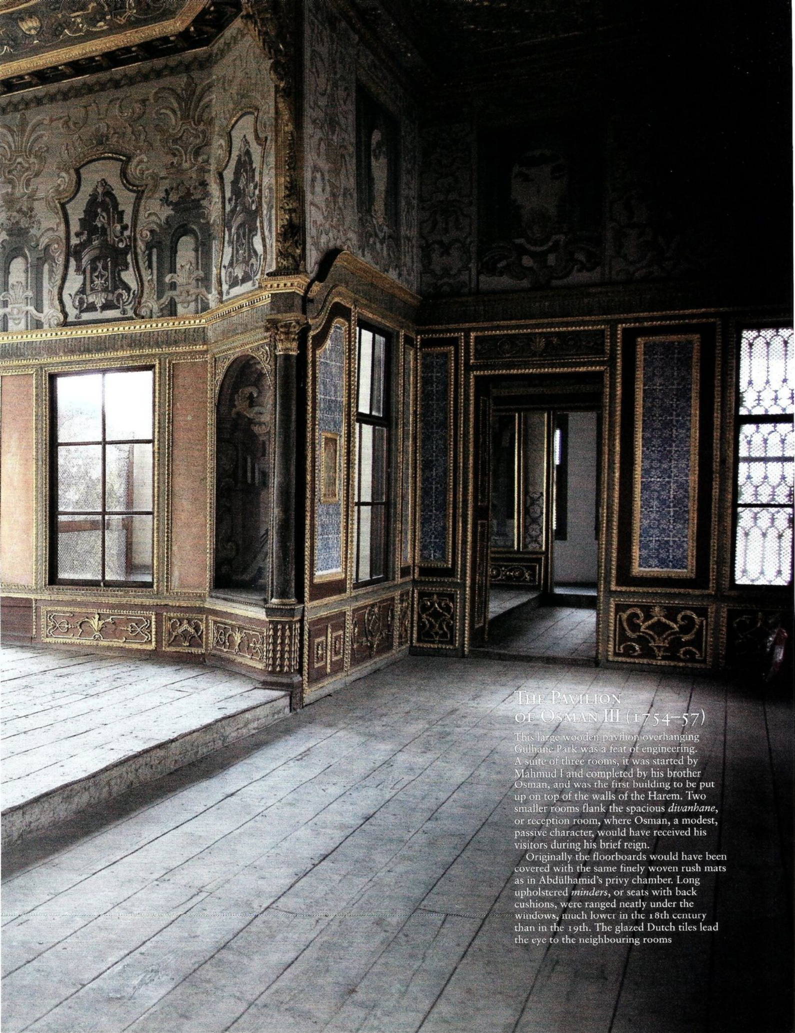


The Privy Chamber of Abdülhamid I (1774–89)

This beautiful room, added to the Harem by Abdülhamid I, is the first that you step into from the Hamam Corridor. A great reformer, he could not resist introducing European elements. The baroque features reflect imperial taste of the time. When his son Mahmud II restored the apartment, a rococo wall and ceiling added to the opulence. The elaborate hooded fireplace – *yaşmaklı ocak*, or veiled fireplace – is Oriental in design but European in taste. The tiles are thought to be Viennese. The Indian rush matting once acted as a protective underlay for valuable carpets



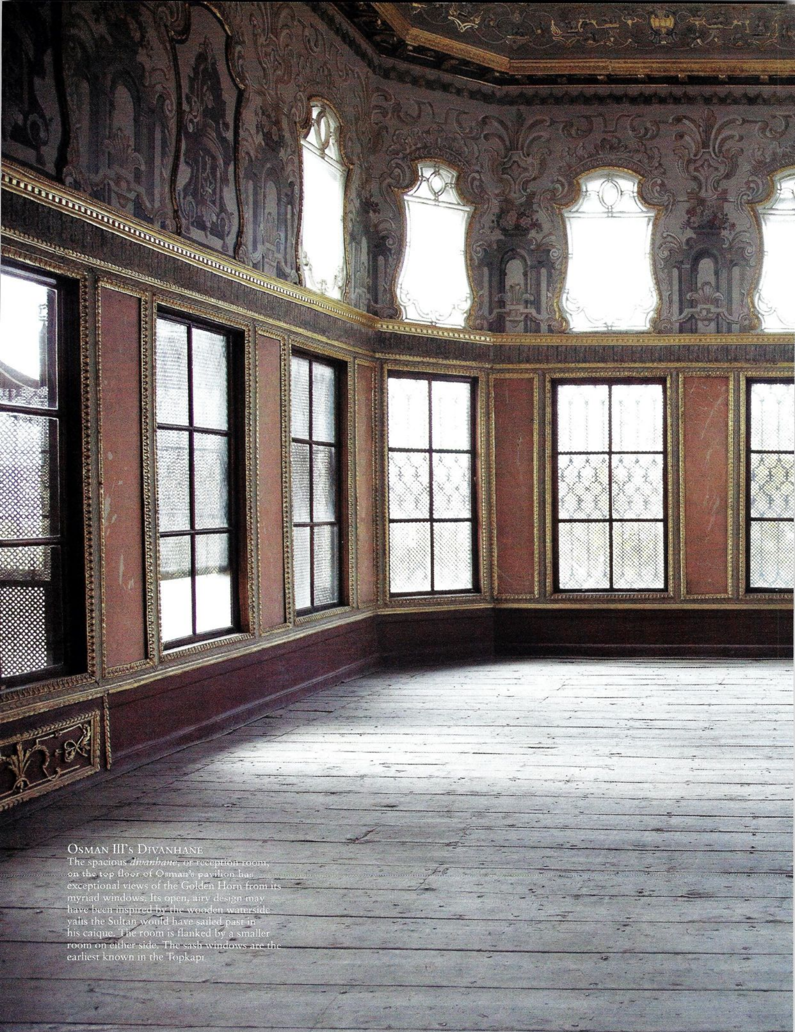
ABDÜLHAMİD I'S ALCOVE
Apart from a few (rather out-of-place) twisting stucco flourishes between the upper windows, added by his son, Mahmud II, the interior of Abdülhamid I's privy chamber is strictly Oriental – large, low windows look into the garden courtyard; a *seki*, or raised platform, along one side of the room is lined with cushions, offering an inviting, well-lit seating area. With its symmetry and lack of furniture, the room is formal but intimate, and suitable for either sitting alone in reverie or meeting officials to discuss affairs of state. Through the left-hand window is a bridge–like corridor leading across a terrace to the private rooms of Abdülhamid's predecessor, Osman III. The corridor is glazed on both sides and veiled with latticework



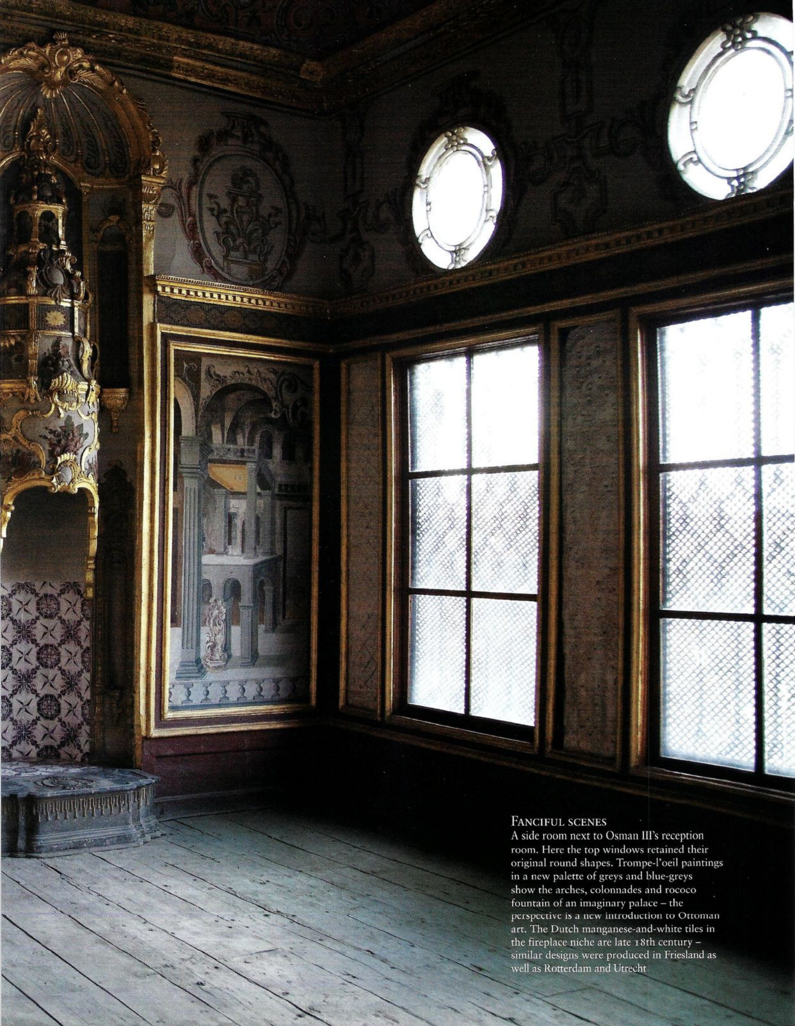
The Pavilion of Osman III (1754–57)

This large wooden pavilion overhanging Gülhane Park was a feat of engineering. A suite of three rooms, it was started by Mahmud I and completed by his brother Osman, and was the first building to be put up on top of the walls of the Harem. Two smaller rooms flank the spacious *divanhane*, or reception room, where Osman, a modest, passive character, would have received his visitors during his brief reign.

Originally the floorboards would have been covered with the same finely woven rush mats as in Abdülhamid's privy chamber. Long upholstered *minders*, or seats with back cushions, were ranged neatly under the windows, much lower in the 18th century than in the 19th. The glazed Dutch tiles lead the eye to the neighbouring rooms

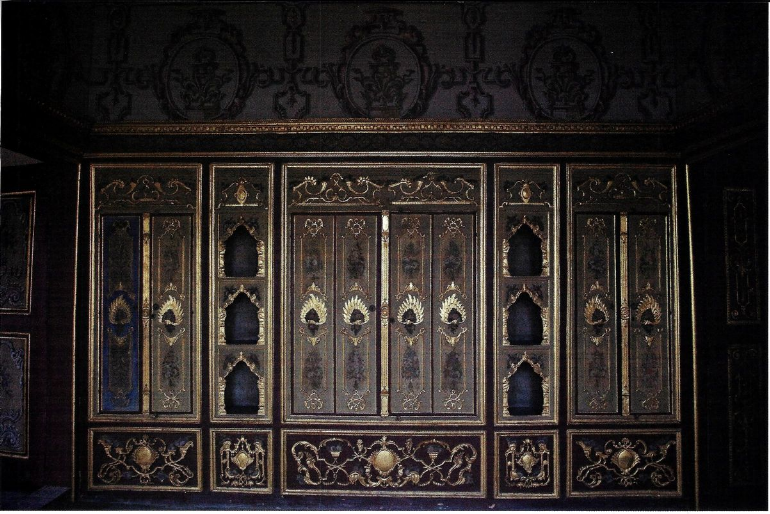


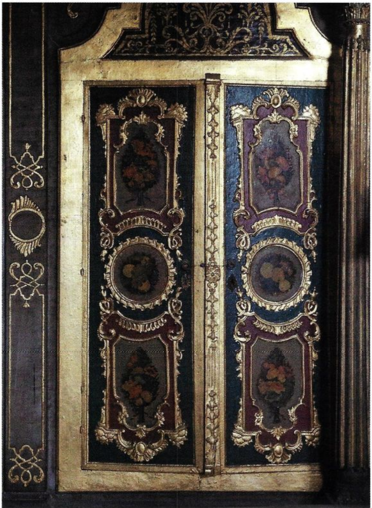
Osman III's Divanhane
The spacious *divanhane*, or reception room, on the top floor of Osman's pavilion has exceptional views of the Golden Horn from its myriad windows. Its open, airy design may have been inspired by the wooden waterside yalıs the Sultan would have sailed past in his caique. The room is flanked by a smaller room on either side. The sash windows are the earliest known in the Topkapı



FANCIFUL SCENES

A side room next to Osman III's reception room. Here the top windows retained their original round shapes. Trompe-l'oeil paintings in a new palette of greys and blue-greys show the arches, colonnades and rococo fountain of an imaginary palace – the perspective is a new introduction to Ottoman art. The Dutch manganese-and-white tiles in the fireplace niche are late 18th century – similar designs were produced in Friesland as well as Rotterdam and Utrecht

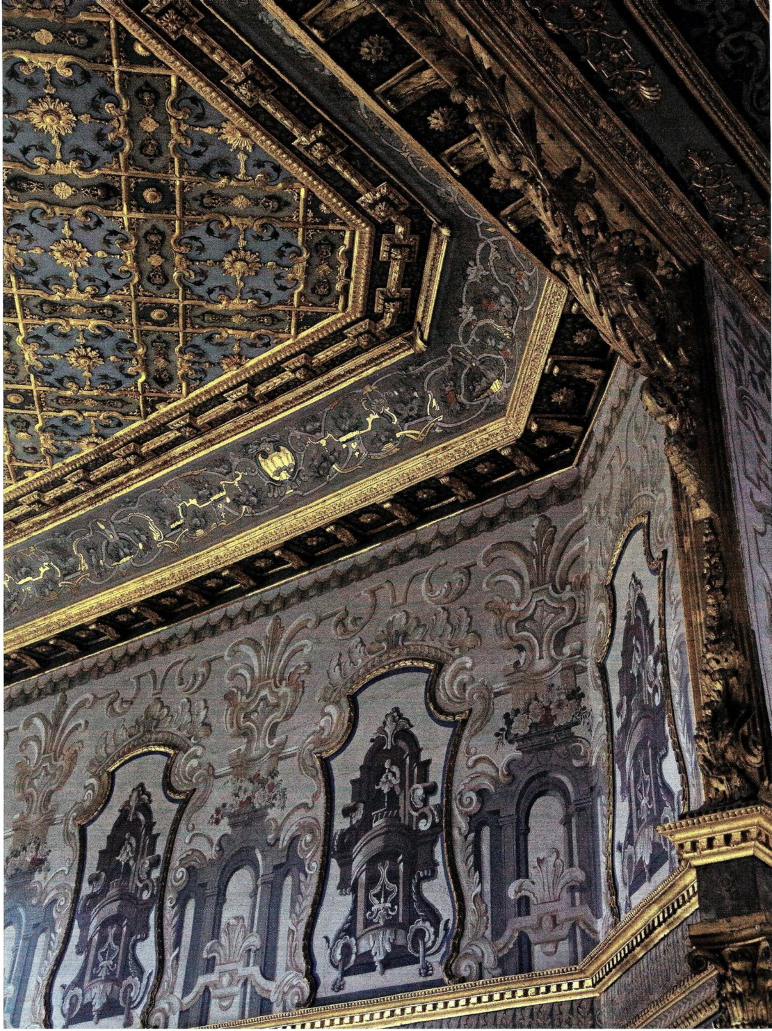


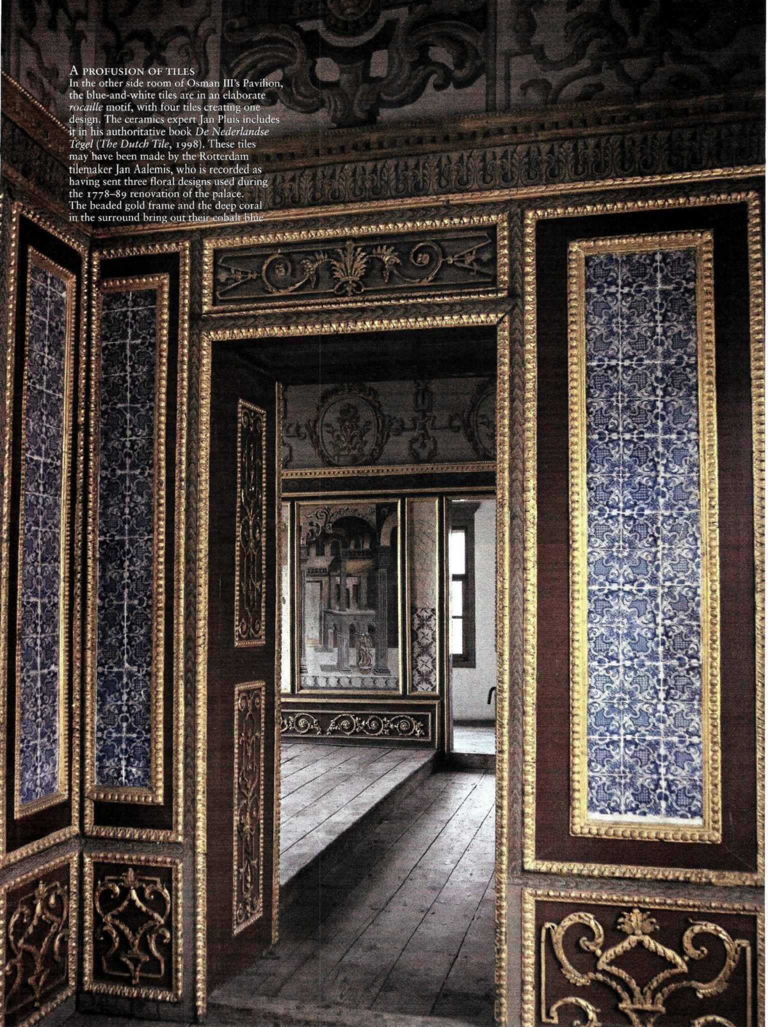


Above These built-in cupboards in madder red, with their little niches for vases of fresh flowers, known as 'sakça gözü', are typically Turkish in design. The French-inspired gilt decoration of sunbeams may be a later addition from Mahmud II's renovation of 1808. This is in one of the side rooms of the Osman III Pavilion

Opposite The richly adorned ceiling and cornice mouldings of Osman III's 'divanhane'. The frames echoing the shapes of the windows are in the newly adopted rococo style, with a plethora of curves in pastel greys and browns

Left A gilded cabinet in Abdülhamid I's privy chambers. The bouquets of flowers in the panels and roundels are painted in oils

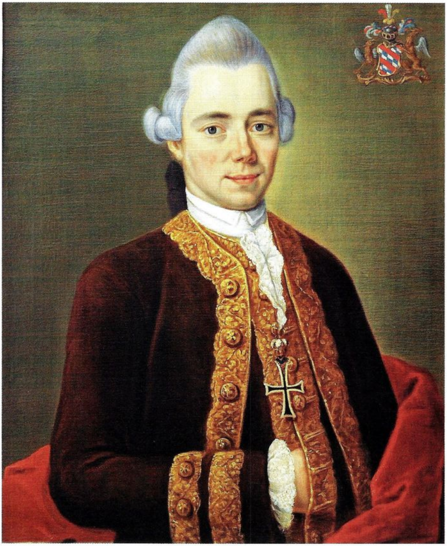




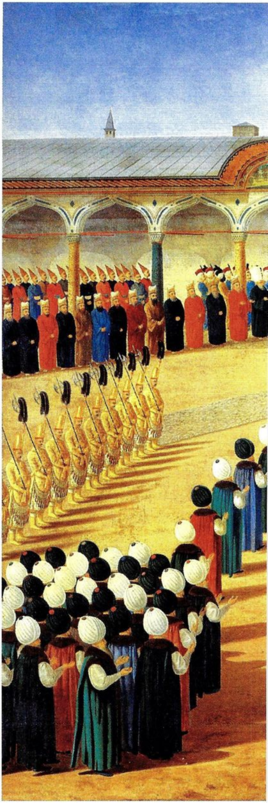
A PROFUSION OF TILES
In the other side room of Osman III's Pavilion, the blue-and-white tiles are in an elaborate *rocaille* motif, with four tiles creating one design. The ceramics expert Jan Pluis includes it in his authoritative book *De Nederlandse Tegel* (*The Dutch Tile*, 1998). These tiles may have been made by the Rotterdam tilemaker Jan Aalemis, who is recorded as having sent three floral designs used during the 1778–89 renovation of the palace. The beaded gold frame and the deep coral in the surround bring out their cobalt blue

As Turkey and the Netherlands celebrate 400 years of diplomatic relations, Henk Boom highlights the twenty turbulent years that Frederik Gijsbert, Baron van Dedem spent as ambassador to Constantinople

POMP AND PERFIDY



PRIVATE COLLECTION / PHOTOGRAPH: AGNES BOOIJINK

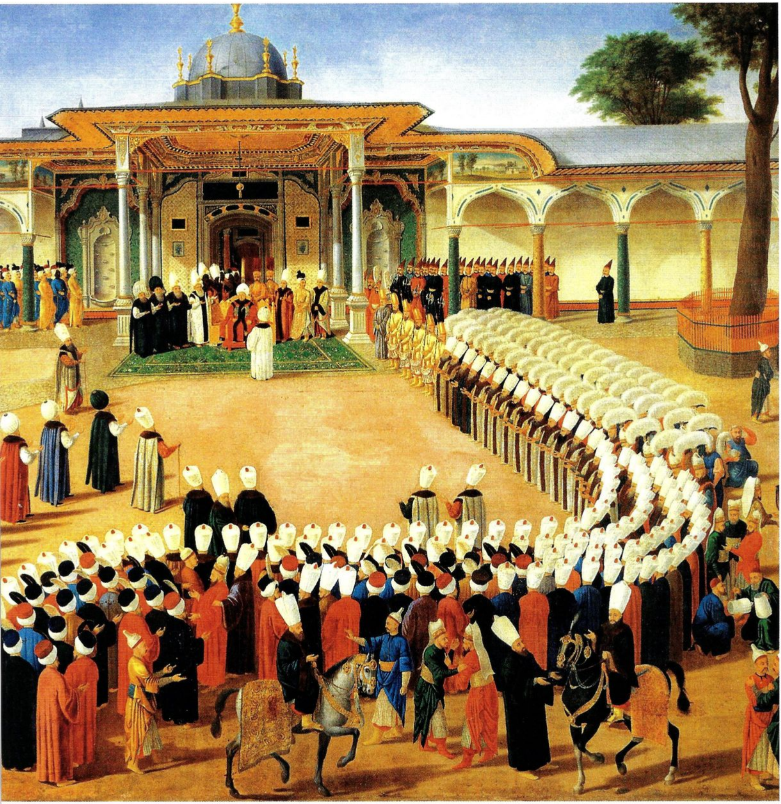


TOPKAPI PALACE MUSEUM

Frederik Gijsbert, Baron van Dedem van Gelder (1743–1820) *survived the ups and downs of two decades in Istanbul as ambassador of the Dutch Republic. During that time of revolutions, earthquakes, fires and disease, he remained as Dutch as Dutch could be: a Protestant, a merchant, a keen observer of the world around him, always looking for consensus.*

His son Anthony described him as 'less chameleon-like' than other ambassadors, while his French colleague Auguste Choiseul-Gouffier saw him as 'more righteous than gallant'. For many years he was seen by the Turks as an expert in international affairs, until the repercussions of the French Revolution hit his homeland and his own position was undermined by English intrigues

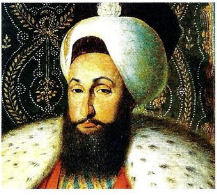
The scene in the Audience Hall of the Topkapı Palace on that January day of 1799 was decidedly unusual. Normally any visit by a foreign envoy would be subject to the strictest protocol. But when the English ambassador, John Spencer Smith, and his brother, Admiral Sidney Smith, arrived to see Kör Yusuf Ziyaüddin Pasha, the grand vizier of



Selim III, protocol seems to have gone by the board. It was the grand vizier who had to submit to his visitors' demands. "That man has to leave. Better today than tomorrow," was the furious outburst of the admiral, a hardliner in the English navy.

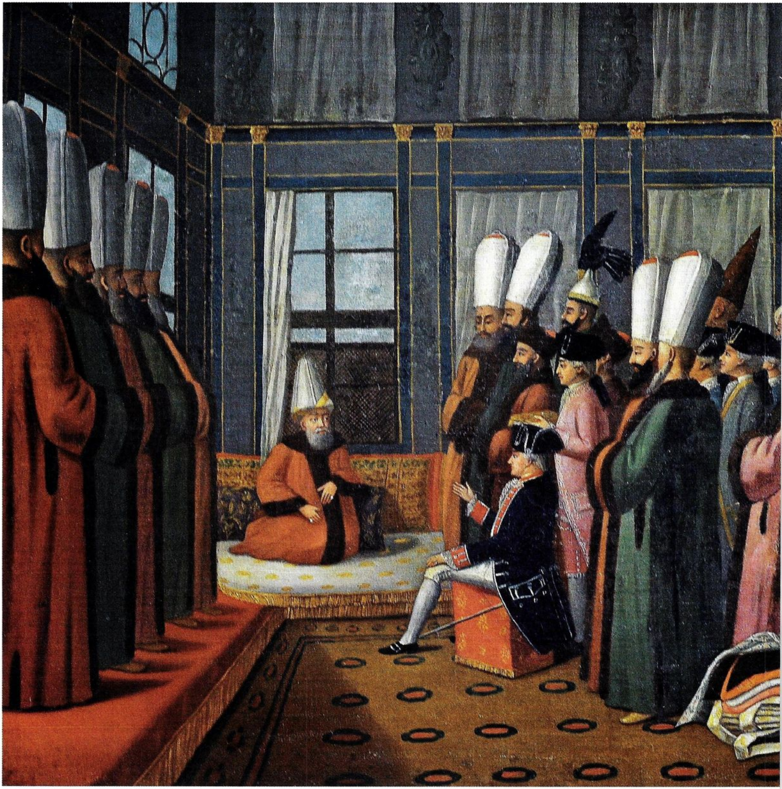
"Do you agree?" the grand vizier asked, turning to the ambassador, who nodded his assent.

"Yes, I agree. The man is a despicable



TOPKAPI PALACE MUSEUM

Opposite The Dutch ambassador Frederik Gijsbert. Baron van Dedem
Above Selim III, sitting on his throne in front of the Gate of Felicity of the Topkapi Palace, painted by the Ottoman court artist Konstantin Kapidaği
Left Kapidaği's portrait of Sultan Selim III, 1803



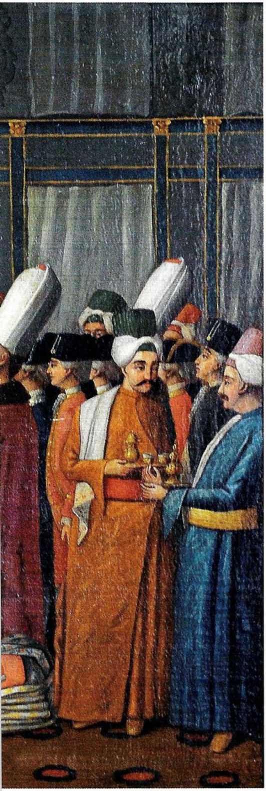
FOUNDATION EDWINA VAN HEEK / AGNES BOOIJINK

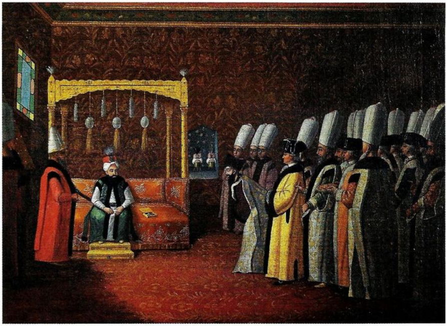
character. You can't trust him. He is a renegade who brings no good to our cause."

The man whose behaviour had so outraged the British brothers was the Dutch envoy, Frederik Gijsbert, Baron van Dedem, whom the admiral was accusing of betraying English interests by hiding French documents in the Palais de Hollande, his residence in the Pera area of the Ottoman capital. And the cause to which the ambassador referred was, of course, the English cause – for any document of French origin could provide useful intelligence in the bitter conflict between France and England.

A long-standing enmity between the two countries had escalated after Napoleon's invasion of Egypt in May the previous year. Van Dedem, in one of his weekly dispatches to his government in The Hague, had written: "The Turkish government here in Constantinople has raised the alarm and is very displeased by that violent attack. On both sides there was a lot of bloodshed."

Worse still were relations between Holland and England. The fourth war between them had ended in 1784, one year before Van Dedem's arrival in Istanbul. For many years trade, colonies and the eternal conflict over control of the North Sea had been good reasons to take up arms. Back in Holland, Van Dedem had already declared himself a lifelong enemy of England. His





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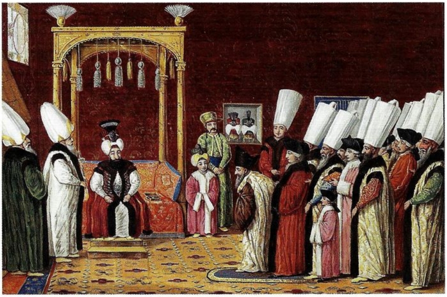

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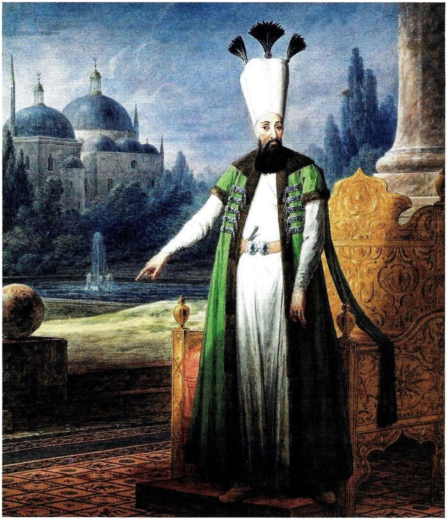
son Anthony later revealed in his memoirs that during his childhood his mother had stopped buying sugar and contributed the money she saved to help fund the war against England – "which was by nature the rival of Holland and the enemy of Dutch prosperity". In those days Van Dedem, then president of the national parliament, never hid his sympathy for France.

Selim III was also an admirer of France. With the help of his French advisers he had started the so-called *Nizâm-i Cedîd* (New Order), a complete restructuring and modernisation of the Ottoman army. But after Napoleon's surprise invasion of Egypt, then part of the Ottoman Empire, the Sultan was forced to change his allegiance. The French had suddenly become the enemy, along with the Russians and the Austrians.

Before the arrival of the English navy in the Bosphorus in 1799, Van Dedem had

Above left Van Dedem's audience with the Grand Vzier on November 29, 1785
Top Now suitably dressed in a kaftan, Van Dedem approaches Abdülhamid I. Both oil paintings were by an unknown Istanbul studio still working in the manner of the early-18th-century painter Vanmour
Above The Polish artist Friedrich Anton Lohrmann's gouache of the Sultan's audience, painted two years after the event, includes Van Dedem's son Anthony



PRIVATE COLLECTION

been seen in Istanbul as a highly competent diplomat, but his authority had faded. Since the French Revolution had reached Holland in 1795, the Dutch Republic had become more or less a vassal state of Paris. To the English, these geopolitical changes came as a gift from heaven and they opportunistically declared themselves allies of the Turks in their war against France. The Turks, in return, allowed the English navy to control the traditional Levantine trade routes between Europe and Asia.

By the spring of 1797 Van Dedem had already expressed his concern to the management of the Dutch Levantine Trade Company: "I notice more and more that the Porte regards the Batavian Republic [the name of the Netherlands from 1795] as a colony of France." At that point it was merely conjecture. In the autumn of 1798 he wrote venomously of the "envy, jealousy and revenge" with which the "bad seed of strife and discord" was sown in order to be able to paint the Batavian Republic as an "accomplice of France while the British and the Russians are considered as saviours and redeemers of the Turkish area and are worshipped as demigods".

After the Smith brothers' meeting with the grand vizier, Van Dedem feared the worst. "Matters have taken a very bad turn," he wrote. "Citizen Ruffin, the French chargé d'affaires, was called to the palace, where the declaration of war against France was presented to him. Then he was arrested and transported to the Seven Towers, along with his secretary and interpreter."

This was a critical moment in Van Dedem's diplomatic career. Not without reason, he feared that, as an associate of the French, he too might be thrown into the Yedikule, the infamous seven-towered prison where many a Western diplomat's career had come to an abrupt end. "You cannot imagine in what critical and difficult circumstances I find myself here," Van Dedem wrote to the Dutch consul in Smyrna (Izmir).

From his diplomatic stronghold, Van Dedem had been able, during the preceding days, to observe how the neighbouring French palace had been taken by "a strong guard of one hundred and fifty men". All entrances and exits were locked. French diplomats and nationals in the building were to be detained until Bonaparte had released all the Turkish prisoners in Egypt. Van Dedem saw no sign of war being declared on the Batavian Republic, but he ruled out nothing: "Heaven knows what else may happen."

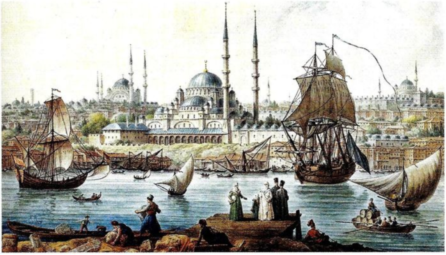
A declaration of war was not forthcoming. But a year later, as Van Dedem had feared, he was declared *persona non grata* by the Sultan, who had come under heavy pressure from the English ambassador. Van Dedem was lucky: thanks to his good relations with the Porte, he was neither transferred to the Seven Towers nor sent back to The Hague, but was able to continue his diplomatic activity, albeit at a slower pace, from Bucharest, the capital of what was then Wallachia, an Ottoman vassal state. He would remain there for two years until his return to Istanbul in 1801.

The events of 1799 marked a low point in the career of Frederik Gijsbert van Dedem. In many ways he was a remarkable man, widely overlooked by historians. A member of the nobility of the province of Overijssel, a Protestant and a wine connoisseur, he turned out to be a real survivor in the diplomatic corps of European ambassadors in Istanbul. But ultimately his luck ran out.

Because of his good relations with the Sultan he was asked to act as one of the European rapporteurs for the peace conference with the Austrians and Russians held in Sistova, now part of Bulgaria. But he was passed over for the post by his own government, a result of his earlier preference for the French. The rejection badly damaged both his self-confidence and his image, and Van Dedem was furious. "For me it was very, very unpleasant," he wrote bitterly to the clerk of the Dutch parliament.

At the same time he was having to deal with a scandal in his own residence. His secretary, Joost Frederik Tor, had begun dealing in jewels, which were being brought to Constantinople in official dispatches. Tor had to leave, and Van Dedem was accused of complicity. Fortunately, he was able to prove he had nothing to do with the business.

Living in the capital of the Ottoman Empire was not easy. Van Dedem had to face situations which at times must have left him longing for the peaceful, rippling waters of the river Ijssel at Wijhe, the small village between Zwolle and Deventer in Holland where he had lived in his castle. In



SUNA & İNAN KIRAÇ COLLECTION

Above View of Constantinople, by Jean-Baptiste Hilaire, 1789, now in the Pera Museum. The Yeni Cami, still behind the old sea walls, stands on the shore of the Golden Horn. On the left is the new Nuruosmaniye Mosque. Passengers wait to be rowed across, a hazardous event. In his account of his audience with the Sultan, Van Dedem describes how his dragoman, Rudolph Bragiotti, fell into the water as the boat ferrying them from Pera was mooring. 'Luckily, he was rescued by bystanders and survived without injury' Opposite Abdülhamid I, painted by Hilaire. The Sultan covered the walls of the Harem in Dutch and other European tiles Below A postcard of Van Dedem's 'castle' in Holland, the Huize de Gelder, before it was demolished in 1913

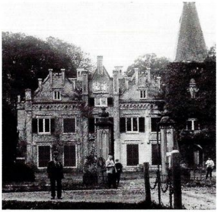
Istanbul it was all earthquakes, "grim fires", the ever-present plague, extremely hot summers, grand viziers who came and went (some minus their heads) and revolutions. In the years between 1785 and 1808 he had had to deal with four sultans.

Only the first, Abdülhamid I, granted him an audience, which took place on November 29, 1785, three months after his arrival in Istanbul. Although the ceremony followed a strict, centuries-old protocol, no detailed report is available in the National Archives in The Hague. In missives to his superiors Van Dedem emphasised the fact that after submitting his credentials to the "Great Lord", a "meal" was offered by the grand vizier and he shared the table with his host, "an honour never before bestowed on any other Minister".

Van Dedem's audiences, with both the Sultan and the grand vizier, have been recorded in several paintings now in the possession of the Edwina van Heek Foundation in Holland. These anonymous works are attributed to an Armenian or Greek studio which concentrated on recording official events in the style of Jean-Baptiste Vanmour in his painting of the audience of the Dutch ambassador Cornelis Calkoen, done 60 years earlier. Curiously, two paintings exist of Van Dedem's audience with the Sultan, one including his son Anthony, the other without him, as well as two of his audience with the grand vizier. Probably the painter, not present at the audience, had omitted to put the son in the first picture. Van Dedem presumably ordered a second version, this time including Anthony, and likewise with his audience with the grand vizier.

During research for my book *Onze Man in Constaninopel* (*Our Man in Constantinople*), I discovered that there is a fifth painting, a gouache of Van Dedem's audience with the Sultan, which belongs to the University Library in Warsaw. This time we know who the artist was – Friedrich Anton Lohrmann, a painter born in Germany and working in Poland – and that it was painted in 1787, two years after the audience.

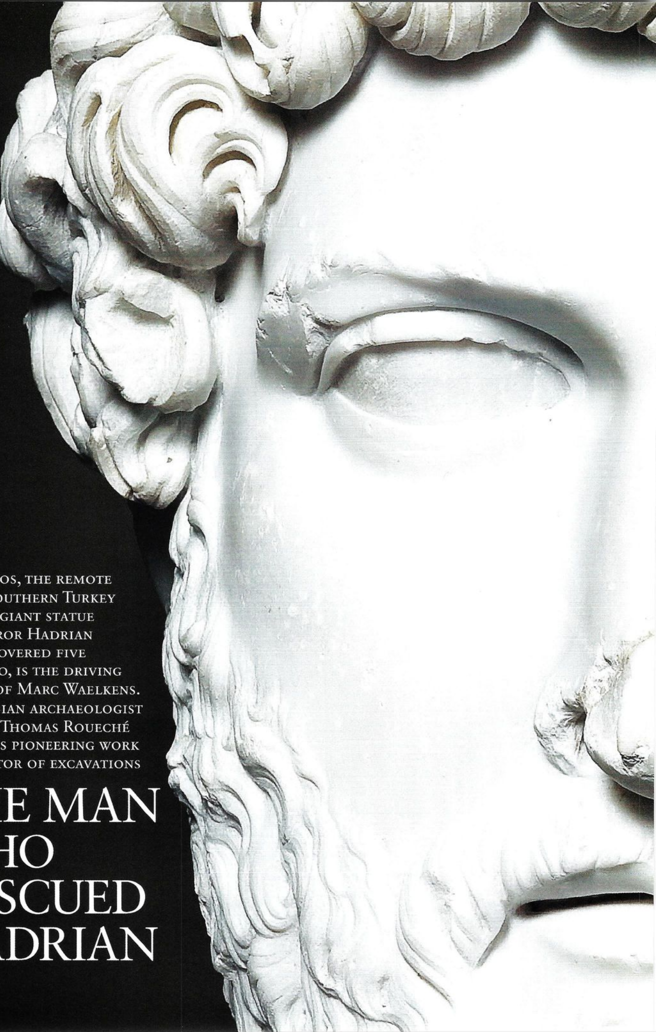
Active as Van Dedem was until the French invasion of Egypt, he had little left to do in 1801 after returning from Bucharest. Even after the British fleet's withdrawal from the Bosphorus, he had to limit himself to a supporting role in the diplomatic circuit, while all attention was focused on his French colleague. That did not change after his return from a prolonged period of leave in Holland. On August 26, 1807, Van Dedem had sent a lengthy letter with 13 appendices describing the navigation of the Black Sea to King Louis Napoleon, who had been sent to The Hague by his brother, the Emperor Napoleon, to sort out matters in Holland. "But to date no response," the disappointed Van Dedem wrote to his son on December 30. He assumed that The Hague was "indifferent to the matter". Moreover, he was passed over for an audience with the Sultan. Bitterly disappointed, he heard that the envoy of Saxony had been permitted to submit his credentials "with all pompe" while he, the ambassador of Holland, remained "wholly without credentials".



A year later Van Dedem decided to leave Istanbul. At the end of his assignment he was witness to a violent insurgency. "Unexpectedly we have again a very great and terrible revolution here, putting all Christians once more in great danger," he wrote on November 25 to Anthony, then ambassador in Naples. He talked in detail of an angry populace, robberies, murders, and of how the grand vizier had withdrawn, with his concubines, "to subterranean chambers under the Porte, where a mine was detonated, blowing up a crowd of people, including himself". Ever the good Protestant, he added: "God's hand more than once has saved us from the most imminent dangers."

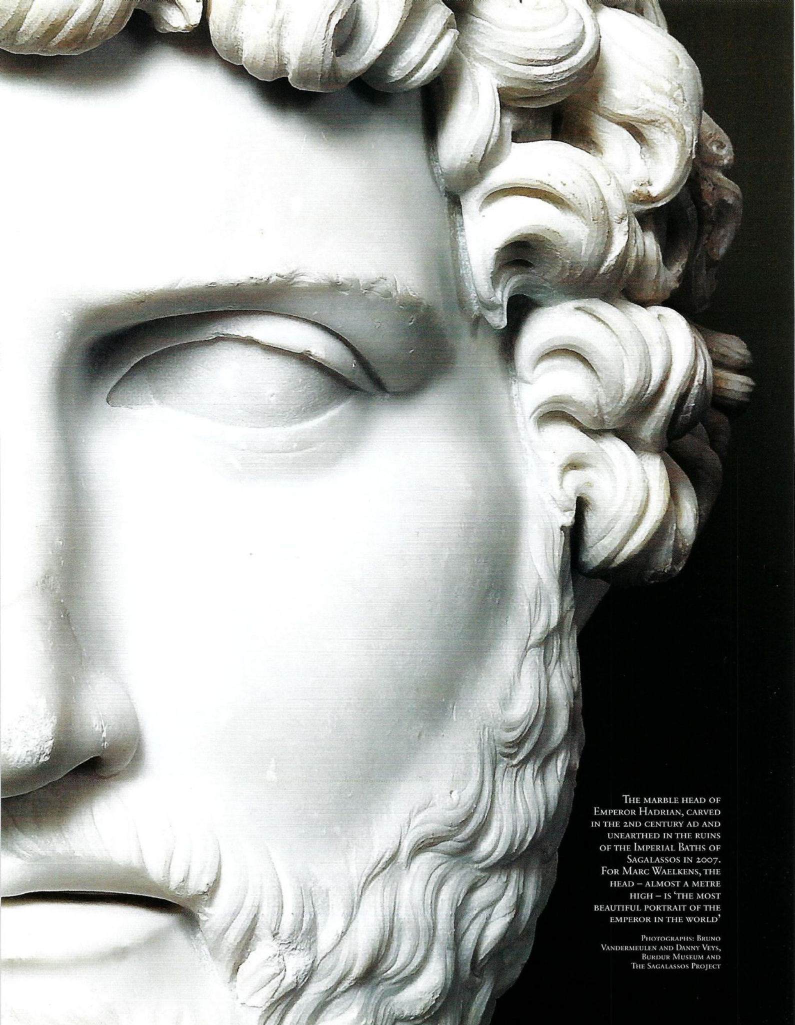
Van Dedem returned to his castle in Wijhe in the first week of April 1809. Although he hoped to make a comeback in national politics, he was unable to. He died, all but forgotten, on March 3, 1820, at the age of 77. ◆

Henk Boom is the author of 'Onze man in Constantinopel' ('Our Man in Constantinople') (Walburg Press, Zutphen), an account of Van Dedem's Istanbul years. The book will be published to commemorate 400 years of diplomatic relations between Holland and Turkey. An exhibition about Van Dedem's life opens in the Museum TwentseWelle in Enschede on October 10. Boom is also the author of a book about Süleyman the Magnificent ('De Grote Turk', Athenaeum, Amsterdam), now also in Turkish and German. In November he will be a guest at the 31st International Istanbul Book Fair (November 17–20, istanbulbookfair.com), where the Netherlands is country of honour.



Sagalassos, the remote site in southern Turkey where a giant statue of Emperor Hadrian was discovered five years ago, is the driving passion of Marc Waelkens. The Belgian archaeologist talks to Thomas Roueché about his pioneering work as director of excavations

THE MAN WHO RESCUED HADRIAN



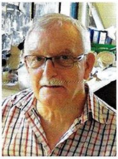
The marble head of Emperor Hadrian, carved in the 2nd century AD and unearthed in the ruins of the Imperial Baths of Sagalassos in 2007. For Marc Waelkens, the head – almost a metre high – is 'the most beautiful portrait of the emperor in the world'

Photographs: Bruno Vandermeulen and Danny Veys, Burdur Museum and The Sagalassos Project

Sagalassos in 1907. Below and right Gertrude Bell captured the fearsome beauty of the place on film on April 28, 1907. 'We travelled to the mountains and kept climbing until I thought no city could ever be built this high. At noon I suddenly saw a beautiful theatre that was still half-covered with snow... I spent three wonderful hours at the end of which I understood why the Pisidians had built their city so high in the mountains'

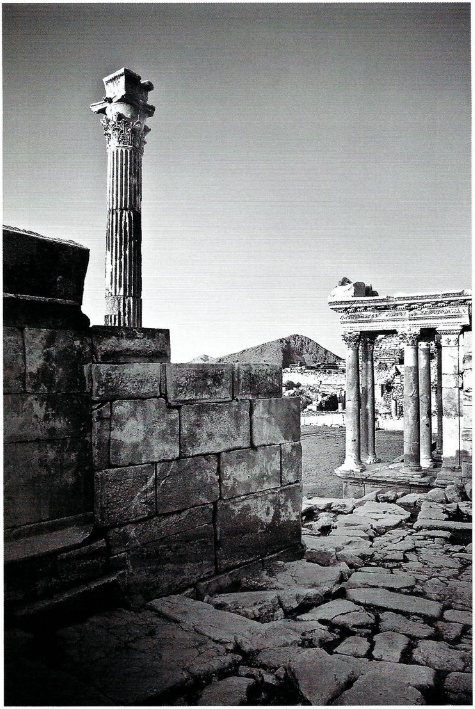
Sagalassos today. Opposite, clockwise from left Entrance to the Upper Agora: the benefactors who paved it under Augustus each had a column in their honour in a corner of the square; two are rebuilt; a third will be in 2013. Stairs to the place of honour in the Odeon, finished c200. A late-Roman mansion imitating the palaces of Constantinople. The Theatre, begun c120, seated 9,000, though only 5,000 lived in Sagalassos – such was the draw of the imperial cult

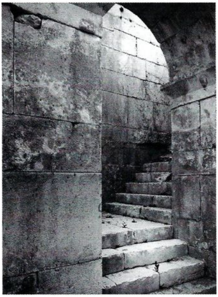
Right The man who resurrected Hadrian. For 30 years, Sagalassos has been the singular passion of the archaeologist Marc Waelkens

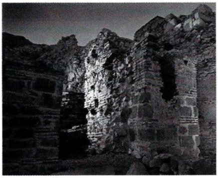


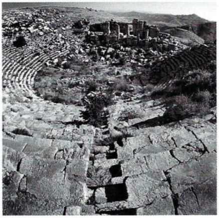
In the late summer of 1983, two archaeologists stood on the slopes of the western Taurus Mountains amongst the ruins of the city of Sagalassos. Mount Akdağ towered over the ancient metropolis of Pisidia; high above the two men an eagle soared, leading them further into the site. For Marc Waelkens, his first visit was almost a religious revelation. "It seemed to me," he later recalled, "that this eagle, majestic as it rose and soared above, leading us through the ruins of this magnificent city, was the very incarnation of Zeus himself."

The city of Leuven is a place of quiet northern charm, a far cry from the wild, dramatic, fearsome beauty of Sagalassos. Marc Waelkens' high-ceilinged office in the heart of the research-driven university town is spartan, dominated by a relief map of Sagalassos, while on the walls hang a series of enormous photographs of the city's monuments. On the table lies a copy of the extraordinary catalogue *Sagalassos: City of Dreams*, produced to







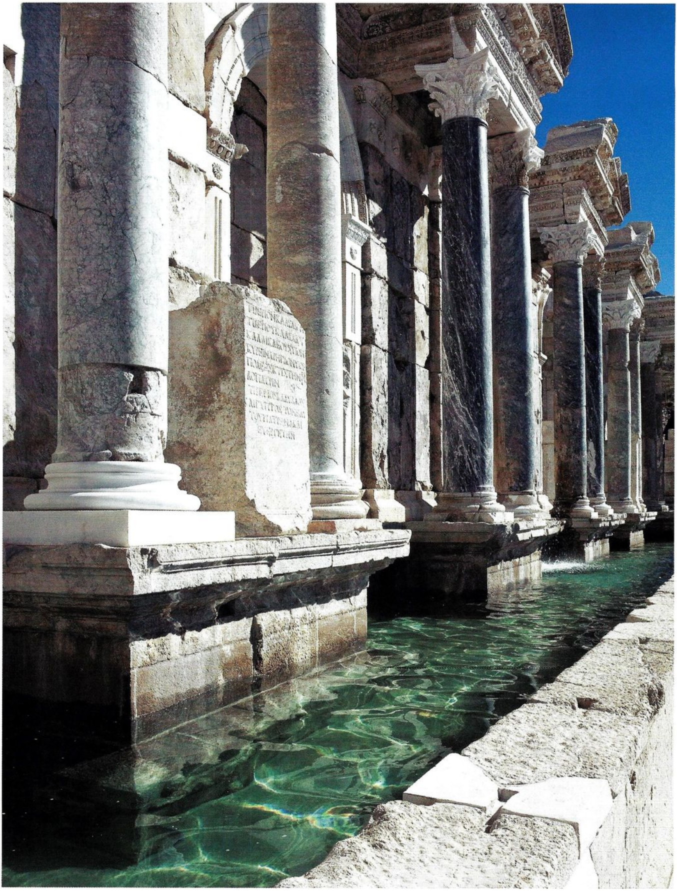


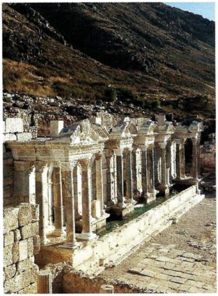
accompany the eponymous exhibition at the Gallo-Roman Museum in Tongeren – an exhibition he was intimately involved with from the beginning.

Waelkens' eyes light up as he begins to talk about Sagalassos; he says he is "married" to the city. Quickly it becomes clear one is in the presence of someone whose life has been dedicated to a single passion. Sagalassos is Waelkens' life's work, his *Gesamtkunstwerk*.

Captivated as a young boy by the stories of Heinrich Schliemann's discovery of Troy, as told in a Belgian comic strip, Waelkens announced to his father that he wanted to become an archaeologist in Turkey. His father responded with incredulity, as fathers do in such stories. Waelkens embarked on a steady career trajectory through the universities of Belgium – famous for their political and religious factionalism – and excavations across the Mediterranean. Eventually, in 1983, he accompanied the renowned Hellenist Stephen Mitchell on his first fateful expedition to Sagalassos, as part of Mitchell's Pisidia Project.

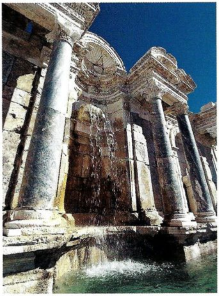
Charming, kind and indefatigably knowledgeable, Waelkens is perhaps the archaeologist's archaeologist. Many digs are notoriously fraught with difficulties – hot summers, crowded dig houses and big egos. Mistakes of the past, whether a result of lack of technology, the hubris of former excavators or the damage wrought by looters, can severely impede the archaeological process, dramatically altering the archaeological record, and rendering attempts to recapture the past





Left and below: the Antonine Nymphaeum
On the Upper Agora spring water gushes from a fountain built under Marcus Aurelius (161–180) and re-erected by Waelkens's team between 1998 and 2010. It reveals the tiny city's prosperity. Lavishly carved limestone sets off marble columns that framed colossal statues: at each end a drunken Dionysus was supported by a satyr (now in Burdur Museum). The centrepiece, a group of statues from a shrine of Asklepios, was destroyed by a Christian mob in the 5th century. An earthquake c 500 wrecked all the Upper Agora statues – the only pedestals that were kept honoured the benefactor, Titus Flavius Severianus Neon, who perhaps persuaded Hadrian to choose the city for the imperial cult

Below right: The Imperial Baths housed the famous statue of Hadrian

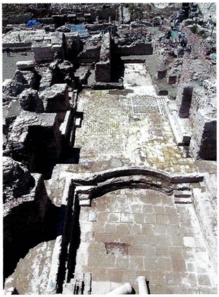


architecture of cities impossible. At Sagalassos, Waelkens inaugurated an astonishingly meticulous excavation, deploying interdisciplinary approaches, new technological perspectives and a steadily growing team of experts from Belgium, Turkey and more than a dozen other countries.

From the start, Sagalassos presented Waelkens with a unique situation. Its remoteness had left the site almost completely untouched; when Waelkens and Mitchell first visited, thick layers of pottery and glass crunched underfoot. Over the next 25 years, Waelkens would collect, order and collate fragments large and small, man-made, faunal and floral, from every corner of the site and its vast territory. He also identified changing settlement patterns, reconstructed climatic and vegetation changes, as well as anthropogenic (farming) or natural sedimentation of valley bottoms and slope erosion. He identified the provenance of consumption goods and changing cooking practices, that of raw materials used for craft production or in the building industry, and even identified the content of ceramic vessels (cooking pots, amphorae, storage vessels, serving plates), thereby reconstructing subsistence and trading patterns. All of this was a scrupulous operation of Sisyphean proportions, and one that transformed Sagalassos – a site barely known from the historical record – into one of the Mediterranean's most important excavations.

The first evidence of human habitation in the area comes from around 12000BC. Summer camps of hunter-gatherers are seen in the Epipalaeolithic Age, settled villages in the Late Neolithic. Proto-urban and, eventually, urban sites emerge in the Archaic and late Classical periods respectively, and grow steadily under perhaps the Phrygian, the Lydian and the Persian kingdoms. Sagalassos entered the historical record dramatically in 333BC, when Alexander the Great's armies approached the city. The Sagalassians belonged to one of the Pisidian tribes mentioned in Greek sources. They spoke a still-unidentified language originating from that of the Luwians, an Indo-European population related to the Hittites, who by the 2nd millennium BC controlled all of western and most of southern Anatolia. They succeeded in repulsing Alexander's first offensive – a humiliation that forced the Macedonian to engage in battle, after which he captured the city. The city very quickly became Hellenised in its language, political system and material culture.

In 188BC Sagalassos refused to welcome a Roman consul when he entered their territory in winter in search



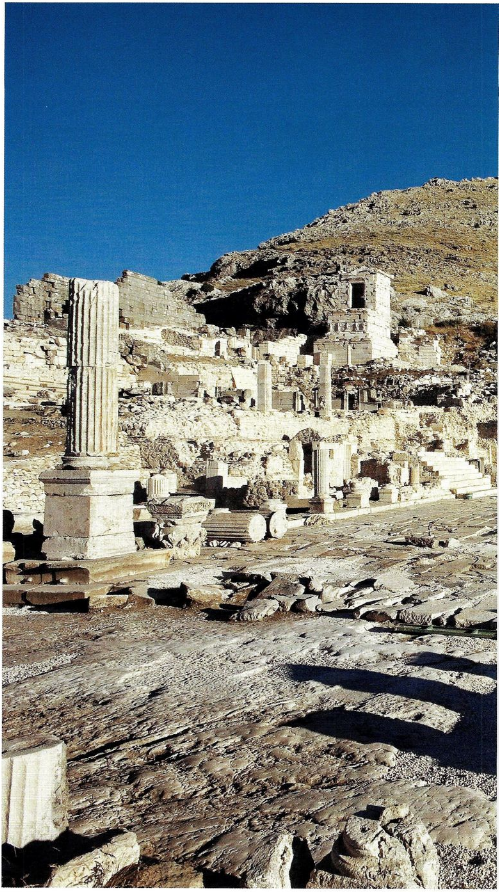
of food for his troops, who had defeated the Seleucid king Antiochus III – of whom the Sagalassians were loyal subjects. As a result the Romans imposed a fine on the Sagalassians so heavy that the archaeological record indicates that no public monument was constructed for a century after this punishment.

The Sagalassians would derive great pride from their resistance to the Macedonians, commemorating the battle on city coins. But it was not until the reign of Augustus that the city truly came into its own. Life was revolutionised by the construction under Augustus of the Via Sebaste, a road through Pisidia that linked Sagalassos to the coast and neighbouring settlements. "The story of Sagalassos," says Waelkens, "is of how an elite with some vision of the future realised the economic potential of Augustus' empire."

Linked into the Roman economy, Sagalassos rapidly became a centre of ceramic production, serving the markets of western Anatolia and even parts of the Eastern Mediterranean. Large farming estates grew grain and olives, bringing great wealth to the city. "What strikes one constantly are the different types of building… With a population of only 5,000 – that's one-fortieth the size of Ephesus – the city had the oldest bath complex of Roman type in Asia Minor, and one of its oldest and widest colonnaded streets, wider even than any contemporaneous street in Ephesus. Every decorative or architectural innovation that made its way to Ephesus from Rome had reached Sagalassos within five years."

Indeed the way the city became embedded in the economy and material culture of the Roman empire cannot be overstated. Recent excavations found remains of four species of Nile fish that were regularly imported from Egypt over the course of seven centuries.

Sagalassos thus became a small and luxurious entrepôt, filled with civic buildings gifted to the city by the prosperous elite, commanding astounding views across the valleys of the Taurus Mountains. It was perhaps the Geneva of the Roman empire: tiny, wealthy and alpine. In the second century, under the reign of Hadrian, the city was awarded the distinction of hosting a temple for the province to celebrate his

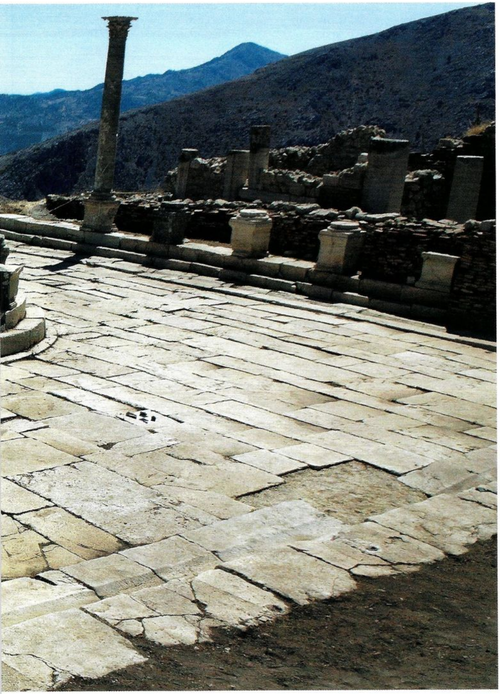


THE UPPER AGORA Between the 1st and 5th centuries, this terrace was a stage for a growing forest of statues and monuments, so dense that it was easier to walk round it, using the porticoes on three of the sides, than through it. It was eventually cleared after an earthquake c500, and became an open-air market

imperial cult, a development that brought even more wealth. As a result, Sagalassos saw an intense burst of construction – crowned by the Imperial Baths and a new theatre seating 9,000 – while increasing links with the imperial power saw the appointment of its leading citizens first as "Roman citizens", then "Roman knights", some eventually entering the Roman senate. Over the next three centuries the city would continue to flourish, despite instability across the empire in the course of the 3rd century, thanks to its economically strategic location.

In the 4th century, the city became Christianised, eventually supporting a bishop. It continued to prosper until the mid-6th century, so that buildings damaged or destroyed by an earthquake c500 were repaired or rebuilt with a great sense of monumentality and a meticulous care to maintain their aesthetic appearance. Then things took a rougher turn: in 541–2 the bubonic plague eliminated a third of its population and caused the bankruptcy of surviving aristocrats, whose landholdings were no longer worked, as labourers either died or fled.

After the plague the city rapidly acquired a rural appearance, eventually becoming a large farming settlement, which in 602–610 was completely destroyed by another earthquake, which had its epicentre in Sagalassos proper. Whereas the survivors at first still occupied most of the former city, after the annihilation of the Byzantine fleet in 655 by the Arabs, who were soon raiding southern Anatolia, many retreated into at



The Macellum was the smart place to shop for the Sagalassos elite, offering everything from luxury imported foods to jewellery. Porticoes on three sides, with shops behind them, were built by Aelius Akuals, a high priest of the imperial cult under Marcus Aurelius' son Commodus (180–191). The city paid for the paving and the fountain in the centre. Like the Upper Agora above it, the square looks out over the Taurus Mountains

least one fortified hamlet (or *kastron*).

Even so, it remained continuously occupied, kept the name of Sagalassos and was the seat of its bishops until the Seljuks, who controlled the area for five decades after the Battle of Manzikert (1071), perhaps forced most of its inhabitants to settle in Ağlasun, in the valley below, towards the end of the 11th century. A fortress, built most probably by Manuel Komnenos in the 1150s, was razed to the ground by the Seljuks in about 1204.

However, there was even then a small nucleus of habitation within the former city: a small community which, according to DNA analysis of 85 skeletons from a cemetery, was still composed of Sagalassians. They only abandoned it towards the end of the 13th century. In the meantime climatic change (a drought had set in c650) and insecurity resulting in a shift of focus from farming to animal husbandry left the site abandoned to shepherds and goats. In 1706 the French traveller Paul Lucas described Sagalassos as a place of enchantment, and in 1824 Francis Arundell identified the city from an inscription.

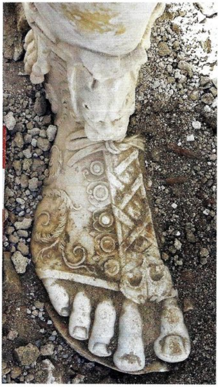
"The site became famous in the 19th century as one of the best-preserved in Anatolia," says Waelkens. In the 1880s an expedition financed by the Polish magnate Count Karol Lanckoronski carried out the first systematic survey of the site. "A second surveying trip was financed, but left incomplete when both architects employed by Lanckoronski died of yellow fever."

When Waelkens and Mitchell arrived at the site in 1983, the city's destiny changed again. Initially the two men worked together at Sagalassos and Cremna, another site in Pisidia, until Waelkens assumed the directorship of Sagalassos alone in 1990. Beginning with a joint British–Belgian team of eight, the small-scale excavation rapidly became a large-scale multidisciplinary research project. From the very start the emphasis was on conservation of both small finds and architecture, and, where possible, anastylosis, the faithful resurrection of buildings using original architectural elements.

Today, 180 people work on the site – 90 are Turkish workmen, many of whom have been trained as experts on anastylosis and restoration and now do jobs all across Turkey. Sixty per cent of the budget is devoted to conservation or anastylosis and an admirably hard line is taken: "We only ever undertake anastylosis if there is more than 85 per cent of the monument left – if not, we conserve it. In resurrected monuments we leave out the 10 per cent; we don't fill in the gaps unless it's necessary for reasons of stability. Almost everything we use in anastylosis is original."

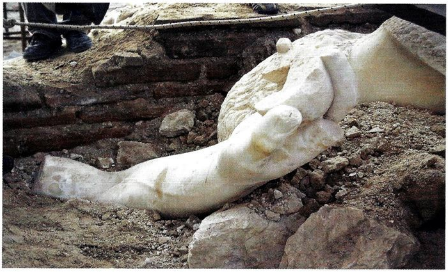
Waelkens' approach to research is fundamentally interdisciplinary, pioneering scientific approaches such as residue analysis and several types of isotope analysis, many developed within the project and now firmly anchored at the Centre for Archaeological Sciences, which Waelkens established at the University of Leuven in 2004.

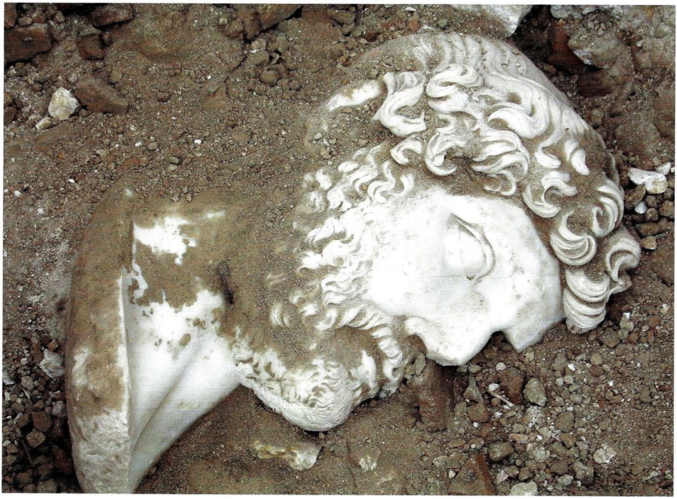
No fragment is too small to be worthy of study: "We have analysed 2.5 million



This page: Giants in the baths Fragments of colossal statues of emperors and their wives were found in the Imperial Baths in 2007. These photographs were taken as the foot and hand of Marcus Aurelius (left and below) and the head of Hadrian (bottom) emerged

Opposite page Marc Waelkens stands knee-high to Marcus Aurelius (left). Tyche, goddess of fortune, holding a cornucopia (right) was carved during Hadrian's reign (AD 117–138). Like the other Sagalassos finds, the statue is now on display in the Burdur Museum





bone remains and many pollen cores which document the climatic and vegetation history of the region since the beginning of the Holocene, and also covered for the first time in Anatolia the period from the 7th century until the end of the Ottoman period."

The scope of the work at Sagalassos is astonishing. "We have undertaken intensive surveys of the entire city and, since 1993, of the whole territory, covering nearly 14,000 square kilometres. The scale has been extensive, leading to the discovery of more than 50 new sites."

When Waelkens began going to the site, there was no airport in Antalya. "I would travel to Ankara and drive down to the site in the British Institute at Ankara's Land Rover. I got into the habit of dropping into the Antiquities Department to say hello." Waelkens has a close relationship with the department, which was no doubt helped by his diplomatic moves but is fundamentally rooted in its appreciation of the quality of his work.

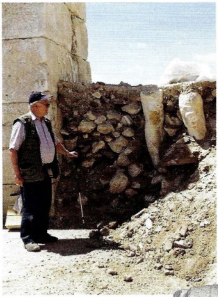
Waelkens is no longer confined to the site. He has done a magisterial job of raising private funds by giving lectures – 520 since 1990. The reconstruction of the Northwest Heroon (shrine) was funded entirely by the Belgian financial group Arco, built around the Dexia Bank. The anastylosis of the Antonine Nymphaeum, which involved 13 years of research and the reassembling of 3,500 pieces, was financed at first by the Belgian Kredietbank, a restoration company (Renier) and a private family (Baer-Hofman). The Turkish company Aygaz (Koç Holding) financed the completion of the monument and is now behind the restoration of the whole northern part of the Upper Agora. For 15 years another Belgian family (Lamberts-Van Assche) have made possible the excavation of the Imperial Baths, with their colossal statues of Hadrian, Antoninus Pius and Marcus Aurelius and their spouses.

These heroic efforts have not gone unnoticed. With Manfred Kauffman at Troy, Waelkens is the only archaeologist to receive the *Uzun Hizmet Medalyası* (Long Service Medal), Turkey's highest honour conferred on foreigners. During a visit to the exhibition at Tongeren, he was embraced by Ertuğrul Günay, the Turkish Minister of Culture and Tourism, who introduced him at a Turkish–Belgian press conference as "*Bizim meşhur Mark Bey*" – our famous Marc Bey. Across the villages of southwestern Turkey, the name of Marc Bey has gained mythical status.

In his home country, he received in 2000 the EJ Solvay Prize for the Humanities, the highest scientific distinction in Belgium, awarded every five years. In 2009 King Albert II granted him a knighthood, so that now he is now officially Sir Marc Waelkens.

Tongeren is a place whose past overshadows its present. An important border city in the Roman period, the modern town is smaller than its antique ancestor, loosely fitting within the 2nd-century city walls. The Gallo-Roman Museum, which opened in an extraordinary neo-brutalist building in 1994, won the European Museum of the Year award in 2011. Its astonishing exhibition on Sagalassos was part educative experience, part dramatic opera. The exhibition was bravely curated – the sculpture was theatrically arranged to evoke the earthquakes that shattered the city – but the drama distracted from its astonishing beauty. The final room was bare and white, containing only the right leg and enormous head of Hadrian that Waelkens' team found in 2007, an awe-inspiring piece of sculpture that he calls "the most beautiful portrait of the emperor in the world".

The exhibition, entirely the initiative of the Gallo-Roman Museum, was mounted with a grant of nearly 2 million euros from the province of Limburg and received 145,900 visitors in seven months. With 238 pieces from the Burdur Museum near Sagalassos, it displayed an unprecedented set of loans. This was all the more remarkable against the backdrop of recurrent Turkish refusals to lend antiquities to major international museums, something *The Economist* has decried as a "culture war". It is interesting to note that, unlike many of its European neighbours, Belgium has no antiquities that the Turkish government considers illegally acquired. The loan of so many original pieces, including really top ones such as the colossal heads of Hadrian, Marcus Aurelius and Demeter, was officially regarded as a tribute to Waelkens' work in Turkey.



Waelkens sees the exhibition as important for the recognition of Sagalassos in his country: 40,000 visitors go to the site each year and he expects many more Belgians now. "Few ordinary Belgians had heard of the excavation," he says. "Now in butchers' and bakers' across Flanders, customers are talking about Sagalassos, and commuters on trains and buses too."

Turkey's archaeological digs are all, in their own way, a miracle of diplomacy. The legacy of unscrupulous archaeologists, such as Waelkens' childhood hero Heinrich Schliemann, who acted in Troy like a grave-robber, is still remembered in Ankara. Waelkens' nimble navigation of these treacherous waters is the result of the high quality and excellent standards he has maintained at Sagalassos – a model of 21st-century archaeological practice. ◆

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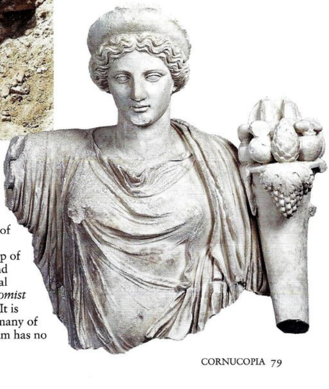
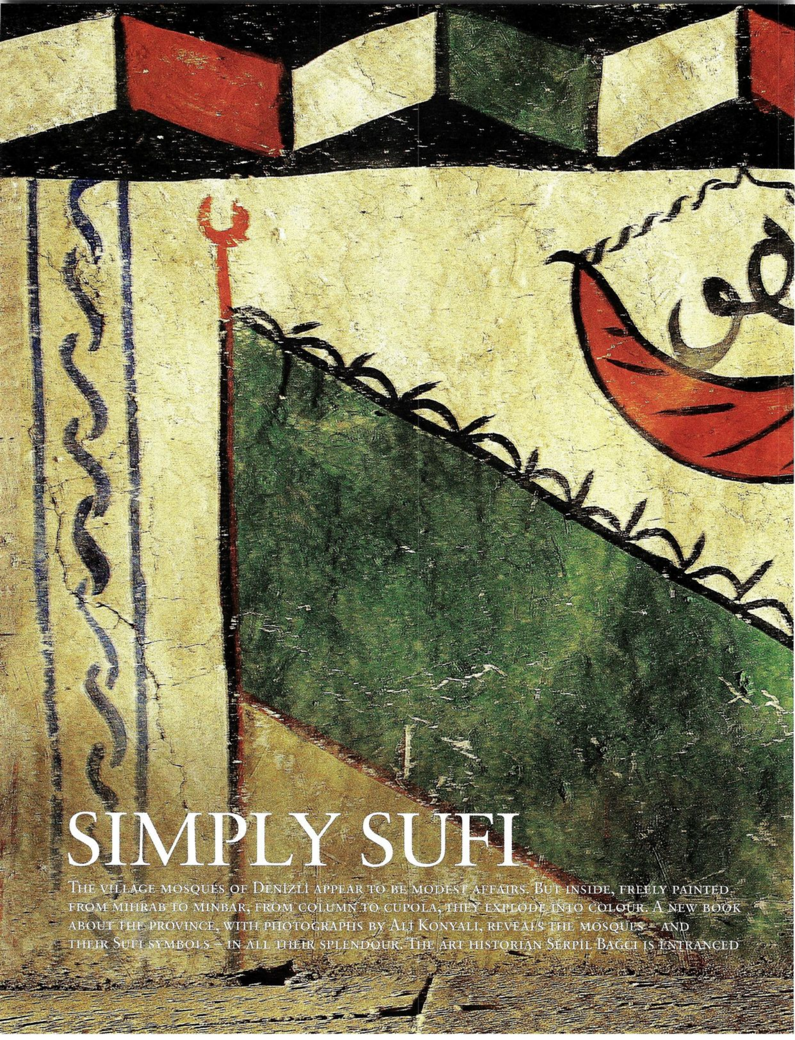
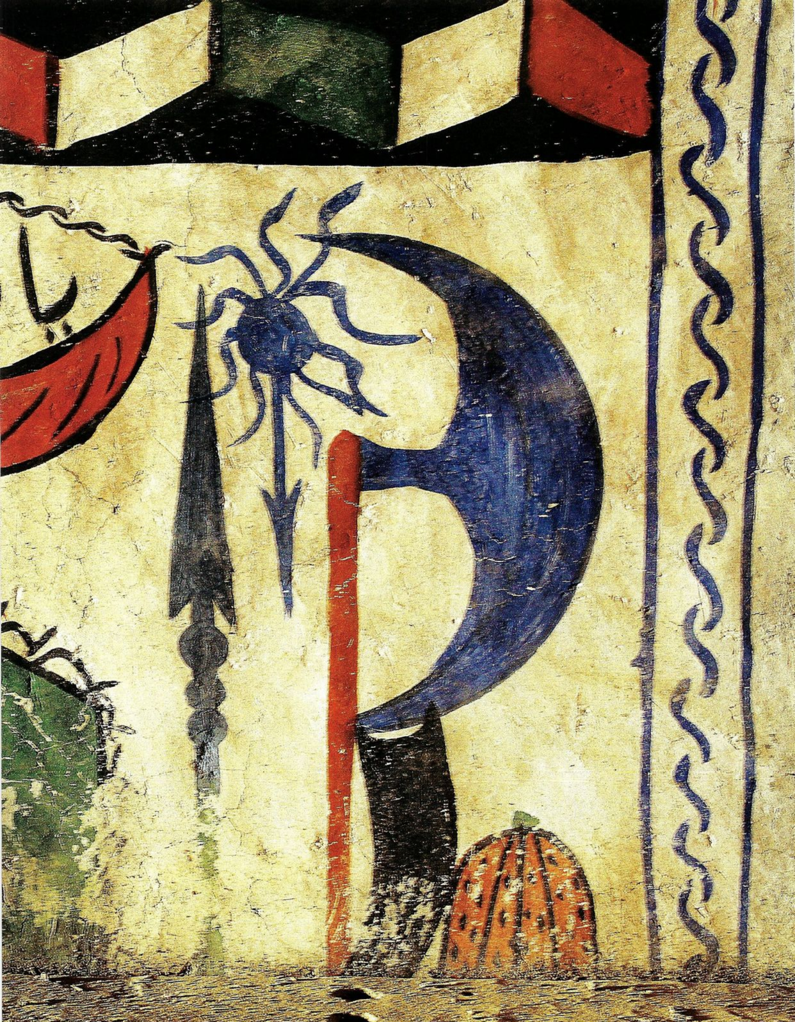
'Sagalassos: City of Dreams', by Marc Waelkens and Jeroen Poblome, is available from cornucopia.net, price £35
For more information on the Sagalassos Archaeological Research Project and the Friends of Sagalassos, see www.sagalassos.be





SIMPLY SUFI

The village mosques of Denizli appear to be modest affairs. But inside, freely painted from mihrab to minbar, from column to cupola, they explode into colour. A new book about the province, with photographs by Ali Konyali, reveals the mosques – and their Sufi symbols – in all their splendour. The art historian Serpil Bağcı is entranced



Decoration of monumental Ottoman mosques is traditionally distinguished by amazing but sparing interior tilework that underscores the structural qualities of the architecture (tiles may include Koranic inscriptions or flower and tree designs that echo the gardens outside), or by paintings on plaster in the upper parts of the interior.

Paintings in secular architecture incorporate much richer visual content. Surviving private houses and palaces mostly date from the late 18th and 19th centuries, but paintings of interiors in manuscripts attest to the continuous presence of wall paintings from at least the 15th century. The aesthetics of mosques and palaces built by the imperial family or members of the ruling class spread to the farthest reaches of the Empire.

Modest mosques and houses surviving from the 18th and 19th centuries were adorned with landscapes that included imaginary buildings, views of cities (mostly Istanbul) and still lifes. A recent publication entitled *Denizli: Tanrıların Kutsadığı Vadi* (*Denizli: The Valley Blessed by Gods*, Yapı Kredi Yayınları, 2012) includes a chapter, written by Professor Kadir Pektaş, which introduces the Islamic architecture of Denizli, a prosperous province and city in western Turkey. The lavish photographs illustrate the strikingly colourful tradition seen in modest wooden village mosques, some of which have never before been published.

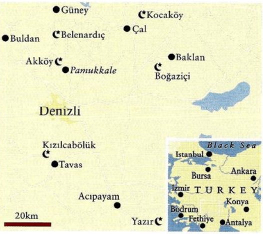
Interestingly, most of these small buildings have founding inscriptions giving the date – generally from the late 18th and 19th centuries – and at times the patrons, who were all apparently from wealthy local families. At least one was built by a woman, confounding modern assumptions.

Simple on the outside, some wooden village mosques had an added portico reminiscent of galleries opening onto the courtyards of private houses in the region. Inside, pillared halls and colourful painting on the wooden structure and on the walls make for a warm, joyful space. There is a long-standing Anatolian tradition of painted wooden ceilings with thin strips forming geometric patterns, seen in monumental mosques surviving from the 13th and 14th centuries. Denizli's village mosques continue this tradition on a modest scale.

Serpil Bağcı is Professor of Islamic–Ottoman Arts at Hacettepe University, Ankara, and the author, with Filiz Çağman, Günsel Renda and Zeren Tanındı, of 'Ottoman Painting' (Ministry of Culture and Tourism, 2010), available from cornucopia.net

The wall paintings also follow decorative conventions developed in the monuments of imperial centres. Styles range from a somewhat formal courtly idiom to free vernacular interpretations. The motifs share a common vocabulary: flowering scrolls and branches, bouquets in vases or ewers, and cypress trees. In addition, there are scenes drawn from the contemporary visual repertoire – landscapes with mosques and other buildings, and representations of the holy cities of Mecca and Medina.

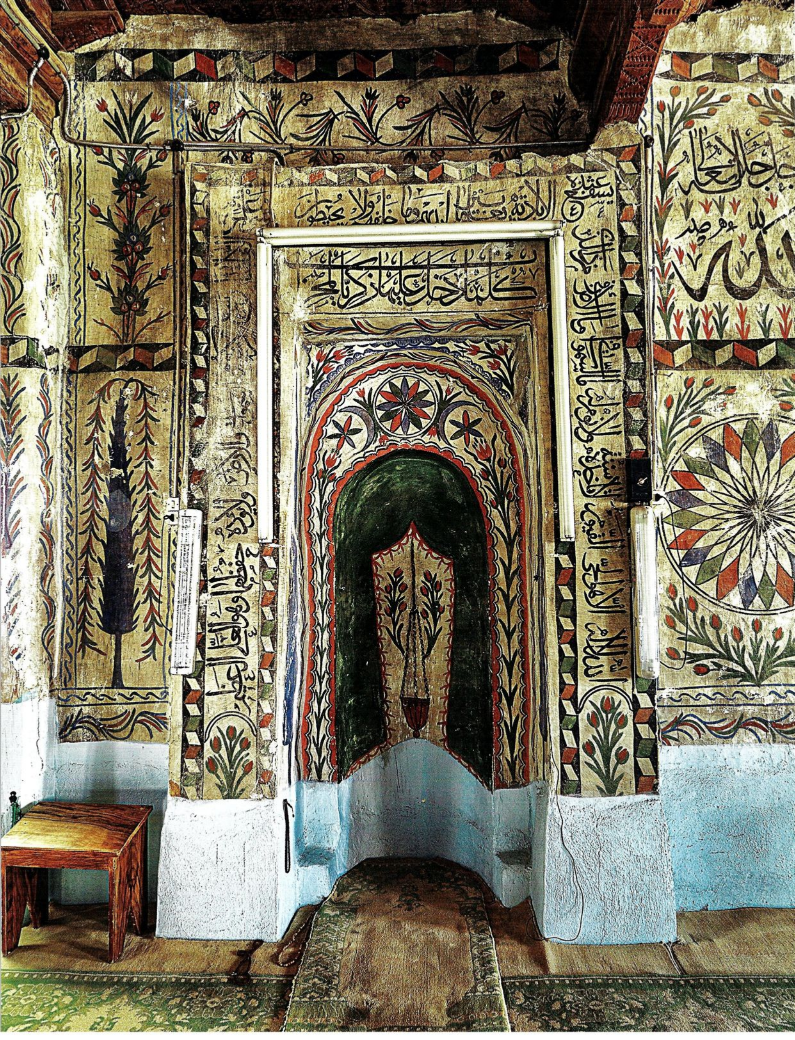
Although not unique, interesting themes seen in two mosques, in Belenardıç and Boğaziçi, which were painted in all likelihood by the same artist 10 years apart, link the buildings to antinomian, or heterodox, dervishes. The pictures of objects used by dervishes and the rather unconventional apocalyptic imagery suggest that the mosques belonged to dervish lodges, probably of the Rufai and Halveti sects. It is highly probable that these paintings were the work of wandering artists-cum-dervishes. In contrast with the flamboyant spontaneity of the rest of the paintings, the elaborate, uniform calligraphy of the inscriptions suggests that they were executed by professionals using stencils.

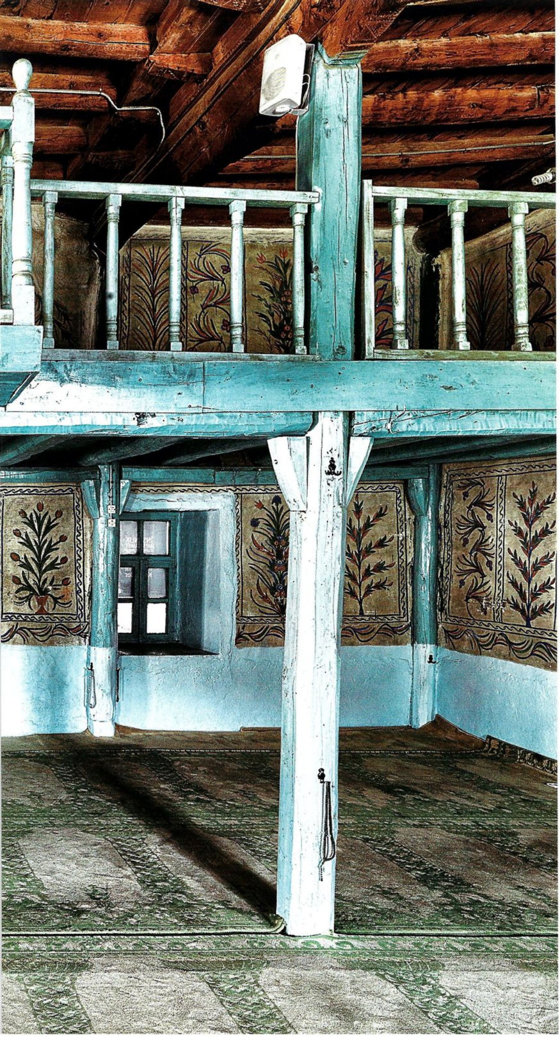


SUSANNA HICKLING

Previous pages: Boğaziçi Denizli's village mosques often display images inspired by Sufi beliefs – some may have been attached to Sufi lodges. Depicted in the mosque of Boğaziçi are objects used by dervishes: a flag, a begging bowl, a spear, a battle-axe, a mace with chain, and lobed headgear. The inscription 'Yâ Hû' ('O God') is an invocation recited by dervishes during remembrance rituals

Right: Belenardıç The lamp in the niche of the highly decorated mihrab refers to 'Al-Nur' ('The Light'), Sura 24 of the Koran. Parted curtains were a popular 19th-century motif


كلما دخل عليها زكريا المحراب
جل جلاله
الله



BELENARDIÇ MOSQUE

1884

Belenardıç is 20 kilometres north of the hot springs of Pamukkale, close to the town of Güney. Painted inscriptions tell us that the old mosque (a new, larger one now looms next door) was built by 'Mehmed, son of Ali of the Denizlili Hafız Ağazade' and decorated the following year, in 1885–86.

The highly ornate mihrab (previous page) follows an Ottoman tradition: a lamp in the niche, in this case colourfully decorated with two branches of blossom, refers to the 24th Sura of the Koran, *Al-Nur* (*The Light*); it hangs behind parted curtains, a popular 19th-century conceit. The Koranic verses around the mihrab (2:255) and over the niche (3:37) repeat the conventional preference in Ottoman mosques, but brightly coloured flowers, crescent moons and stars bring an unusually joyful quality.

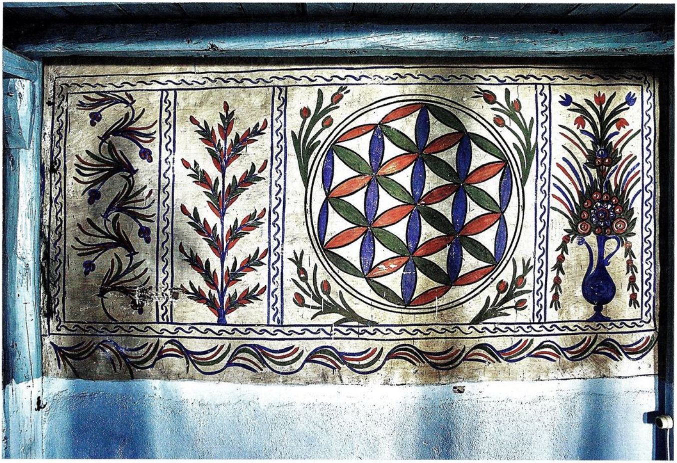
The upper walls bear the names of the four Sunni caliphs and the Prophet's grandsons Hasan and Hüseyin, which are divided by variously shaped vases of flowers.

On the lower tier is a more apocalyptic image. Scales of justice and the Prophet's flag identify it as the Day of Judgment. The Hereafter is represented by paintings of Hell and Paradise.

Hell here is a seven-tiered affair, complete with flames, a cauldron of tar, a catapult to cast the sinners into the fire, and the poisonous *zaqqum* tree (oleander). The largest panel is reserved for Paradise, which is depicted in eight tiers and surmounted by the sacred tuba tree, with its roots in the air. The same theme appears at Boğaziçi, in a mosque painted 10 years earlier, and in another in the small town of Seki, near the resort of Fethiye on the south coast, dated 1846.

Next to the Day of Judgment, the artist's predilection for floral motifs and soft, curved lines transforms the

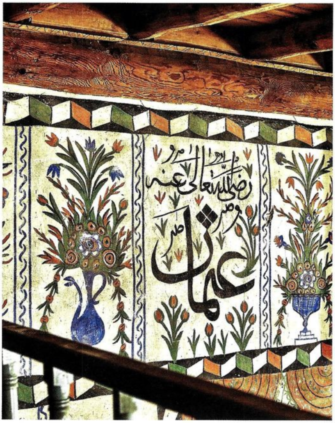
BELENARDIÇ STEPS LEAD TO THE 'MAHFİL', THE WOMEN'S GALLERY, IN THE OLD MOSQUE



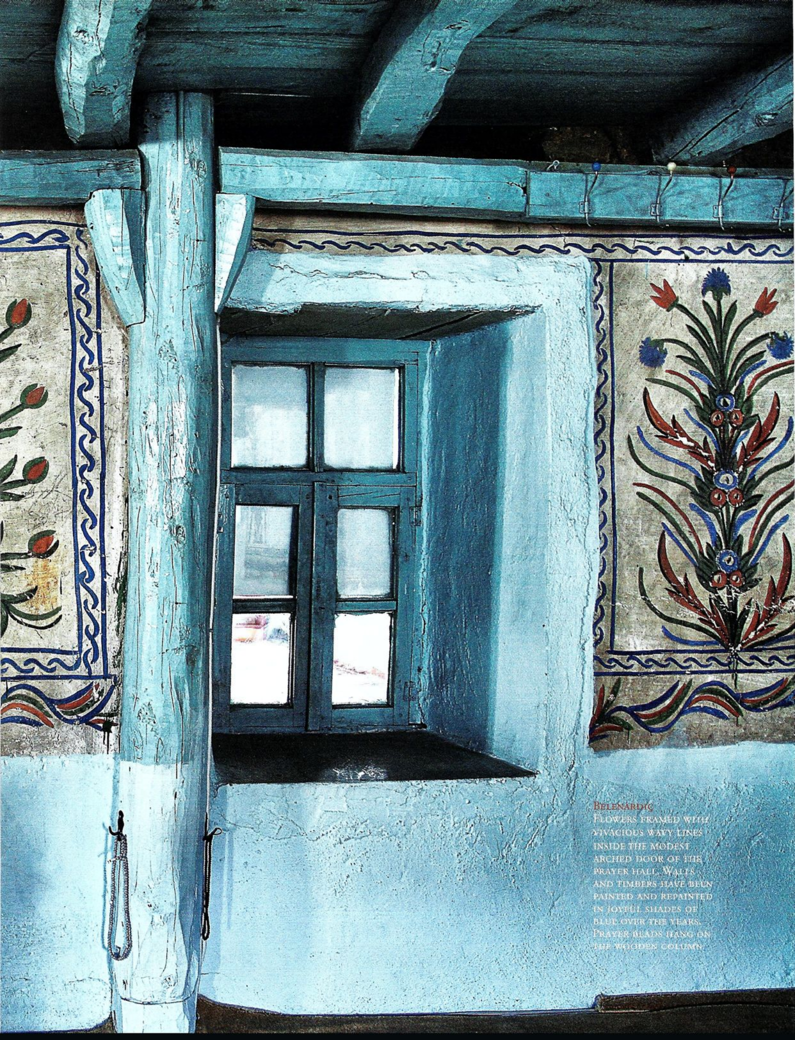
interlacing hexagons (above); the traditional geometry is composed of intersecting coloured petals.

The mosque's multi-layered timber ceiling (opposite) is incised with zigzag and cross-hatched motifs, sometimes scored with nails. The roughness of the ceiling contrasts with the busy decoration of the walls and imparts a sense of solidity.

The wall paintings behind the pulpit include a rendering of the Ka'ba at Mecca – an accurate representation of the holy site and its surroundings familiar from manuscripts and tiles since the 17th century.



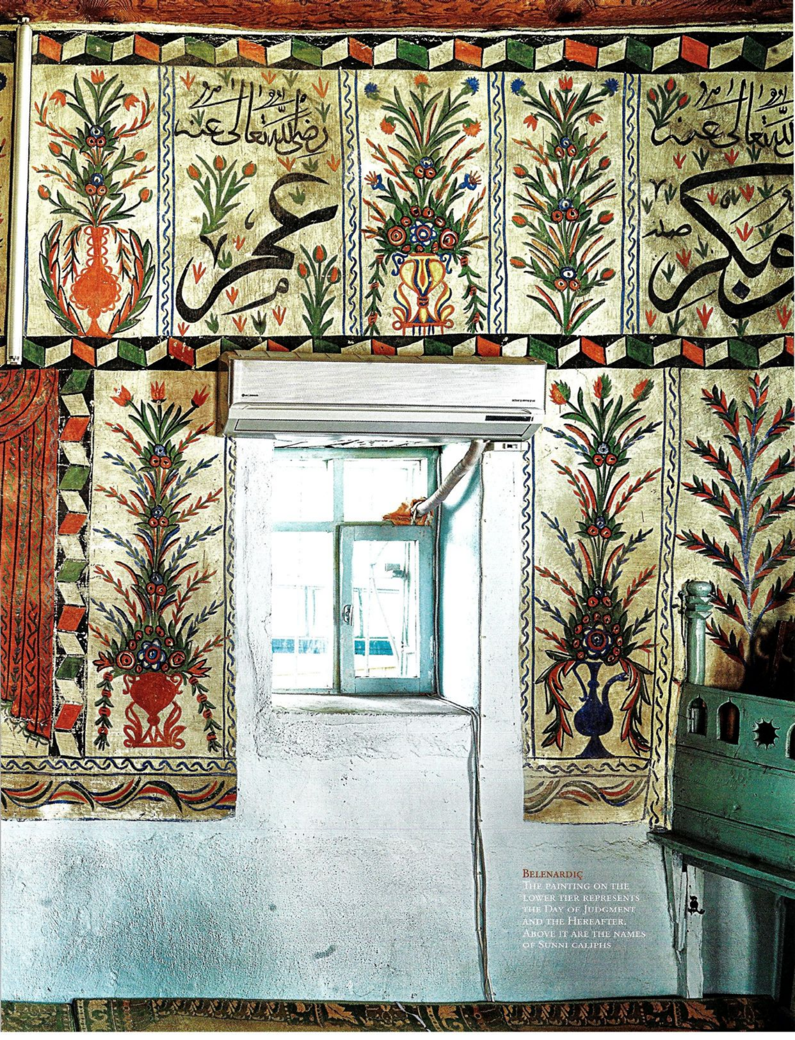
Belenardiç
Above Under the gallery, flanked by floral arrangements, is a hexagonal design enclosing further hexagons of petal shapes
Left The name of Osman, the third of the four Sunni caliphs. Unlike the loosely painted floral arrangements, with their varied vases, the calligraphy was probably executed with stencils
Opposite The mosque's sturdy timber ceiling. Above the makeshift minbar (pulpit), on the far right, is a depiction of the Ka'ba in Mecca



Belenardıç

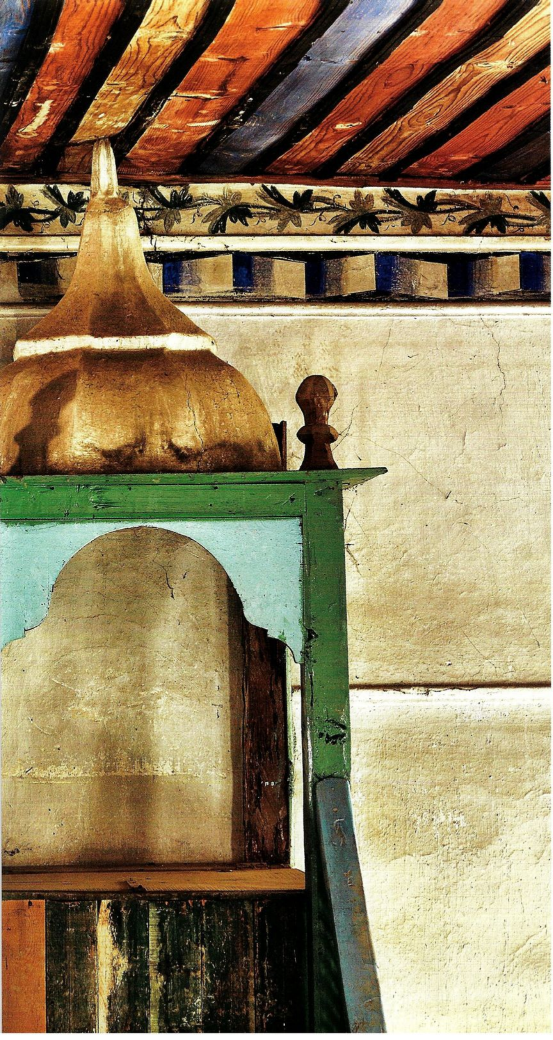
Flowers framed with vivacious wavy lines inside the modest arched door of the prayer hall. Walls and timbers have been painted and repainted in joyful shades of blue over the years. Prayer beads hang on the wooden column.

رضى الله تعالى عنه
عثمان
جنت


رضي الله تعالى عنه
عمر

Belenardıç
The painting on the lower tier represents the Day of Judgment and the Hereafter. Above it are the names of Sunni caliphs

زبير رضي الله عنه



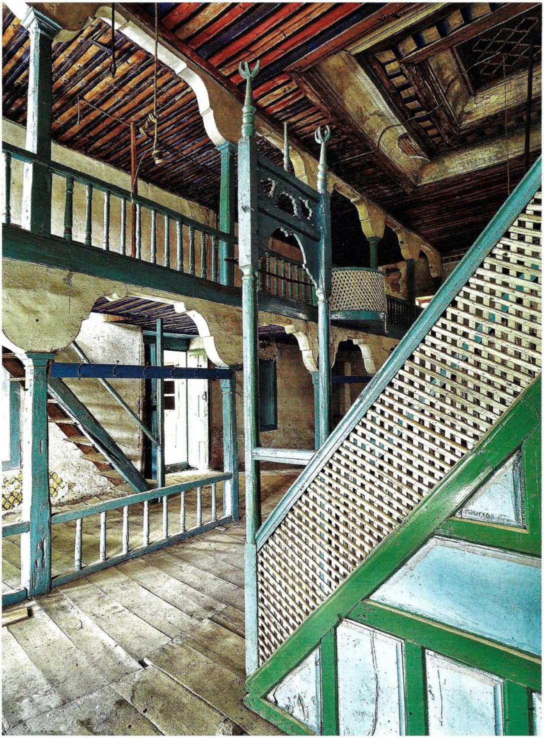
HANÖNÜ MOSQUE, KIZILCABÖLÜK

1697–98

According to its stone founding inscription (below), Hanönü Mosque (the mosque in front of the *han*) in Kızılcabölük, south of Denizli, was built by a certain Ümmi, daughter of Köse Mehmed Ağa, in 1697–98 and completed by her father, who added the minbar seen here the next year, following her death.

A date above the mihrab indicates that the structure was redecorated in 1894–95. The bright colours of the ceiling and the floral and geometric bands running along the top of the walls, must date from then.

As with many village mosques, a plain outer appearance hides a busy interior. The wooden elements, such as the delicate colonnade facing the mihrab (following page), are reminiscent of the intimate interiors of private houses. The chunky columns and capitals of the mihrab, and the panel framing the name of God above it, are typical of the Ottoman baroque, suggesting that they were added in the late 18th century.



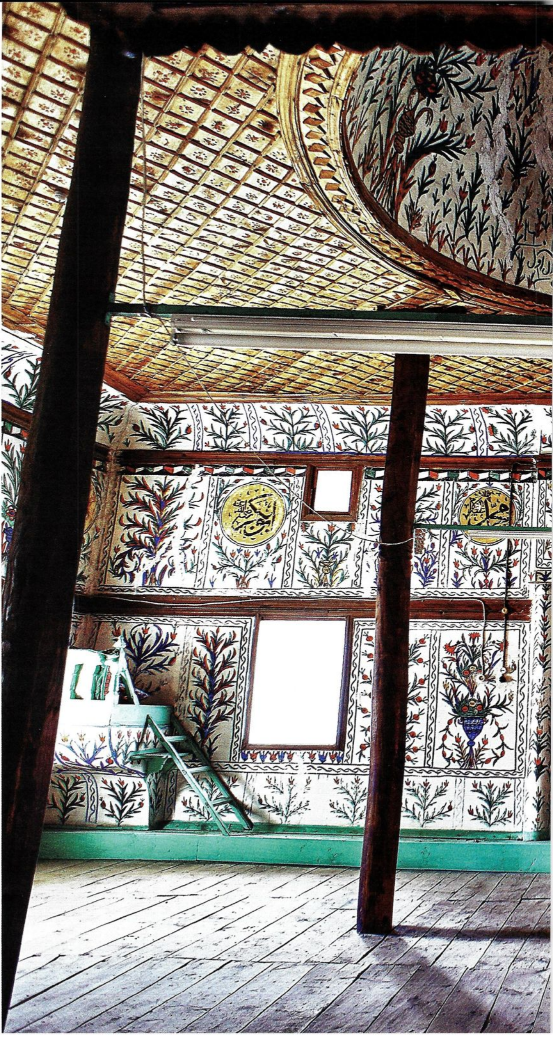
Hanönü Mosque. Above The colonnade supporting the gallery recalls the courtyards of Denizli houses Opposite The baroque mihrab's outsize columns and capitals, and the panel of acanthus leaves and wavy lines framing the name of God, were probably 18th-century embellishments

AKKÖY MOSQUE
1877–78 AND 1909

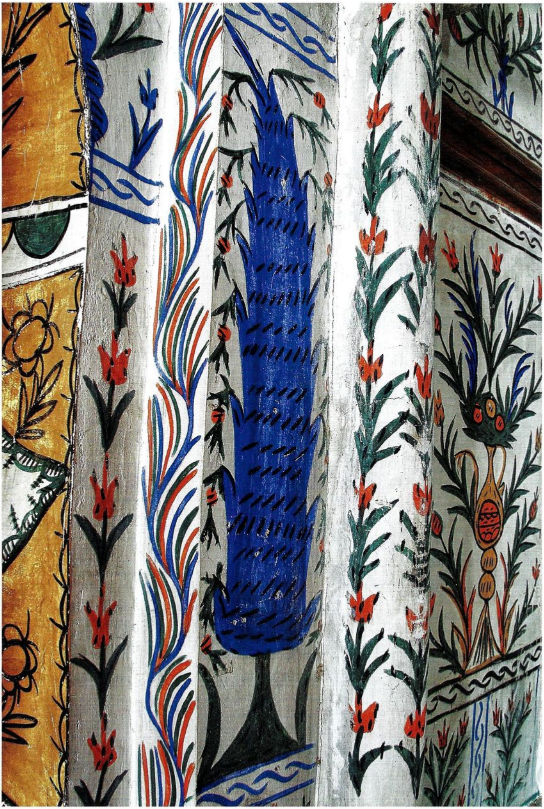
The elaborate mihrab with a three-lobed arch and the cupola in the ceiling of the now uncarpeted mosque in Akköy, only a few minutes' drive from the hot springs of Pamukkale, set it apart from the other mosques. Plants and flowers in vases cover the walls and take the place of the more usual sky decoration in the cupola.

Most of the flowering scrolls and bouquets are generic, but the tulip, one of the most popular flowers in the Ottoman decorative vocabulary, is instantly recognisable.

Flanking the niche of the mihrab are slender vivid blue cypress trees, conventionally a poetic metaphor for the beloved's figure. In Islamic visual culture cypress trees are frequently intertwined with blossoming branches, a reference to the reunion of lovers, and also have religious associations.



AKKÖY THE PRAYER HALL. UNUSUALLY, THE CUPOLA IS PAINTED WITH FLOWER MOTIFS



Akköy. Above The slender cypress tree intertwined with blossom is a poetic metaphor with religious associations. The painter has interpreted the motif in his own, somewhat untamed style Opposite Among the flamboyant, stylised foliage, the ever-popular Ottoman tulip adorns the muezzin's platform, freshly coated with green paint

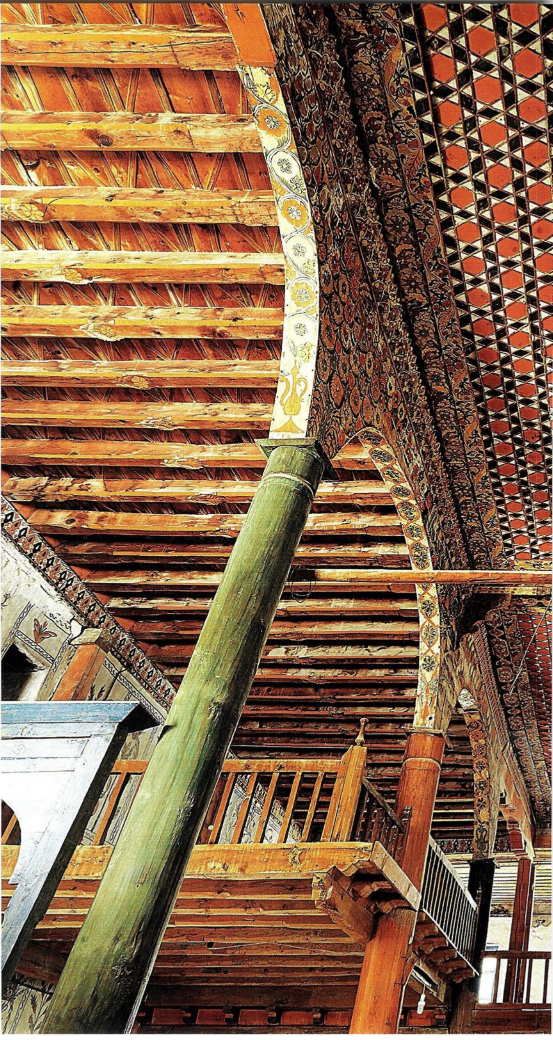
BOĞAZİÇİ MOSQUE

1774–75

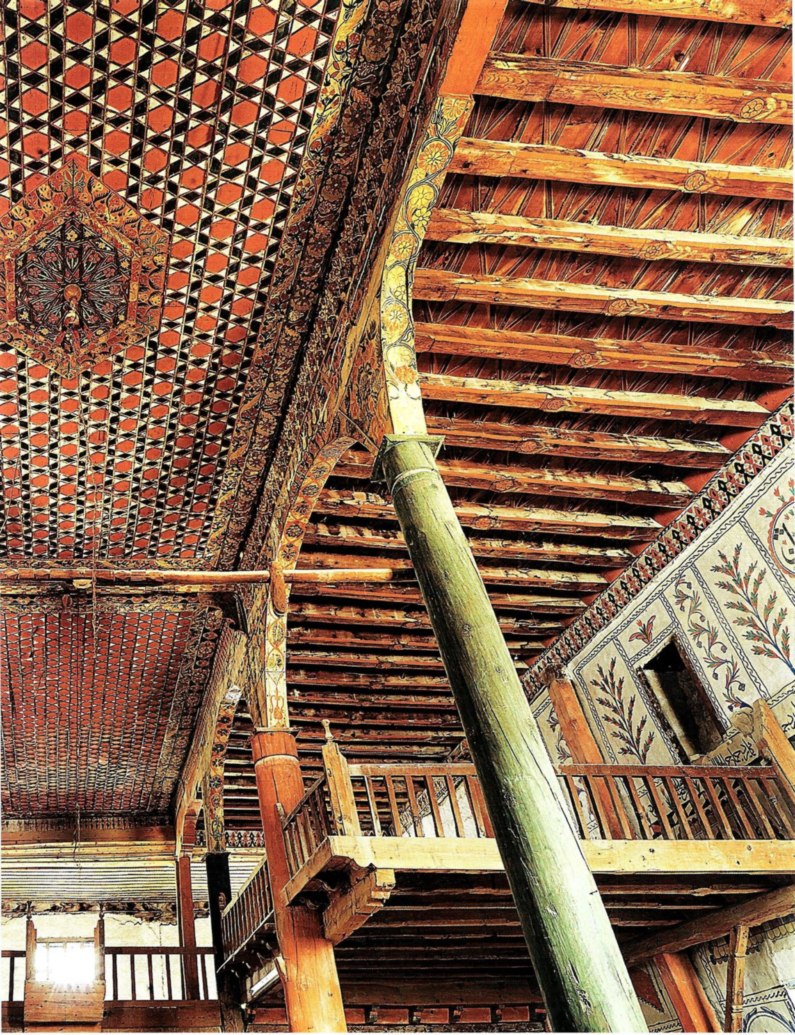
The old village mosque at Boğaziçi, in Baklan, on the road to Uşak, east of Denizli, was repaired and repainted in 1876, possibly by the same artist who had worked at Belenardıç. But much of the painting of the upper structure of the building, where the flowers are more recognisable than on the walls, has survived from the 18th century. An inscription above one of the columns dates this *kalemişi* painting on wood (from the word *kalem*, meaning brush) to 1774–75.

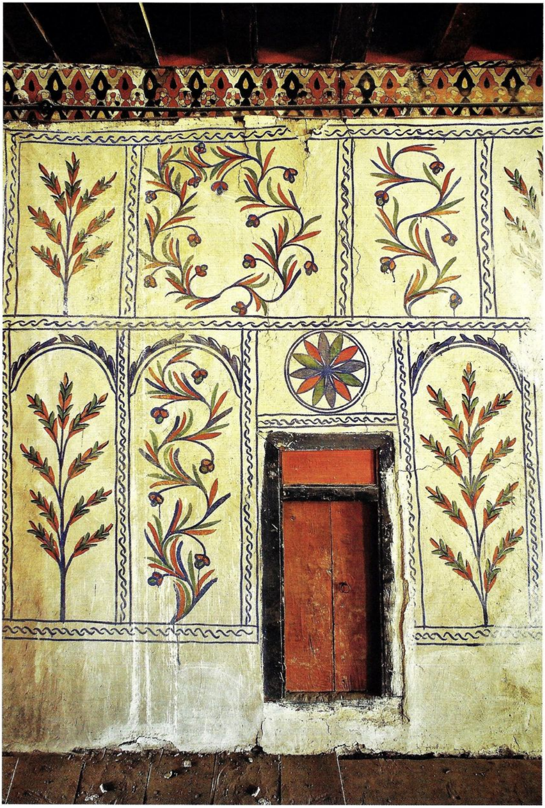
The geometric pattern of the ceiling above the central aisle, and the crossbeamed ceilings above the side aisles, follow a tradition that harks back to Anatolia's medieval wooden mosques.

In addition to traditional floral and geometric decoration, the mosque intriguingly displays images inspired by Sufi beliefs (see opening pages). There was clearly a significant population of dervishes in the area.

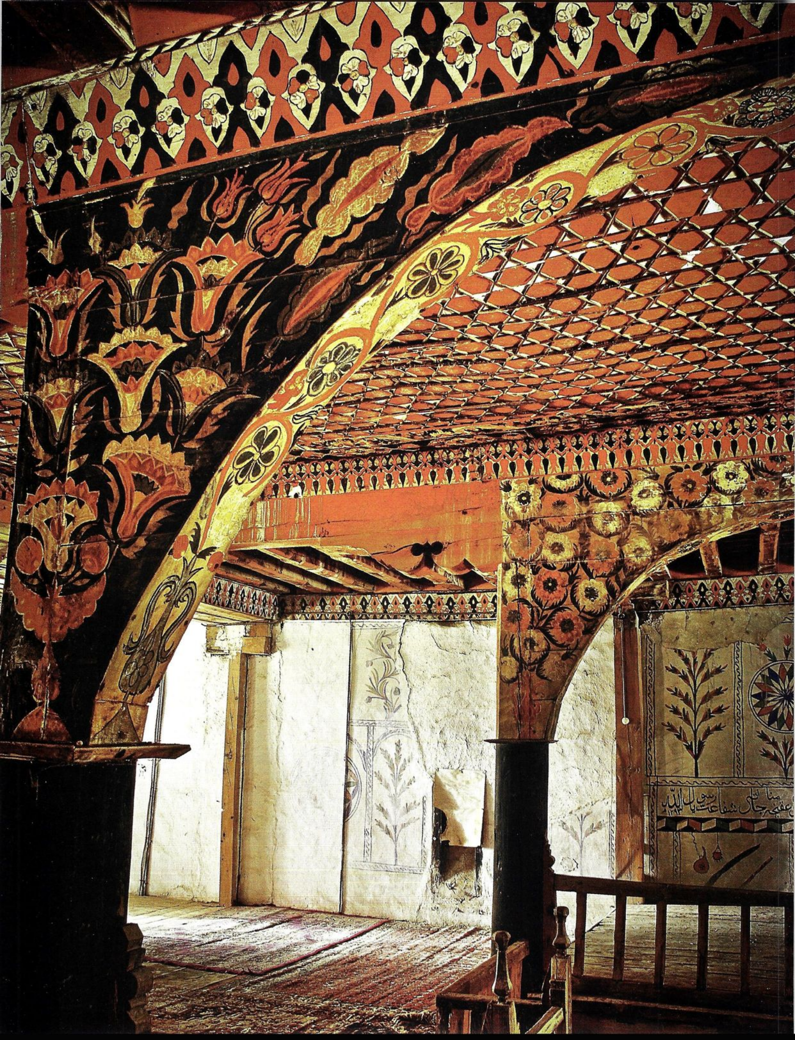


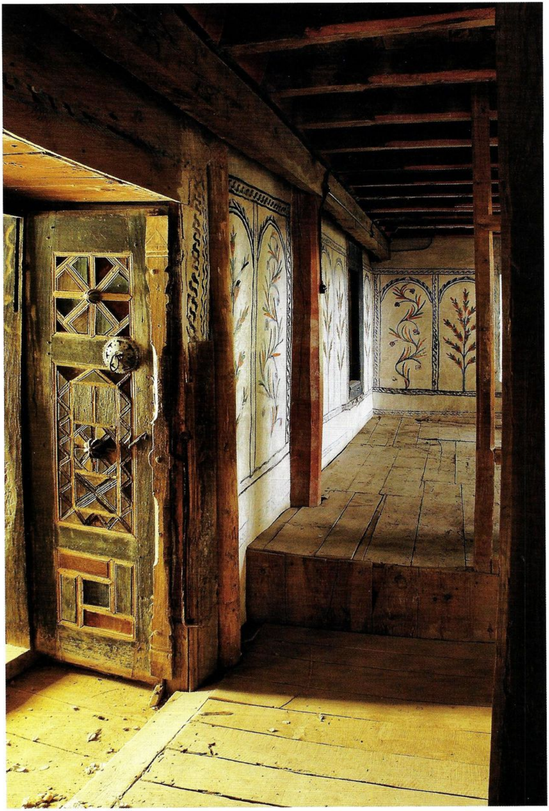
BOĞAZİÇİ THE ELABORATE WOMEN'S GALLERY. THE RICHLY DECORATED CEILING RECALLS ANATOLIAN WOODEN MOSQUES OF THE EARLIER SELJUK AND BEYLIK PERIODS



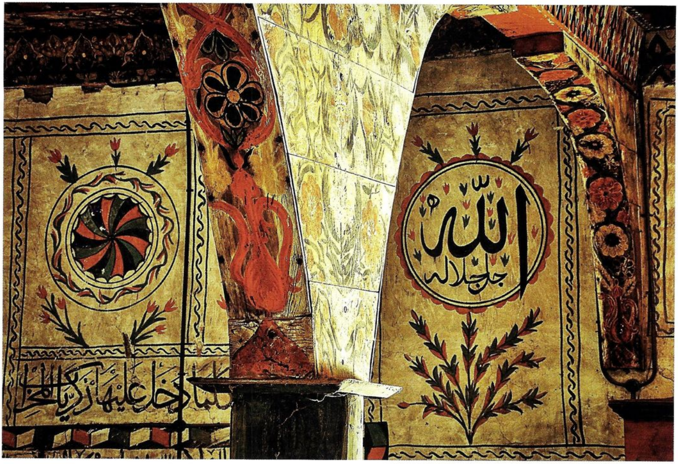


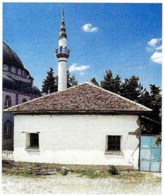
Boğaziçi. Above Stylised trees and scrolls in arched panels evoke a trellised garden
Opposite The normally sober geometric decoration of Ottoman minbars is reinterpreted as bold roundels composed of softly curving leaves, complementing the walls

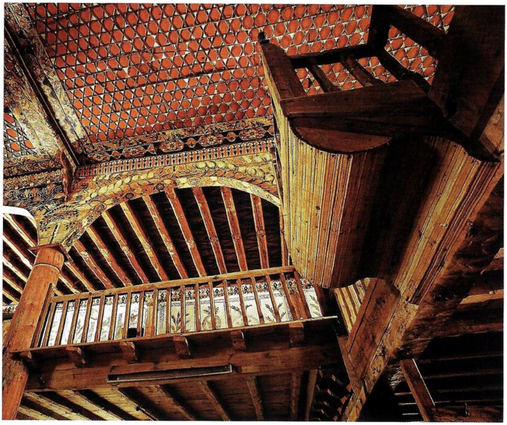




Boğaziçi. Above The arcade of stylised, pastel-coloured murals painted on plaster at the back of the prayer hall is probably late 19th century
Opposite The bold 18th-century flowers and foliage in the arches of the gallery are painted on a dark ground and magnified so that they can be seen from afar. The geometric pattern of the ceiling is composed of tiny strips of wood, as in medieval mosques

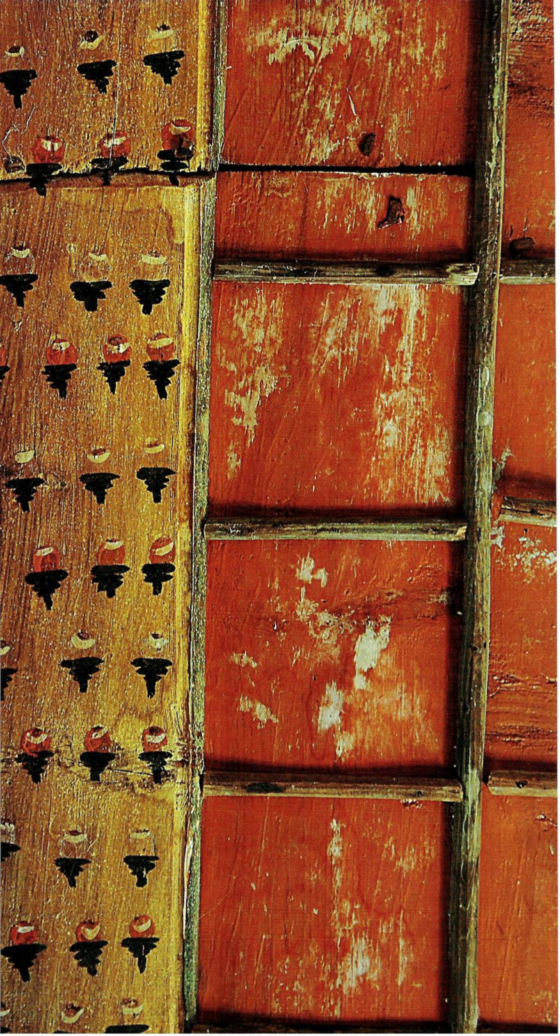


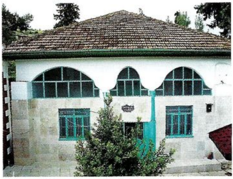




Boğaziçi
Above Who would anticipate the treasures inside?
Top The lighter-coloured walls are thought to be by the same 19th-century itinerant artist who worked at Belenardıç
Right The blaze of crimson as you emerge from under the gallery, with its elegant central balcony
Opposite The rose bush, tulips and carnations are simplified interpretations of classical courtly motifs

علي





KOCAKÖY (ŞALVAN) MOSQUE

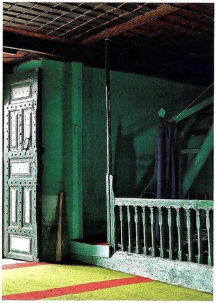
1800–01

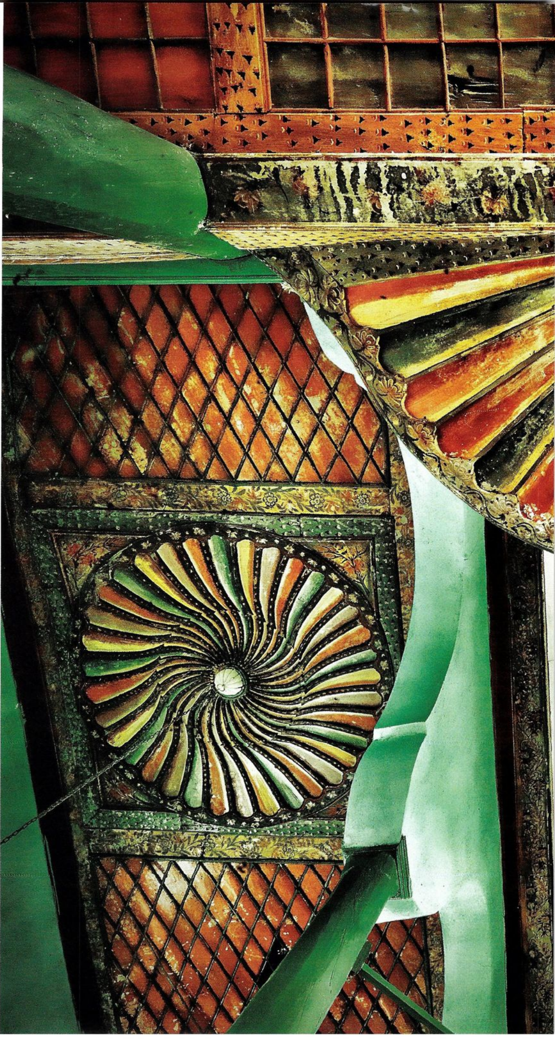
With its elegant façade and courtyard, this building in Kocaköy – a village formerly called Şalvan, near Çal in the north of the province – is far more elaborate than other village mosques in Denizli. The wooden upper structure and its paintings are particularly finely executed.

According to the inscription above the door, Hatip Mehmed Ağa, son of Hacı Musa, ordered the mosque to be built in 1800–01.

The elevated middle section of the wooden ceiling emphasises the central aisle and the main axis of the mosque. The intricate design and colourful painting of the ceiling contrast with the plain walls.

KOCAKÖY (ŞALVAN)
LEFT WHITE BRUSHSTROKES LEND THE FLOWER DESIGNS A THREE-DIMENSIONAL APPEARANCE. THE TINY ALTERNATING RED AND WHITE FLOWERS RECALL THE POPULAR DECORATIVE PATTERNS USED ON OTTOMAN TEXTILES SINCE THE 18TH CENTURY
TOP THE MOSQUE'S UNDULATING FAÇADE





Kocaköy (Şalvan)
Above The wooden door from the prayer hall to the outer portico
Right The ceiling and underside of the women's balcony. A long-established tradition of woodwork design lives on in the geometric composition of the mosque's ceiling, underscored by vibrant colours. The underside of the balcony at the centre of the picture echoes the patterns of the ceiling

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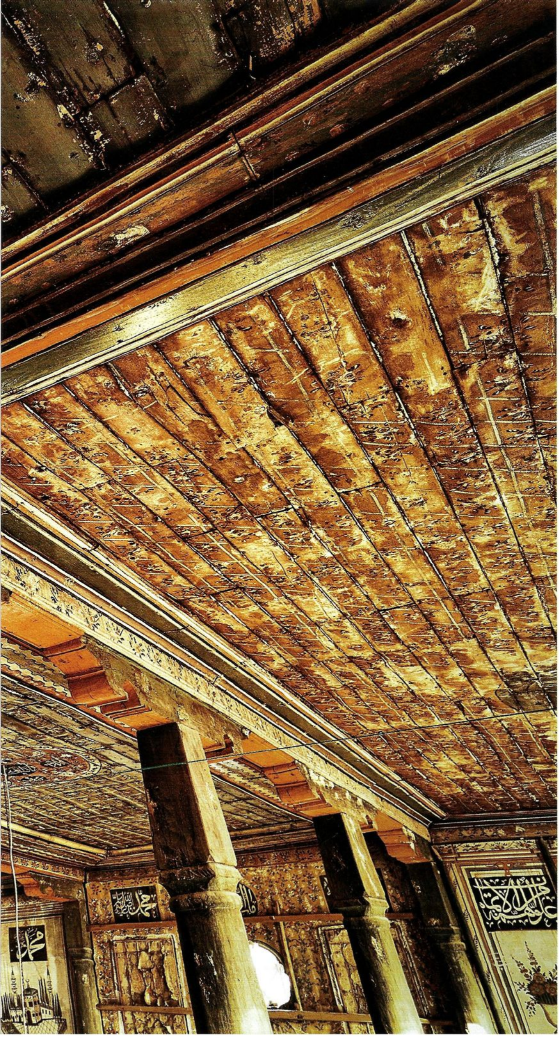


ÇARŞI MOSQUE, YAZIR KÖYÜ

1802–03

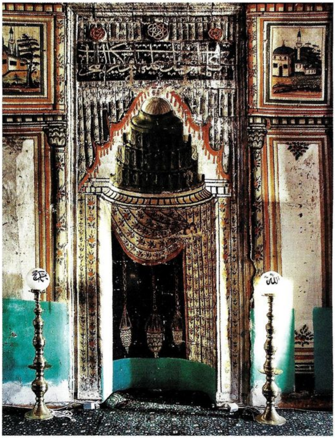
According to its founding inscription, the Çarşı (Marketplace) Mosque in Yazır, near Acıpayam, was built by a certain Hacı Ömer Ağa in 1802–03.

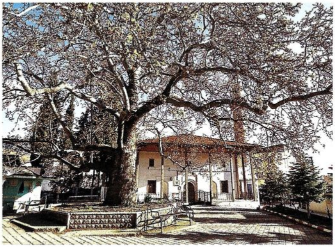
The wall paintings were executed by an experienced artist, painting in a rather impressionistic style but giving the delicately drawn bouquets and fruits in vases and ewers a sense of three-dimensionality. Unlike other artists in the region, this is clearly a painter familiar with the stylistic conventions established in Istanbul and other centres in the late 18th and early 19th centuries.

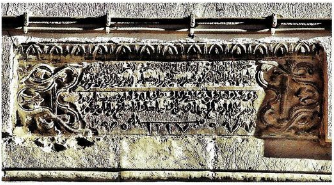
The stucco mihrab (overleaf), with its honeycomb *muqarnas* hood, mouldings and decorated roundels, likewise replicates the stone or marble mihrabs of Ottoman monumental mosques.

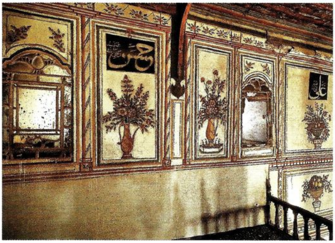
The interior, which includes naturalistic landscapes fashionable in Ottoman cities, is enhanced by windows set in elegant plaster frames with decorative wavy lines. The Çarşı Mosque has a pleasing portico with mihrabs flanking its entrance.

YAZIR KÖYÜ SLENDER WOODEN CAPITALS SUPPORT THE CEILING OF THIS SOPHISTICATED VILLAGE MOSQUE









Çarşı Mosque, Yazır Köyü

Above left The stucco mihrab with its 'muqarnas' hood is embellished with a painted Koranic verse (3:37). The design recalls traditional stone or marble mihrabs in Ottoman monumental mosques. Slender trompe-l'oeil columns are adorned with scrolls of blossom, and a lavishly decorated painted curtain in the niche is pulled open to reveal three silver lamps

Top The mosque, in the square of Yazır Köyü, has an attractive portico and is shaded by a handsome plane tree. A pair of mihrabs flank the entrance

Above The foundation stone above the door dates the mosque to 1802–03

Left Bouquets in vases and ewers, seen here in the gallery, are confidently painted in pastel shades with a strong sense of three-dimensionality – the artist was clearly aware of prevailing fashions in the Ottoman capital. The windows are set in elegant plaster frames

Opposite The tiered minbar is functional as well as elegant, with practical shelves for Korans used for recitation

The photographs in this article, by Ali Konyalı, published courtesy of Yapı Kredi Yayınları, are from Denizli: Tanrıların Kutsadığı Vadi (Denizli: The Valley Blessed by Gods), *ed. Filiz Özdemş, available in Turkish only (ykykultur.com.tr). For other Anatolian painted mosques see* Cornucopia 45, *which features Kastamonu's 14th-century Mahmut Bey Mosque, and* Rural Architecture of the Eastern Black Sea, *ed. Amelie Edgü, with photographs by Ali Konyalı, both available from cornucopia.net. Edgü and Konyalı are currently documenting more than 30 historic wooden mosques*

A BRAVE NEW WORLD

They were stigmatised and despised, and eventually they were closed down. But what would Turkey be today without the Village Institutes, its bravest educational revolution, and the young people they empowered? Maureen Freely tells the moving story of the institutes, the subject of a new book and exhibition

ABOVE The marching band at Akpinar Village Institute, Samsun. Music was an important part of the syllabus. Blending traditional and Western modes, the aim was to educate students from all regions with 'a single voice, a single heart'

IH TONGUÇ ARCHIVES

When Atatürk first set out his plans for a modern, secular Turkey, his ambitions went well beyond its cosmopolitan cities. His eyes were on its villagers, the country's "true owners". Deprived of the "light of education", they had been held back for centuries. They would become the nation's greatest resource once the Republic had righted that wrong. But by 1935, this project had stalled. The medreses had been closed, replaced (at least on paper) with compulsory elementary education, but only 5,400 of Turkey's 40,000 villages had primary schools. And even they had great difficulty retaining teachers, who could neither understand village life nor endure its hardships.

So it was with Atatürk's blessing that a

İH TONGUÇ ARCHIVES

new Minister of Education, Saffet Arıkan, initiated a radical new project in 1935. The man he put in charge was İsmail Hakkı Tonguç, an educational visionary who was also the only man in his circle with a village background. Born in Bulgaria, educated first in Istanbul and then in Germany, he had worked in teacher training and crafts schools in several Anatolian cities, including Ankara. He had also travelled widely in Europe to acquaint himself with new thinking on education. The plan he put forward drew from ideas of leading European educational theorists such as Georg Kerschensteiner and Johann Pestalozzi, as well as the Americans John Dewey (who had visited Turkey in the 1920s) and Booker T Washington. But his vision was, at the same time, tailored for the Anatolia he already knew so well.

What Tonguç wanted was not just the "mechanical" advancement of village life but the "meaningful and conscious resurgence of the village from within", so as to put an end to its history of "ruthless" exploitation. Once villagers had access to the proper sort of education, they would no longer be condemned to slave away as beasts of burden: "Like any other citizen, they too will claim their rights."

The schools he had in mind would inspire graduates to look beyond their own advancement to the general betterment of village life across the nation. Tonguç dreamed of a new order in which educated villagers would be able to participate in the administration of "all levels of the state, from the local to the National Assembly". This would lead in turn to policies that at last reflected the realities of rural life.

In the meantime, it was heroes that the Turkish village would need most, not great scholars or artists: "Draining the swamp, putting malarial patients on a quinine regimen, giving eye drops to those afflicted with trachoma, constructing school buildings, healing the wounds of the injured, delivering babies, mending ploughs, repairing bridges, sowing improved seeds, and planting saplings… these are the tasks that this army of heroic technicians – and not the scholars – will achieve."

Having assembled a small team of young and like-minded idealists, Tonguç launched his first pilot teacher-training course in Çifteler, Eskişehir, in 1936. They went on to replicate the model in other parts of Anatolia. The graduates of these six- or seven-month courses were sent back to their villages, where, in addition to teaching children and adults how to read and write, they offered guidance in healthcare and agriculture.

In 1940 a new law backed by the Prime Minister, İsmet İnönü, and the new Minister of Education, Hasan-Ali Yücel, allowed Tonguç to expand his network of fully fledged Village Institutes, offering five-year courses for children (both male and female) from the villages in their area. By 1945, there were 21 institutes serving all the regions of the country. This form letter, written to prospective students by Hayri Çakaloz, the director of Ortaklar Village Institute, captures the spirit of the enterprise:

My dear son/daughter,

You have successfully passed the admission examination and so have qualified to become a student at our Institute. As I congratulate you for this honourable achievement, I am happy to inform you that our Institute family of more than 400 students awaits you with open arms. I kiss you on the eyes. After receiving this letter, please make the following preparations: Get a closely cropped haircut. Wash your hands, feet, and entire body as best you can. If your clothes are dirty, please have your mother wash and mend them.

These were kindly but deeply practical suggestions. Safa Güner, who served as director of İvriz and Göl Village Institutes, recalled that children newly admitted to his Institute often arrived in torn, patched clothes or rags that fell apart after the first day. More than a few came barefoot. Some had swollen bellies with overgrown

Opposite The visionary Ismail Hakki Tonguç (in the hat), who was put in charge of the institutes in 1935, at a village school, with its instructor, himself a Village Institute graduate, and his pupils. Once they completed the five-year course, students were sent straight into villages to teach

Above Tonguç (far right), with the writer, translator and documentary-maker Sabahattin Eyüboglu (centre), visiting Hasanoğlan, where Eyüpoğlu had taught, shortly before Tonguç's death in 1960

MUSTAFA GÜNERI ARCHIVES

spleens. Most had cavities. Almost none carried handkerchiefs, and few had ever seen a toilet. What almost all did bring with them was "a narrow and short view of life… For these children, life was all about cultivating the field, owning a pair of oxen, getting married, worshipping God, and preparing for Paradise… Their recruitment into the Institute shook this vision to its very core."

The central principle of the Village Institutes was "learning by doing". In her history of the institutes, Fay Kirby describes the curriculum put in place by Rauf İnan, the first director at Çifteler, as one that catered directly to the student, rather than imposing a preconceived programme: in addition to studying agriculture, animal husbandry and practical science, students at Çifteler "read novels, biographies, and books on teaching methods and psychology. They discussed these works collectively with their teacher… The important thing at Çifteler was the development of teaching methods, rather than teaching students information that would possibly change soon or was nothing more than pedantic." There was also a student council, through which students became actively involved in

İH TONGUÇ ARCHIVES

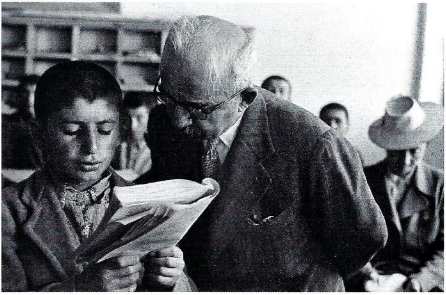
the administration of the institute, and a weekly rota by which groups of students took turns undertaking full responsibility for all the chores.

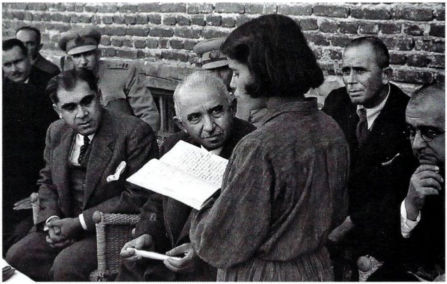
Students at all institutes were expected to "augment the national culture of the village populace", offering programmes of folk music, dance and marching songs on national holidays, taking part in local markets, fairs and exhibitions, encouraging the use of the radio, supporting local museums, helping to restore local ruins and historic monuments, offering advice on hygiene, health, agriculture and forestation, protecting endangered species and, last but not least, providing positive role models for children of both sexes. Though the recruitment and retention of female students was difficult across the board, never rising above ten per cent, there were nevertheless small and isolated golden ages when girls at certain institutes were able to engage in skiing, riding, swimming, cycling and all the other sports and activities that were open to boys.

Each institute had its areas of special interest. While under the direction of Safa Güner, the Kastamonu Göl Village Institute ran "Saturday Gatherings" at which students were introduced to the cinema. By 1944 the Trabzon Beşikdüzü Institute had a 16-part orchestra and a 40-strong choir, and staged numerous plays. With the help of the expert instructor, Ismail Özkul, it even went into the fishing business, eventually acquiring two fishing boats and a dragnet, as well as building from scratch a motorboat (the *Tonguç*) in the institute workshop. In the early years of the decade, they also read classics, which they discussed with the director every afternoon between 5 and 6pm.

They had regular meetings with the administration, at which they were encouraged to offer constructive criticism. And each morning they took an oath, which they also wrote and put into a bottle to place in the foundations of each new building: "We are the children of those with calluses on their hands and sandals on their feet, who know how to dig deep into the soil with their nails. We are the children of those who laugh and scoff at empty words and dreams, and know how to carve mountains with their broken pickaxes."

These were not empty words. Though most institute buildings were designed by architects, it was up to the institutes themselves to get them built. The Village Institute law required those living in their





MUSTAFA GÜNERİ ARCHIVES

OPPOSITE, TOP GIRLS READ, KNIT AND PLAY THE MANDOLIN AT HASANOĞLAN. THERE WAS NO SUCH THING AS AN IDLE MOMENT AT A VILLAGE INSTITUTE. STUDENTS WERE ENCOURAGED TO ENGAGE IN A WIDE VARIETY OF RECREATIONAL ACTIVITIES

OPPOSITE, BELOW THE MANDOLIN AND VIOLIN WERE FAVOURED BECAUSE THEY COULD BE USED TO PLAY BOTH WESTERN AND TRADITIONAL MUSIC. STUDENTS WERE EXPECTED TO LEARN AT LEAST 12 MARCHING SONGS AND 35 FOLK SONGS, WHICH THEY PERFORMED FOR THEIR OWN BENEFIT AND FOR THE LARGER COMMUNITY ON NATIONAL HOLIDAYS

THIS PAGE, TOP İSMET İNÖNÜ, THE PRIME MINISTER, LISTENING TO A STUDENT AT HASANOĞLAN, WITH HIS WIFE, MEVHİBE İNÖNÜ, IN THE BACKGROUND

ABOVE İNÖNÜ WITH HASAN-ALİ YÜCEL, HIS MINISTER OF EDUCATION, AND TONGUÇ DURING A VISIT TO HASANOĞLAN. UNDER İNÖNÜ THE INSTITUTES WERE FORMALISED AND EXPANDED

IH TONGUÇ ARCHIVES

environs to contribute 20 days of their labour annually, but this requirement was resented and, to whatever degree possible, resisted. Students were sometimes called upon not just to help in the construction of their own school buildings but to travel considerable distances to aid in the construction of others.

And so it was that the students of Kars Cılavuz Institute (which offered theoretical instruction and tailoring workshops during the long snowbound months, sending students outside in the spring to grow vegetables and work with their 11 horses, 44 cows, 6 oxen, 49 sheep, 10 geese, and many hundreds of their famous honeybees) would set off in the summers to help build new institutes in the provinces of Erzurum, Malatya and Ankara. After completing a new building, they would sign it like artists, writing the name of their own institute above the door.

One Saturday morning, Hamdi Akman, the director of Kızılçullu Institute, called all its 1,340 students to the front of the main building, whereupon he asked his 250 graduating students if they were willing to help in the construction of a new institute at Ortaklar before taking up their first teaching posts. "Yes, we are!" they cried in unison, their "conviction and passion" bringing tears to the director's eyes. A few days later, 200 male and 45 female students set off for the railway station with blankets slung over their shoulders, singing marching songs all the way. Arriving at the blank slate that was Ortaklar, they spent the summer in tents, fighting off mosquitoes and putting up one building after another.

Then off they went to their assigned villages, to spread the word, and all too often to face extreme suspicion and hostility. A significant number of Village Institute graduates went on to write books inspired by their experiences, giving birth to a new strand of writing that came to be known as "village literature". The best known is Mahmut Makal, whose memoir, *Bizim Köy* (published in 1950 and translated as *A Village in Anatolia*), is a

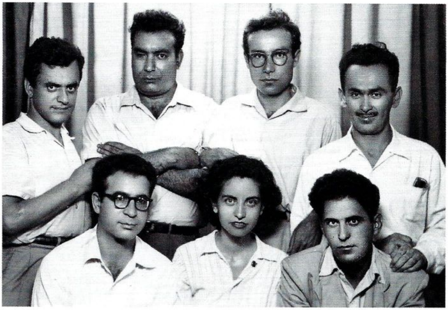
IH TONGUÇ ARCHIVES

Opposite, top Fehmİ Reİs teaching his fishery students how to arrange nets at Beşİkdüzü Village Institute, Trabzon. With the income raised just from the sale of anchovies in 1941–42, the institute was able to buy two fishing boats and a dragnet

Opposite, below Students at Kepİrtepe Village Institute, Thrace, planting bulbs. Though the aim was to acquaint them with the latest thinking in agriculture, all tuition was practice-based

Above A Village Institute graduate with his pupils. Once they were in post, graduates were expected to help improve the quality of village life in all respects

İH TONGUÇ ARCHIVES



IH TONGUÇ ARCHIVES

Above The Village Institute authors Mehmet Başaran, Mahmut Makal, Talip Apaydın and Fakir Baykurt with the novelist Yaşar Kemal (back row, second left). These graduates helped foster what came to be known as 'village literature'

Opposite The author Mahmut Makal with his father on the eve of Mahmut's departure for Ivriz Village Institute, March 23, 1943. When he took up his first teaching post in another village in the region, he saw village life with new eyes

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Above Sociology homework by students of Cavit Orhan Tütengil at Aksu Village Institute, Antalya: one a study of marriage and divorce in a village, another a study of religious life

testament not just to the abject poverty in which many Anatolian villagers were still living in the mid-20th century, but to the subversive power of his own education. He himself came from a similar sort of village, but now that he knew something of hygiene and science, agriculture and medicine, and now that he believed that secular schooling should be open to all, he had become an outsider, appalled by the villagers' marriage customs and their continuing subservience to religious leaders, and furious to see them go hungry and die from the cold and treatable disease. His book caused a furore when it was published. The English translation of this and his later writings includes an account of two friends, like him graduates of İvriz Village Institute, who were appointed to nearby villages, only to be beaten and almost killed by villagers who believed them to be eyeing their unmarried daughters.

By now the era of the Village Institute was drawing to a close. Always resented by the religious right, and never fully endorsed by the more conservative wing of the Republican People's Party, it was criticised, too, by leading figures of the left, who saw the Village Institute movement as an effort on the part of a single-party state to enlarge its sphere of influence, or more particularly to "Turkify" areas that were largely Laz, Circassian, Arab or Kurdish. You might also say that few on any part of the political spectrum warmed to the idea of a new class of villager that could think independently and talk back.

With the onset of the Cold War, the institutes became a target for anti-Communist hysteria. In 1946 a new Minister of Education with a new agenda dismissed Tonguç from the Directorate of Primary Education. It was in the same year that Emin Soysal, a deputy who was himself a former institute director, made his infamous speech in the National Assembly, in which he denounced the entire movement. By 1950, Tonguç had been put under disciplinary measures, with no reasons supplied. The attacks on his reputation continued. In 1953 he asked to be retired, and in 1954 the institutes were officially dissolved.

But their graduates did not forget what they were taught. They went on to have distinguished careers as teachers and leaders in education, novelists, poets and journalists. Many continued to work for justice and social change, inside the state's institutions as well as the in trade union movement and civil society.

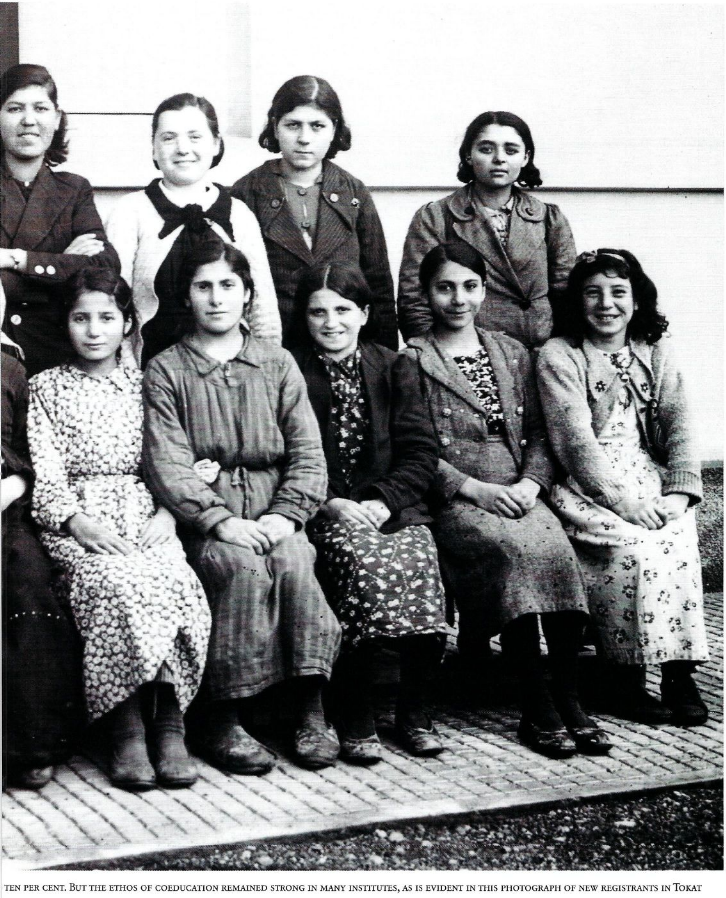
Their legacy has at last been honoured in an exhibition brought together by the Istanbul Research Institute and the Suna and İnan Kiraç Foundation. Its fine collection of photographs (many of them from the Tonguç archives) is supplemented by examples of student paintings, notebooks, brushes, pens, textiles and architectural drawings, and an impressive collection of Village Institute literature. The aim is not just to ensure that the work of the institutes is properly remembered, but also to draw attention to the New Generation Village Institute Association, which is now seeking to revive the movement.

For many the loss of the Village Institutes is a tragedy that cost Anatolia dearly. At the same time it is a testament to the transformative power of humane, progressive, egalitarian education. For if people are still lamenting the passing of the institutes, and arguing about their legacy, it must be proof that – however constrained – the ideals they put into practice are with us still. ◆

Maureen Freely is a novelist and translator, and Professor of English and Comparative Literary Studies at Warwick University.

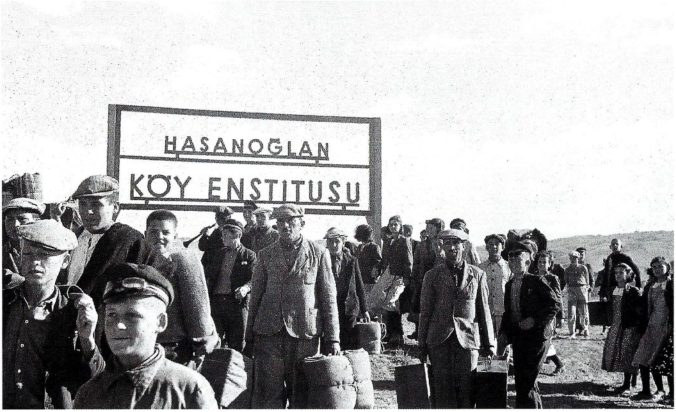
The exhibition 'Düşünen Tohum, Konuşan Toprak: Cumhuriyet'in Köy Enstitütleri 1940–1954' / 'Mindful Seed, Speaking Soil: Village Institutes in the Republic 1940–54' is at the Istanbul Research Institute, Beyoğlu, until October 27. The two-volume catalogue, in Turkish and English, is available from cornucopia.net, price £30

Village Institutes across the nation had trouble recruiting and retaining female students, and at no point did their enrolment numbers exceed



İH TONGUÇ ARCHIVES

TEN PER CENT. BUT THE ETHOS OF COEDUCATION REMAINED STRONG IN MANY INSTITUTES, AS IS EVIDENT IN THIS PHOTOGRAPH OF NEW REGISTRANTS IN TOKAT



MUSTAFA GÜNERİ ARCHIVES

IH TONGUÇ ARCHIVES

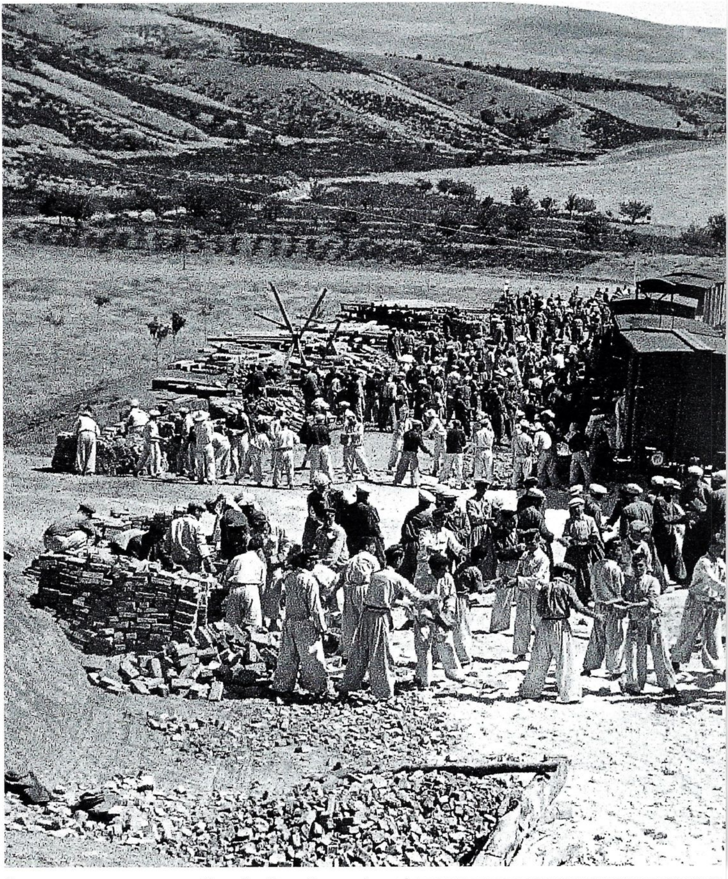
Top Families bringing their children to Hasanoğlan Village Institute, Ankara, at the start of the school year. Many children arrived dressed in rags and open shoes, or no shoes at all
Above Apiculture at Hasanoğlan. Students learnt how to work with bees, and institutes were able to sell their honey

IH TONGUÇ ARCHIVES

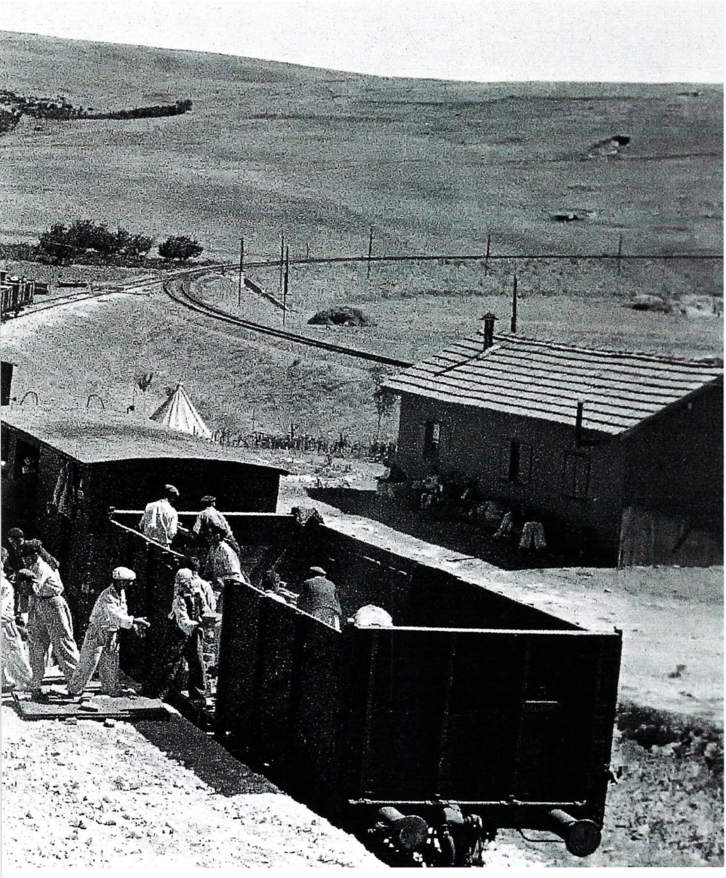
TOP Students at Hasanoğlan learning how to sew. The institutes' core principle was 'learning by doing'
ABOVE Students carrying building materials for the construction of Hasanoğlan Village Institute by sledge. Although most buildings were designed by architects, students did much of the work of putting them up

Men carrying water outside Hasanoğlan Village Institute, Ankara. Many of the areas served by institutes were extremely poor and cut off

FROM THE MODERN WORLD, BUT THEIR BARREN LANDS WERE RICH IN HIDDEN NATURAL RESOURCES

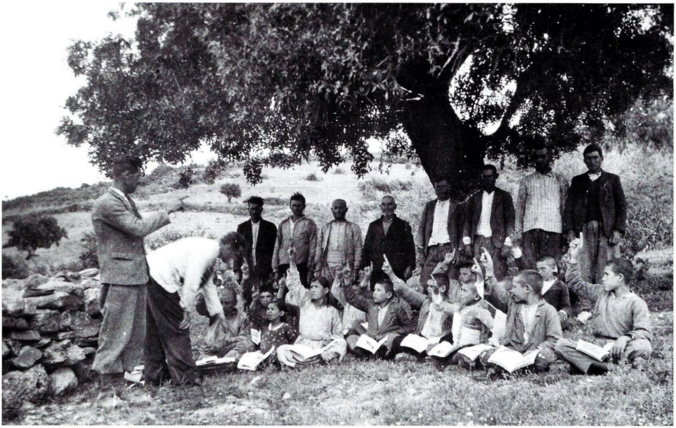


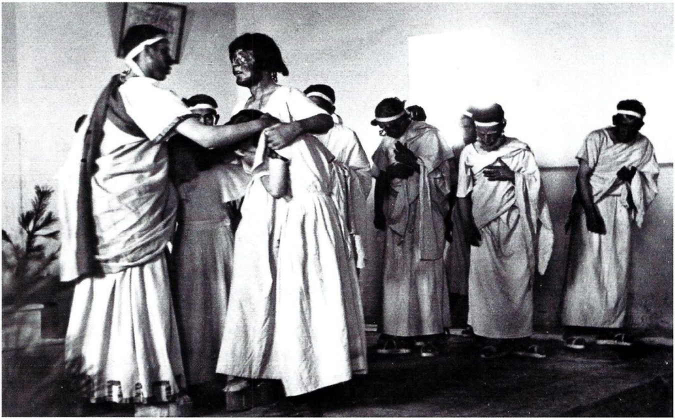
Volunteer workers carrying bricks to Hasanoğlan Village Institute, Ankara. Such was the feeling of solidarity within the movement that



MUSTAFA GÜNERI ARCHIVES

graduates came from as far away as Kars, hundreds of miles away, to help with its construction

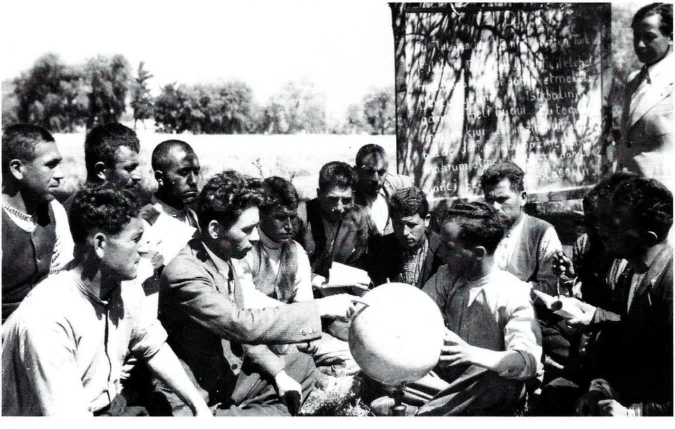




IH TONGUÇ ARCHIVES

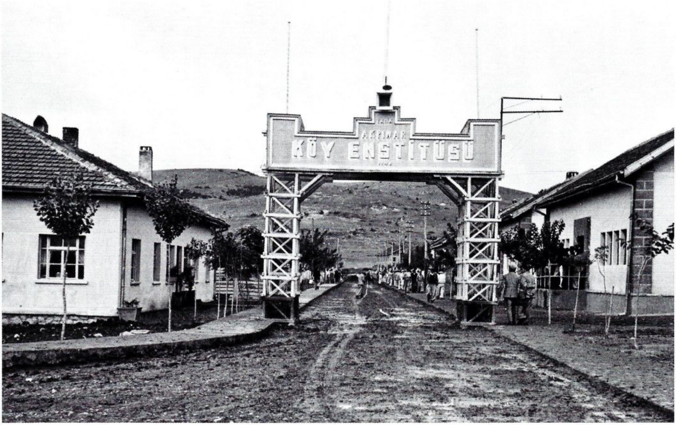
TOP An outdoor classroom. As much as possible, each institute anchored its teaching in the natural world
ABOVE Students performing a Greek tragedy. Many institutes ran ambitious drama programmes

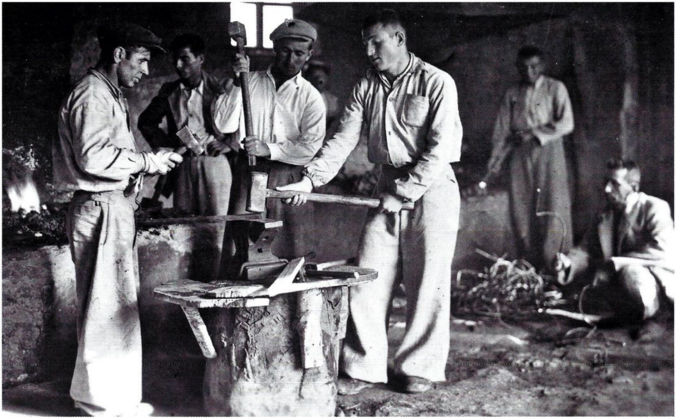
MUSTAFA GÜNERİ ARCHIVES



İH TONGUÇ ARCHIVES

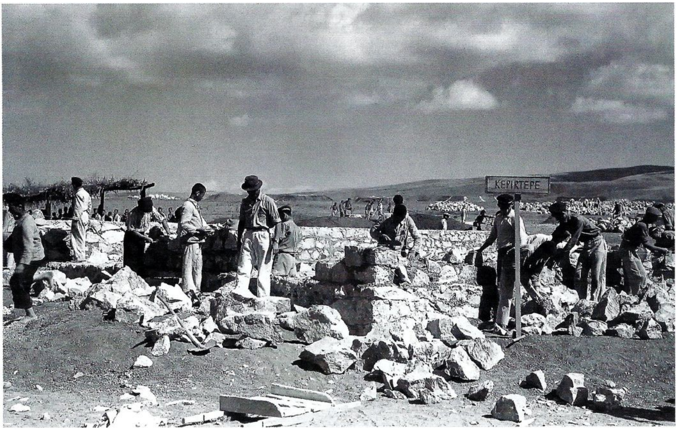
Top Welding class at Hasanoğlan, Ankara. Students were equipped with a wide range of practical skills
Above Çifteler Instructors' Course. Students were encouraged to learn about the world through discussion and investigation

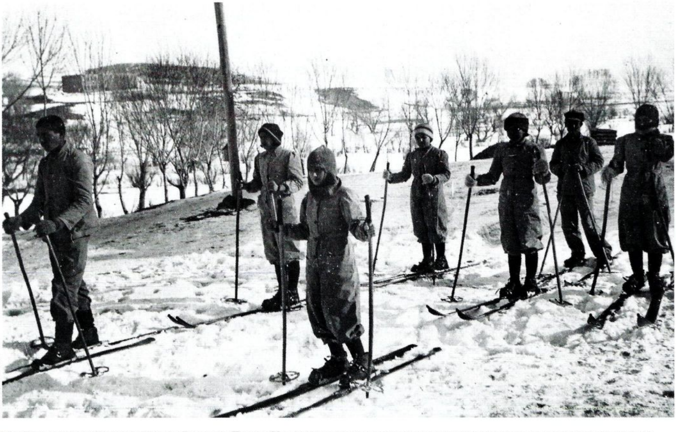




IH TONGUÇ ARCHIVES

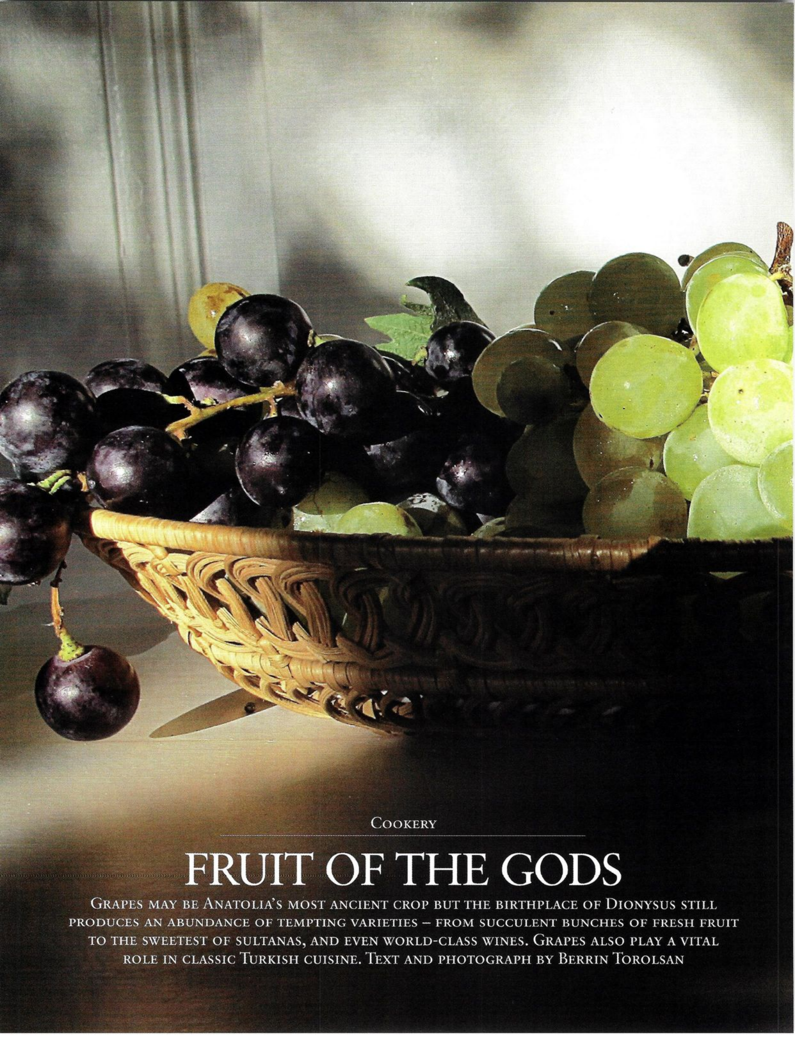
Top The entrance to Akpinar Village Institute, Samsun. Many other institutes had portals of the same design
Above The institute's forge. Students were taught to advance their understanding of vocational skills through interrogation





IH TONGUÇ ARCHIVES

Top Constructing Kepirtepe Village Institute, Thrace. Villagers were expected to help, and students often worked alongside them
Above Skiers at Cilavuz Village Institute, Kars, in 1941. Students, both male and female, were encouraged to engage in sports



COOKERY

FRUIT OF THE GODS

GRAPES MAY BE ANATOLIA'S MOST ANCIENT CROP BUT THE BIRTHPLACE OF DIONYSUS STILL PRODUCES AN ABUNDANCE OF TEMPTING VARIETIES – FROM SUCCULENT BUNCHES OF FRESH FRUIT TO THE SWEETEST OF SULTANAS, AND EVEN WORLD-CLASS WINES. GRAPES ALSO PLAY A VITAL ROLE IN CLASSIC TURKISH CUISINE. TEXT AND PHOTOGRAPH BY BERRIN TOROLSAN

Fragrant white 'çavuş' grapes from the Aegean island of Bozcaada, with dark, thick-skinned 'rezaki' grapes, on the left, and sweet seedless 'sultaniye' grapes from Izmir, on the far right

In the first book of his ten-volume travelogue, the indefatigable Evliya Çelebi describes a spectacular ancient grapevine that he saw in Urla, on the Aegean coast, in 1671. The vine's trunk was so large that two men could just about embrace its girth, and the crown so enormous that it formed a roof over the entire marketplace. Its branches were so thickly interwoven that not a single sunbeam could penetrate. Thousands of bunches of grapes hung like chandeliers from this leafy canopy. Over time skilled farmers had grafted onto this vine numerous different varieties of grape, which bore yellow, green, red, white and black fruit, even winter varieties. In all there were 37, among them *kadın parmağı*, *tergömlek*, *kıradına*, *kumla*, *rezaki*, *beylerce* and *misket*. "It is something worth seeing," says Evliya. "When this Fakir was there, the grapes were ripe, thanks be to God, and I was able to taste two varieties."

Most of the varieties Evliya lists were lost for ever in the First World War and the troubled times that followed. That monumental vine is also long gone, but new generations of vines thrive in Urla, one of the leading wine-producing areas for thousands of years, renowned in ancient times for supplying Rome. And seedless "sultana" grapes were introduced to the West from nearby Izmir, giving the name sultana to seedless varieties everywhere.

The rich volcanic soil fed by alluvial sediments from the Meander and Gediz rivers combines with the climate to create an excellent ecosystem for Aegean vineyards. Apart from the high plateaux of the east and the wet valleys of the Black Sea, the whole of Anatolia is a country of vines, and deservedly the birthplace of Dionysus. With the olive, the grape is possibly Anatolia's oldest crop. Vineyards growing below the volcanic cones of Cappadocia can clearly be seen in the wall paintings of Çatalhöyük, the Neolithic site dating back to 7000 BC. Those vineyards are still there, producing the best grapes for both eating and making wine.

Leaving the complex subject of viticulture to the experts, like Evliya Çelebi, I admire the chandeliers of grapes that hang from pergolas in every Turkish town and village. The cultivated grapevine, *Vitis vinifera*, is a resilient plant, climbing with its tendrils up to 20 metres. Adaptable to climates from the Atlantic to the Himalayas, it is part of almost every nation's culture, but it grows wild in profusion in the Caucasus and Central Asia, where botanists believe it may have originated.

When Henry III of Castile sent Ruy Gonzalez de Clavijo as ambassador to the court of Tamerlane in Samarkand in 1403, the envoy stressed in his accounts that on his travels in Central Asia he was constantly offered excellent wine and abundant fruit, especially grapes and melons.

A few years later, in 1414, another envoy to Tamerlane's court, Chen Cheng, was most impressed by the abundance of small, sweet seedless grapes at Lükchün, near Turfan in western China. Today China is the largest exporter of seedless raisins in the world – over 155,000 metric tons are sent abroad, almost all from the vineyards of Turfan.

The way the native Uighurs dry their grapes must also be an ancient practice. After the autumn harvest, bunches are hung in traditional drying cubicles known as *chünche*. Naturally ventilated by hot desert air that enters through holes in mud-brick walls, the grapes are perfectly air-dried in 40 days without losing their emerald-green colour.

The Turkish word for grape, *üzüm*, probably derives from the Uighur. Mahmud of Kashgar's 11th-century lexicon of Turkic languages says that nearly all the Turkish-speaking groups of Central Asia used the term then, and derivations of it are still used today by most Turkic peoples.

The best table grapes in Istanbul are the fragrant, delicate-skinned *çavuş* from the northern Aegean island of Bozcaada, ancient Tenedos, and the sweet seedless *sultaniye* grapes from around Izmir. The Sea of Marmara, especially around Bursa, is famous for the jewel-like, honey-scented *müşgüle*, originating in a village of the same name near Iznik. The fragrant *misket*, which ranges in colour from golden to deep purple, and is cultivated around Ankara and Konya, is excellent as a table grape and indispensable for making wine. Muscat grape varieties the world over are believed to come from the Anatolian *misket*. *Parmak*, with its elongated white grapes, and purple *bululu* from Cappadocia are preserved for winter in cool tufa caves. And so fine are the freckled amber grapes of *kınalı yapıncak* from Thrace that they have inspired poets. These are just a few of the varieties that come to mind.

Last, but for me not least, are my grandfather's grapes, which I remember from childhood. They grew in arcades of climbing vines on his farm in Istanbul – not as monumental as Evliya's vine in Urla, but similar in principle. It was bliss in autumn to walk through this tunnel, with its dangling bunches of grapes in every colour of the rainbow. I was very young but it is still something I visualise when I want to think of something really happy.

Besides being delicious fresh in season, it is the fact that grapes can be dried and kept for later that makes them so valuable. The English raisin, a term that covers all dried grapes, comes from the French *raisin*; varieties with minuscule black grapes known in Turkish as *kuş üzümü*, or "bird grape", used to be known in Britain as "raisins of Corinth", though today we would call them currants. In the 17th and 18th centuries, this tiny dried black grape, much used in Turkish cooking, would be brought from Vostica (modern Vostizza) on the Gulf of Corinth to the Topkapı Palace kitchens. Most probably the same vineyards supplied British bakers who still use currants as the main ingredient of Eccles cakes. The name Corinth soon corrupted to "currant". When these tiny grapes were later cultivated on the Greek island of Zante, they became known as "Zante currants".

Seedless dried golden sultanas have been exported to the West from Izmir since the 17th century. Turkey is still one of the leading suppliers, after China and the USA.

All types of grapes can be dried and stored for winter, to be eaten as snacks or for use in cooking. There are many ways to capture their sugary goodness. The most common is to boil grape juice down to the flavoursome, slightly caramelised amber syrup known as *pekmez* (grape molasses). In an ancient method, still used today, a white earth known as *pekmez toprağı* is added to the juice before cooking: the lime in it works as a clarifying agent. Philip Iddison, one of the organisers of the Oxford Food Symposium, describes *pekmez* in his book *Leaves from a Turkish Notebook*:

"Grape juice is boiled down to a syrup or sugary solid. It is various shades of brown from medium to almost black and is an excellent source of natural sugar. We bought it in wooden tubs each winter to supplement the breakfast jams. It was mid brown and initially had the consistency of thick honey; however in central heating it soon turned into a thick liquid. It is delicious. The more liquid forms are drunk during the winter as a breakfast tonic against cold weather."

Şıra is another beverage extracted either from fresh grapes or from raisins. In 1525, the Holy Roman Empire's ambassador to Süleyman the Magnificent's court, Ogier Ghiselin de Busbecq, described in *Turkish Letters* how *şıra* is made:

"They take raisins and have them ground up, and, when they are ground and pounded, they throw them into a wooden vessel. They then pour over them a fixed quantity of hot water and mix it in and carefully cover the vessel and allow the mixture to ferment for two days. If you taste it when it is beginning to ferment, it would seem disagreeable owing to its excessive sweetness; but afterwards it takes on a somewhat acid flavour, and if mixed with something sweet it is very pleasing to the palate. It makes a delicious drink, especially if cooled by plenty of snow, which is always obtainable in Constantinople."

Busbecq also describes in detail the method used to pickle grapes for winter. The grape pickle served at Mehmed II's table came in earthenware jars from Gallipoli, on the Dardanelles, which remained the chief supplier to the Topkapı for generations of his descendants. The importance of vinegar can be gauged from the fact that Evliya reports the *sirkecibaşı*, or chief vinegar-maker, in Istanbul as having a thousand *dönüm* (some 250 acres) on the Golden Horn on which he grew *misket* grapes specifically for making vinegar.

Verjuice is another acidic agent that was used by palace chefs by the barrel-load. Since at least the 17th century, verjuice has been made from the sour *koruk* grape, which does not sweeten when ripe. According to Evliya, the fruit grew all year round in Bursa.

As to the healing properties of grapes, whether fresh or dried, they are the stuff of legend, of folklore – and of modern medicine. Grapes are scientifically proven to have anti-ageing as well as medicinal properties. The skin of black grapes contains resveratrol, a powerful antioxidant, and the pips help red blood cells to multiply. Science reveals that grapes stimulate three main organs: the liver, the kidneys and the lungs, all of which play a role in clearing the body of toxins.

In the words of the 11th-century physician Ibn Sina, or Avicenna, as he is known to the West, "Eat grapes in autumn!"

ZEYTİNYAĞLI YAPRAK DOLMA
STUFFED VINE LEAVES IN OLIVE OIL

250g fresh or preserved vine leaves
Filling:
1/2 glass olive oil
4 onions (finely chopped)
1 tablespoon pine kernels
1 glass short-grain rice (rinsed)
2 glasses hot water
2 teaspoons dried mint
1 teaspoon ground cinnamon
Salt and pepper
2 teaspoons sugar
1 tablespoon 'kuş üzümü' currants
2 tablespoons fresh dill (chopped)
Juice of 1/2 lemon
Lemon slices and fresh dill to garnish

Dolmas that are cooked in olive oil and served cold contain no meat and so are jokingly called *yalancı*, or false, dolmas. But don't let that put you off: properly prepared, the delicate, elegant vine-leaf dolma is one of the most refined of dishes. In spring, when vine leaves are tender, one can use fresh leaves; otherwise leaves preserved in brine are available at any time of year. Freezing the fresh, tender spring leaves in small quantities is a simple alternative. The secret of a melt-in-the mouth texture lies in picking the leaves before they become fibrous towards the end of May. In Istanbul leaves from Tokat and Izmir are sought-after because of their exceptionally fine texture.

1 If you are using fresh leaves, plunge them briefly in boiling water until they turn from bright green to olive and are limp enough to wrap. With preserved or frozen leaves, soak them in hot water for about 10 minutes (to get rid of the salt or to melt the ice). Rinse in cold water and leave in a colander to drain.

2 Prepare the filling by chopping the onions finely. Heat the olive oil and fry first the pine kernels, then the onions, until the kernels turn golden and the onions are translucent. Add the rice to the pan and keep frying, then stir in one glass of hot water with the mint, cinnamon, salt, pepper and sugar. Finally, add the currants, stir gently and simmer, covered, for 5 to 10 minutes. When all the liquid has been absorbed transfer the filling, with the rice half-cooked, to a shallow dish. Stir in the chopped fresh dill and leave to cool a little.

3 Spread one leaf on a plate, downy side up. Snip off the stem. Put one spoonful of filling near the stem end in the centre. Fold the sides over the filling, then the stem end and finally roll the rest of the leaf to enclose the filling and create a neat parcel the length and thickness of your index finger.

4 Repeat with the remaining leaves and filling, taking care to make all the dolmas more or less the same size. Pack them snugly in layers in a shallow pan. Add the lemon juice. Place a heatproof plate on top to prevent them moving and unravelling. Slowly pour over the second glass of hot water, cover and simmer over a low heat for about 20 minutes.

5 When all the liquid has been absorbed, remove from the heat and leave to cool, covered and undisturbed.

6 Transfer the dolmas to a serving dish and serve cold, garnished with lemon slices and fresh dill. They keep well – if anything, they will improve – and are enjoyed by young and old. They make wonderful picnic food, too.

KORUKLU YAKA YAHNİSİ
SWORDFISH STEW WITH SOUR GRAPES

Swordfish steaks
Olive oil
Bay leaves
Garlic cloves (peeled)
Bunch of sour grapes
Juice of fresh grapes or 1/2 lemon

This is adapted from a recipe in the 18th-century cookery manual written by a gourmet *kadi* (judge) of the Tulip Period. It is specifically made from the neck of the fish, then classified as the *yaka*, or collar. The author explains that this is the richest, tastiest part, hence this fine dish's Turkish name. Nowadays swordfish is scarce, but other fish such as sea bass or even salmon can be used instead. The quantities depend on the numbers eating. One steak should make one portion.

1 Wash and pat the fish dry and sprinkle with salt.

2 Heat the olive oil and lightly sear the fish on both sides. Remove from the heat.

3 Arrange the bay leaves, garlic and grapes on the fish. Add the grape or lemon juice and cook over a gentle heat for about 5 minutes, until the juices are absorbed and the fish is deliciously flaking.

Talaş Böreği
Savoury Puff Pastry Parcels

Flaky pastry dough (shop-bought)

Filling:

1 tablespoon olive oil

500g lamb (cubed)

1 tomato (skinned and chopped) or 1 dessertspoon tomato paste

Juice of 1/2 lemon

1 tablespoon pine kernels

1 large onion (sliced into half-moons)

1 tablespoon 'kuş üzümü' currants (rinsed)

Fresh dill and parsley (chopped finely)

1 egg (beaten) to glaze

These golden, puffed-up parcels hide a treat inside and are a meal in themselves. They are easy to prepare if you use ready-made pastry. If you really want to make your own, prepare a pliable dough with about 250g flour, 100g butter and water. Roll out the dough and arrange another 50g of butter, cut into slices, over two-thirds of it. Fold the unbuttered third over the butter pieces and fold once more to cover the butter completely. Put in a freezer bag and chill in the freezer for 15 minutes before rolling again.

1 Heat a spoonful of the oil and stir-fry the meat until it is brown and has reabsorbed the released juices. Add the tomato, stir in the lemon juice and cook with half a glass of water for about 45 minutes, until very tender.

2 In a frying pan fry the pine kernels with a little oil. Add the onion and sauté until they are translucent and reduced.

3 Season the meat with pepper and salt, add the pine kernels, onion and raisins, and simmer briefly to combine the ingredients.

4 Remove from the heat, mix with the dill and parsley and leave to cool.

5 When needed, roll out the pastry and cut into equal squares roughly 13cm or 5in square. Brush the edges of each square with egg glaze. Spoon some of the meat filling (without the sauce) into the centre and fold over one corner to form a triangle. Gently press the edges together to seal.

6 Brush each parcel with the remaining egg to glaze, and bake until golden and puffed up.

İç Pilav
Rice Pilav with Sultanas

2 generous tablespoons butter

1 large onion

1 lamb's liver (diced)

A handful of almonds (blanched)

A handful of sultanas (soaked and rinsed)

2 glasses rice (soaked and rinsed)

4 glasses hot water

Salt, pepper and ground cinnamon

Roasts stuffed with this special festive pilav used to be offered to guests on wedding days or holy days. Ingredients vary: on the west coast of Turkey it contains pine kernels or almonds; in the eastern regions pistachios are more common. *İç pilav* is delectable by itself but nothing can compare with it when cooked in the cavity of a lamb slowly roasted over an open fire, basted with sizzling fats, and with the stuffing absorbing all the mouthwatering juices. It also goes well with poultry, in which case the bird's liver is used instead of lamb's liver.

1 Wash the liver, pat dry and dice.

2 Heat the butter and fry the almonds and onions. When both have turned golden, add the liver and stir until it is seared. Add the rice and stir-fry a little more.

3 Pour on the hot water. Stir in the sultanas, season with salt, pepper and cinnamon, and bring to the boil.

4 Turn down the heat and gently simmer, covered, until all the liquid is absorbed and the rice grains have swollen. Leave covered for about 20 minutes before serving.

Koruklu Bamya
Okra with Sour Grapes

500g fresh okra

1 tablespoon butter

1 large onion (chopped)

2 bell peppers (seeded and sliced)

250g minced beef

Salt and pepper

1 large tomato (skinned and chopped)

Juice and peel of 1 lemon

A small bunch of sour grapes

The acidic wild grape, known as *koruk* in Turkish, is a variety that ripens without sweetening. But any unripe grape can be used. Failing that, simply use a little more lemon juice.

1 Trim the stem ends of the okra pods, leaving the top in a cone shape so that the juices are trapped inside. Cut around the stem with a knife as if you were sharpening a pencil, without piercing the pod.

2 Heat the butter and stir-fry the onions, then the peppers. When the peppers have softened, add the meat, season with salt and pepper and cook, stirring, until all the juices have been reabsorbed and the meat is brown and crumbly. Add the tomato and cook a little longer.

3 Pour a glass of water over the meat and bring to the boil. Stir in the lemon juice and peel.

4 Rinse the okra briefly under a cold tap and transfer to the pan with the boiling ingredients. Give the pan a good shake, rather than stirring, to avoid breaking the okra pods. Lightly break the grapes in your fingers and place on top. Cover and cook, undisturbed, until the okra softens but before the pods break open.

5 Serve hot with oven-fresh bread and perhaps a spoonful of creamy yoghurt, which goes with this tangy dish very well.

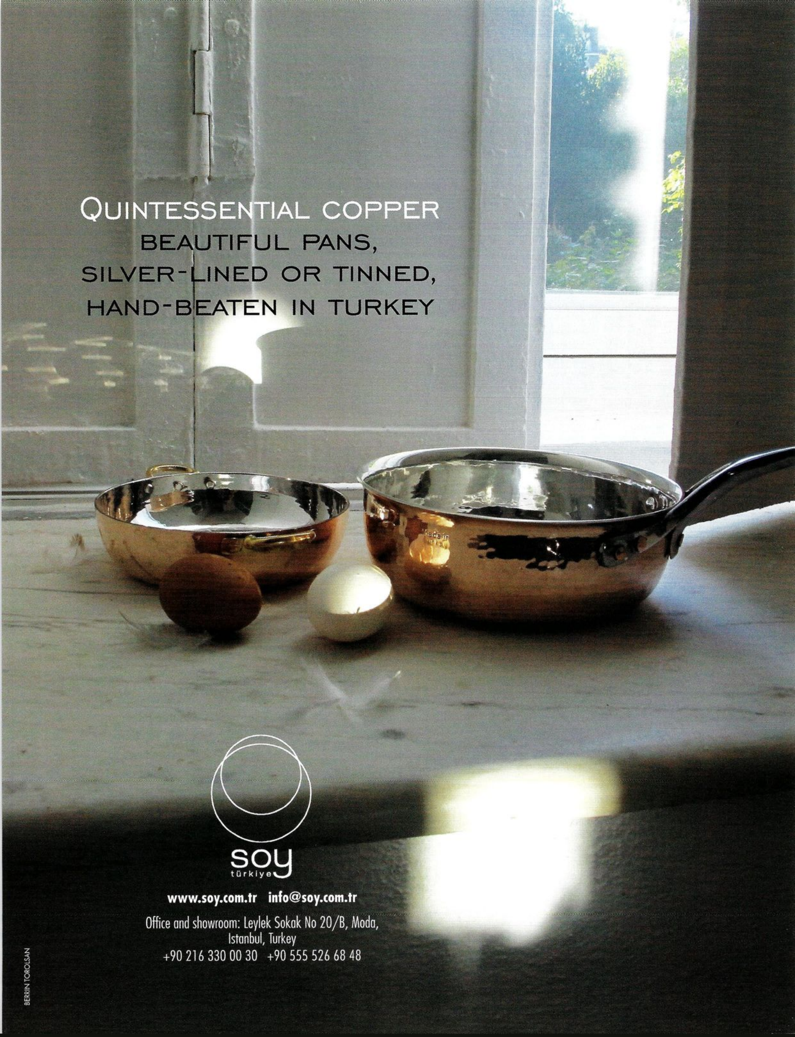
Sİrke
Grape Vinegar

Any leftovers from the table or surplus fruit from the garden can be turned into vinegar. Writing in 1882, Ayşe Fahriye Hanım, author of the cookery book *Evkadını* (*The Housewife*), explains how she uses the pulp left over when grapes have been pressed to make wine. In his book *Sofra Nimetleri,* Abdurahman Cerrahoğlu notes that apple and pear peel also make fragrant vinegars. Because home-made vinegar has no preservatives, it will not keep indefinitely. It is best to prepare a small quantity and use it up in a short time.

1 Rinse the grapes several times, discarding any that are bruised, and press lightly, breaking the fruit, but without breaking the pips.

2 Fill a glass jar with the pulp and cover with water. Place a lid on top and stand the jar in a warm, sunny corner, stirring occasionally and checking the acidity.

3 When it has fermented and reached the desired acidity, filter and bottle.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BERRIN TOROLSAN

Kuru Üzüm Hoşafi
Compôte of Raisins

A handful of dried grapes
About 4 glasses water
1 glass granulated sugar

This compôte can be prepared with any dried fruit such as apricots, plums and any kind of dried grapes – black raisins, or green or golden seedless sultanas. One can mix them too. It is a light, wholesome compôte that goes well with pastry dishes and pilavs. In his 1858 recipe the Mevlevi dervish Ali Eşref Dede of Edirne parboils the raisins then peels and deseeds them before adding them to a syrup prepared with the cooking liquid and sugar. He notes that this *hoşaf* cleans the blood and purifies the lungs.

1 Soak the raisins in plenty of cold water for about half an hour, then rinse.

2 Turn them into a deep pan, with water to cover, and cook until swollen and soft.

3 Add the sugar and cook for 5 minutes more. Leave to cool.

4 Serve well chilled. If too sweet, a squeeze of lemon adds edge.

Koruk Ekşisi
Verjuice

Unripe grapes, or the wild or cultivated sour grapes known as *koruk*, can be pressed – a juicer would save time – and bottled. This fragrant, vitamin-rich elixir is ideal for salads instead of vinegar or lemon juice. Alternatively, dilute and sweeten with sugar to create the most refreshing sherbet.

Üzüm Turşusu
Winter Grape Pickle

Very fresh thick-skinned grapes
1 tablespoon salt
Wine vinegar

Recommended by the physicians of the past, pickled grapes have rather been forgotten today. A pleasantly light pickle, this has a sweet-sour taste that is a perfect complement to roasts and cold meats in winter. Most old recipes recommend preparing it with pressed grape juice or must, which would probably ferment with the pickle. This recipe is from Mahmut Nedim bin Tosun's cookery book *Ahçıbaşı* (*The Chef*). Writing in 1898, he says that the grapes retain their firm, rather crunchy texture and the pickle will be so popular with your guests that they will get through barrel-loads.

1 Rinse the grapes and snip into small bunches.

2 Bring water to the boil in a large pan with salt. Allow the water to cool a little to prevent the grapes from wilting, then blanch briefly by dipping once into the still hot water. Leave to drain in a colander.

3 Pack the grapes into a clean jar. Place a plate or weight on top to stop them surfacing, and fill the jar with vinegar to cover.

4 Cover and store in a cool place. According to the 1898 recipe, the pickle will be ready in 40 days. In fact, two weeks should be enough.

Üzümlü Kek
Sultana Cake

1/2 glass olive oil
1 glass granulated sugar
Zest of 1 lemon or orange
2 eggs
1/2 glass yoghurt
1 1/2 glasses flour
A handful of almonds (blanched)
1/2 glass sultanas (rinsed and patted dry)
1 heaped teaspoon baking powder
1 teaspoon bicarbonate of soda
A pinch of salt

This versatile cake is not only quick but also a winner for the health-conscious.

1 With an electric hand-whisk beat the olive oil, sugar and zest until creamy. Break in the eggs and keep whisking until the mixture is smooth and fluffy. Gradually stir in the yoghurt.

2 Place a sieve over a mixing bowl. Measure and transfer the flour, almonds, sultanas, baking powder, bicarbonate of soda and salt to the sieve. Sift the contents into the mixing bowl.

3 Add the almonds and sultanas left at the bottom of the sieve, which will now be evenly coated with flour.

4 Stir slightly to blend and pour the batter into a previously greased tin. Bake in a moderate oven for about half an hour or until a toothpick inserted in the centre comes out clean.

Cevizli Sucuk
Walnut Sausages

100g shelled walnuts
500g grapes (preferably red)
Sugar (optional)
Cornflour

One sees these "sausages" for sale next to the fruit "leathers" in old-fashioned nut shops in Turkey, the Balkans and Georgia – a souvenir of the old days, before the invasion of multicoloured candies and sweets. *Sucuk* in Turkish means sausage, but these very special sausages, which look like wax candles, are sweet and make popular gifts for young friends. Any other nuts, such as almonds or hazelnuts, can be used. In *Recipes for Sweetmeats*, a volume dating from 1828, the recipe for these walnut sausages recommends drying them in the sun for two weeks and storing them until December, by which time, the author assures us, they taste "as sweet as sugar".

1 Prepare a clean stick on which to hang and dry your sausages. Cut some string, or better still, sewing thread, into equal lengths, tying a knot at one end. Using a needle, thread 10 or so nuts together and finish with a loop large enough for the stick to pass through.

2 Rinse the grapes in plenty of water and juice them, discarding pips and stalks.

3 Measure the quantity of the juice, then pour it into a pan and taste. If it is too tart, add one or two spoonfuls of sugar. Bring to the boil and let it simmer.

4 With a ratio of one tablespoon of cornflour to one glass of juice, put the cornflour in a bowl and dilute with a little water.

5 Stir the mixture into the simmering grape juice and keep stirring until the mixture thickens. Remove from the heat.

6 Holding each string of nuts by its loop, dip the nuts into the mixture and hang from the previously prepared stick to dry and solidify.

7 When all the sausages are coated, give them a second and third coat, until the nuts are concealed and the sausages look like wax candles. Leave them to dry further for a couple of days and store. The sausages can then be wrapped in neat parcels as gifts, or cut into small morsel-sized rounds. ◆

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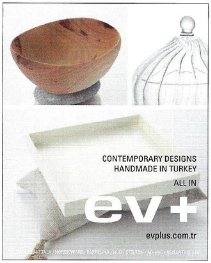

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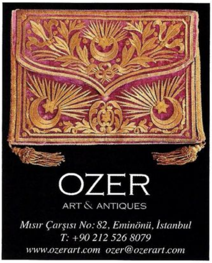

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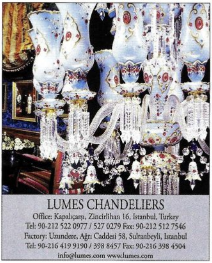

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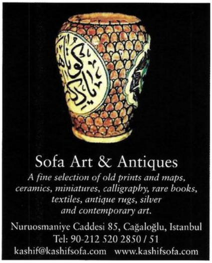

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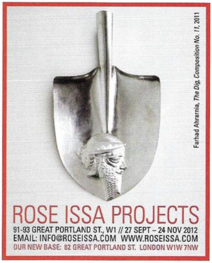

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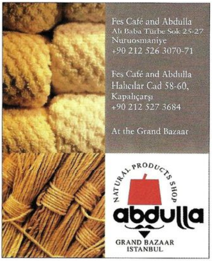

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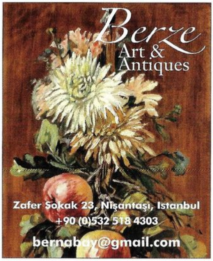

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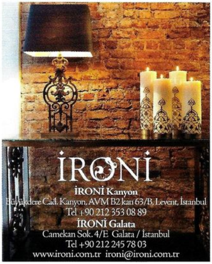

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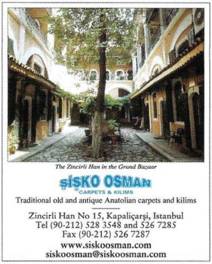

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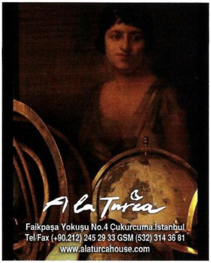

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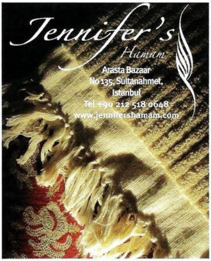

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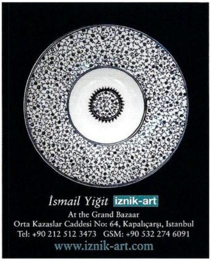

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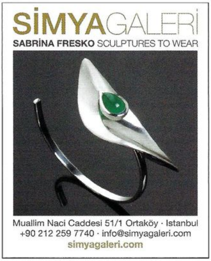

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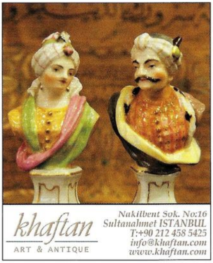

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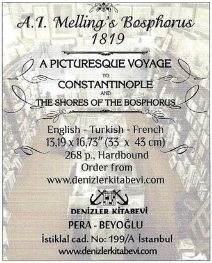

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Village voices

Azize Ethem continues her diary with a look back over a spring and summer shared with many a visitor, both human and avian. While yet more travellers run marathons around the lake, she finds herself helping a local bachelor hone his courtship technique

The world comes to Iznik

With my daughter Sara's draconian medical regime over and her prognosis good, I arrived home in early April. After seven months away I was a little concerned about the state of my little corner of paradise. Fatih, my one-day-a-week miracle-worker, had the garden looking immaculate, while Mehmet had ploughed the field ready for the first bean crop. The lake was once again very high and lapping at the edge of the lawn. The egrets, herons and other water birds had not yet returned, so the only birds paddling close to the house were moorhens and coots. The orchards were full of blossom and in my garden the air was laden with the scent of violets.

Two summers ago I became a host on the Workaway website, which pairs up travellers who want to work as volunteers with people around the world wanting help with their projects or activities. Why anyone would want to come and work in my house and garden for food and board I cannot fathom, but come they do. Last year was less than perfect, as I was so enthusiastic I invited anyone and everyone who applied. There were the ecology evangelists who left lights on all day and couldn't live without full-time air-conditioning, and the young Jewish couple who thought the Ottoman Empire had persecuted their ancestors. Both lots got a sharp lecture. This year I have been much more selective and all who have stayed have been a joy. The house had an old-fashioned spring-clean, as well as all the maintenance chores being tackled. My "workaways" this summer were from Ecuador, Taiwan and Hungary, as well as one young Cherokee. Hopefully they have learned from me as much as I have learned from them.

By the end of April all the migratory birds had returned. Swallows, swifts, storks, egrets, pygmy cormorants, kingfishers and herons had once again taken up residence. I have at last reclaimed the back terrace, which is usually taken over by swallows building their mud-cup nests in the rafters. A large black cardboard cutout of a raptor suspended by fishing line has sent the squatters to less threatening climes. For the first time since moving from Iznik, my nasty little plastic boat was revamped and launched. I have not done any long excursions but a leisurely paddle each morning is a great way to start the day. As Ratty said, "There is nothing – absolutely nothing – half so much worth doing as simply messing about in boats."

This spring no sudden storms ruined the orchard fruit harvest, but the extremely hot summer has taken its toll on the vegetable crops. Barring a freak hailstorm, the olive trees look as if it will be the best season in years.

A race well run

On the second weekend in April the first Iznik Ultra was held. This consisted of three trail races: a 126-kilometre race circling the lake shore, a 60-kilometre race and a 10-kilometre fun run the following day. Over 100 contestants signed up for the two longer races, with 10 foreign competitors from Britain, France, Russia and South Africa.

The planning was faultless, so hats off to Caner Odabaşoğlu, the organiser. The reports from the foreigners who participated were glowing, with Iznik Ultra set to become a serious contender in the international trail-marathon calendar.

Popping the question

My first trip into Iznik on my return was a lengthy outing with people stopping me in the street to ask after Sara's health and how I was. There is something very comforting in the fact that as well as friends, people I hardly know are so caring about me and mine. After numerous glasses of tea, I had caught up on all the local news, admired a particularly ugly new baby and commiserated with the man who had had his building permit revoked. I don't understand how anyone would want to demolish an old house to rebuild within the city walls of Iznik. Time and time again, people start to dig new foundations and – surprise, surprise – they come across ancient ruins. In step the archaeologists from the local museum and that is the end of any dreams of a modern building on the site.

Harun owns a shop near the car park where I always leave my vehicle. A middle-aged bachelor, he sits outside his shop watching the city girls walking past in their skimpy summer attire. He strongly disapproves of these modern girls but never fails to watch them carefully. Why he has never married is a mystery to me: a shop owner with extensive olive groves, he is surely a good catch. For years he has nagged me to teach him English, while I have always managed to avoid starting lessons. This summer, one market day, he was waiting for me. Having given up any hope of my doing the right thing, he had written a list of the important English phrases he needed. Sitting on the guest stool outside the shop, I balanced the ubiquitous glass of tea in one hand while I looked at the sentences he wanted me to translate. Then he held the tea while I copied out in English: "You are very beautiful", "Are you married?", with the third being "Will you marry me?" Obviously, my middle-aged friend doesn't believe in wasting time with a long courtship. Only time will tell if his tactics work.

I'll take the highway

There has been much activity on the field beyond my fence. Low-lying, it has been flooded for the past few summers, so the owner decided to bring in tons of soil. First came a tractor and trailer, which got bogged to the axles. After hours of revving the motor and discussions with a gathering audience, a second tractor arrived to pull out number one. By the end of the day we had three tractors and one trailer firmly stuck in the mud. Day two saw the arrival of a large front-end loader, which, with much shouting from the gathered experts, quickly extricated everything from the sticky mud. Once the lake level dropped a little, huge trucks started to deposit mountains of soil on the land. After about 30 loads I began to wonder how the owner could afford such a project.

It wasn't long before I was enlightened. All the excess soil from the area of the new highway eight kilometres away has to be removed. For a tenth of the normal price the trucks are dumping soil on my neighbour's land. How I wish I had friends in the trucking business. I am not too sure what the word "superhighway" means exactly, but the width of the ribbon wending its way down the hill is enormous. In just over two years there will be the second-longest bridge in the world crossing the Izmit Gulf to join this superhighway.

How that will impact on this quiet area I can only wait to see. ◆

Beyond the Orchard, by Azize Ethem (Çitlembik), is available from cornucopia.net, price £6.50

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ANDREW FINKEL LONGS FOR THE GOOD OLD DAYS OF EATING MEZE IN A PRE-GLOBAL ISTANBUL, BUT FINDS CONSOLATION IN SOME OF THE CITY'S MORE RECENT HAUNTS

With the obvious exception of Pol Pot (and my great-aunt Ida), I know it is wrong to speak ill of the dead. On the other hand, I would find it hard to persuade myself, even after all these years, that Biltin Toker was a man with whom I would have gone out of my way to share a beer. I first met him in 1989, when he was the *éminence grise* of the newly elected social-democratic municipality, an administration whose studied fumbling did much to clear the way for the election of Tayyip Erdoğan as mayor five years later. The odd thing was that before I met him in person I was determined to like him.

I knew him by reputation as the compiler of a book of real genius. *Spot on Istanbul,* published in 1986, was a 650-page compendium of knowledge about Istanbul and a guidebook of bottomless eccentricity. It was arranged like Samuel Johnson's *Dictionary*, with quirky alphabetical entries on all things imaginable – from circumcision ("It's never too late") to chiropody ("forget it – no one looks after their feet"); from whirling dervishes to werewolves, mayonnaise to macramé and martial arts. And of course pages and pages on restaurants and food. Biltin Toker seemed to have not just visited but formed an opinion on every sandwich shop, bar, delicatessen and up-market eatery in the city. And his judgment was sound.

Every now and then I dip into it to jog my memory of what Istanbul was like on the threshold of today's global city. By the mid-1980s the culinary Istanbul I had first known was disappearing. *Spot* records the demise of the cosmopolitan city and Istanbul's reliance on Russian émigrés, Greek restaurateurs and the lone Austrian exile who understood the secret of a well-tempered Wiener schnitzel. Süreyya Omsak, purveyor of lamb Karsky, chicken Kievsky, and the most wonderful pickles ever brewed, had recently passed away and the elegant restaurant bearing his name still got an entry, but only *in memoriam.* A few up-market places got Toker's approval but in general he had harsh words for overpriced pretension. Those were the days when "meat paella with shrimp" was a staple of Istanbul's upper crust. The entries wrestled with the formulaic and encouraged those trying to do something right. The kindest words of all were reserved for those rooted in some sort of tradition, and I find myself salivating ever so slightly at the memory of the savoury pastry at Abdullah's, or really any dish at all simmering in the hot trays at the legendary Haci Salih. Though all but a sprinkling of those 1980s restaurants have been consigned to history, the battle for gastronomic integrity goes on.

It was in the spirit of that noble quest that I visited three establishments in three different parts of Istanbul, each in their different ways trying to invest in the fundamentals of an Istanbul evening out. Meze, the array of shared *hors d'oeuvres*, is a basic ritual – the accompaniment to libation and conversation among friends. At **Eleos**, one of my new regular haunts, I don't think I've ever made it to the main course. It is at the far, Tünel end of İstiklâl Caddesi, on the second floor of a building which goes by the much too grand name of Khedival Palace (Hıdivyal Palas). It is a cheery place with a view over the neck of the Bosphorus – entirely lacking the subterranean-peeling-paint charm of many a *meyhane*. White walls, blue trim and Greek music on the speakers attempt to transport us to the Mediterranean, although the owners are Armenian and the *topik* – a chickpea pâté (Armenian soul food) – is first class. There are a few quirky touches, including a welcoming drink of what is best described as a "rakı breezer". Fried courgettes in batter are light and crispy and arrive unbidden, on the house, as does an array of fruit and gooey desserts. There is a particularly tasty dish of sole (frozen not fresh) sautéed with mushrooms. No single dish takes your breath away, but the cumulative effect – along with a moderate bill – is altogether satisfying.

I am not sure what to make of **Sıdıka**, another meze restaurant, on the fringe of the fashionable bit of Beşiktaş, away from the market and a short walk from the W Hotel. It takes its gastronomic cue from the Aegean. The octopus tentacles are good and there is an unusual cheese paste made with pistachios. The grilled fresh sardines, each one wrapped in a vine leaf, were just right. Unlike the macho meze parlours in nearby Beşiktaş market, it is owned and staffed by women. Everyone is very helpful, which may explain why it is popular not just with Turkish couples but with tourists and a young expat crowd. It is also moderately priced. The trouble is that it pushes the *meze nouveau* concept that bit too far. The walls are lime green, the floors boldly patterned encaustic tiles, and with bare tables the overall effect is just a little bit too stark (and noisy). It would be a great place for lunch (as yet it's open only for lunch on Fridays), but as somewhere to sip rakı and nibble this and that while contemplating the meaning of life it struck me as a bit too frenetic.

The same thing cannot be said of **İnciraltı** (Beneath the Fig Tree), which is set in a quiet, overgrown garden on the Asian side of the Bosphorus. The atmosphere is positively dozy. The village of Beylerbeyi is at the foot of the first Bosphorus bridge and there is a waterfront of cafés and restaurants, none of which has caught my attention. İnciraltı is down a side street and in cold or rainy weather seating is upstairs in a set of wood and whitewashed rooms. The menu claims the textbook authenticity of old Istanbul and regional recipes. Some of the meze, including stuffed spleen, might have been best left unrediscovered, but there are some good and unusually presented dishes to tempt modern Istanbul's jaded palate. Prices are not expensive but edging above what you might expect.

I had the grilled sweetbreads at İnciralti but later went to Sütlüce, a neighbourhood on the Golden Horn that once housed the city's abattoirs and hence is famous for its offal. The district is undergoing a revival – it is just past the Rahmi Koç technology museum and just before the municipal convention centre, where many concerts are now staged. There are many restaurants advertising pluck and more conventional bits of lamb. Briefly noted is **Sadrazam Mahmut,** an unassuming place, where the skewers of grilled sweetbreads are firm without being rubbery and the beer is cold.

Briefly unnoted is **Mabeyin**, my once-favourite Gaziantep kebab restaurant on the Asian side of Istanbul. I called to make a reservation and they no longer serve alcohol. What is this world coming to? ◆

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The Cornucopia Sleepover

In a new departure, Andrew Finkel introduces The Cornucopia Hotel Collection, our independent online guide to where to stay in Turkey, designed with Cornucopia readers in mind

It all started with a question: where should friends (and friends of friends) stay when they visit? You would think coming up with an answer would be as easy as duck soup. After all, the Cornucopia editorial staff have spent a lifetime living in and writing about Turkey; the magazine counts among its readers a discriminating – not to say picky – audience of independent travellers. It also values among its sponsors some of Turkey's greatest, most comfortable hotels. But matching people's preferences and purses to a place to stay is trickier than it sounds. And, as we thought about it, we discovered our own Achilles heel. It's like pretending not to understand a language. People who are at home in a country don't always appreciate the needs of travellers trying to find their feet in an unfamiliar land.

So we rethought the whole problem and set out to produce a practical guide to help visitors make up their own minds, based on good advice. The result is the Cornucopia Hotel Collection, a website produced with the *Blue Guide* cultural guide books. It does the legwork for people coming to Turkey – a one-click address. The hotels we list are ones we have come to know and would stay in ourselves. These are places that will provide more than a fresh towel and a reliable wake-up call, and offer something unique.

On the website we have provided a wide choice – from five-star spectaculars with spas and Bosphorus-side infinity pools, and boutique hotels where the proprietor goes the extra mile, to B&Bs that are handy for sightseeing. We tell you why you might want to stay there and what would be the cost. The site includes a booking facility which is secure and guarantees the best rates. Most of the hotels are in Istanbul but others are in attractive parts of Turkey and are destinations in their own right.

The idea behind the website is that we are not just recommending hotels to our readers – we are asking the proprietors and their staff to take particularly good care of our friends. ◆

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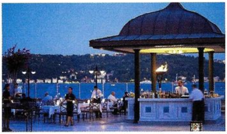

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Ghosts at work

Roger Norman finds magic in the web of folk wisdom, scripture and myth when he goes in search of the origins of the spring festival of Hıdrellez

Yusuf and Melike, in their seventies, own two acres of rich valley land 10 miles from Eskişehir. Here they grew lucerne (also known as alfalfa) for half a dozen cows until a few years ago when looking after the animals became too much for them, with no youngster in the family to help. The cattle were sold, leaving them only the field. They go on cultivating lucerne for sale as fodder but there's the tractor and driver to pay to do the ploughing, the mowing and the baling, and again to shift the bales. They'd make more from potatoes or pumpkins, but they're accustomed to lucerne. The income from half a dozen cuts of hay is what they live on.

This year it rained plentifully in April, which pleased everybody, and then bucketed down for 15 days in May, which didn't. Low-lying fields were waterlogged and some of them, including the plot owned by Yusuf and Melike, were uncultivable well into June. By the time the soil was dry enough to plough, it was too late to sow anything. Other farmers in the valley put in watermelons, but there's no money in late watermelons and you feel it was more to avoid looking out on empty fields than in any expectation of reward.

The mid-Anatolian climate is not easy. Late frosts are common in May, while June is properly hot (although not this year), so the sowing and planting season is short. When I first came to live here, I sought Yusuf's advice about putting in potatoes. "Not yet!" he said in surprise. A fortnight later I asked again. "It's a bit late now," he replied.

Generally the villagers don't like to plant before Hıdrellez – not even potatoes or pumpkins and certainly not tomatoes. This is part climatic guide, part folk belief. The passage of Hıdrellez during the night of May 5–6 is a traditional signal of returning summer, the release of the upward-moving spirits, or juices, and to anticipate it is felt to be unlucky, or mistaken.

The nature of the Hıdrellez event is not easily discovered. I say "event" because it's not a festival any more – except to a few enthusiasts. In fact it's hard to find out quite what it is, or was, or where it originated. The word is a merging of the names of the Islamic prophet Hıdır and the Christian prophet Elijah. Hıdır features in Sura 18 of the Koran as a fearsome clairvoyant, too deep and powerful for Moses, who comes to him for advice. He is generally thought of as a mysterious prophet or eternal wanderer who has acquired immortality through drinking from the River of Life. One series of tales has him as the servant and guide of Alexander the Great. In Arabic he is Al-Khidr, which means, according to one translation, the Green One.

Elijah (together with Elisha, who caught his mantle) was the most astonishing magician of the Old Testament, capable of restoring the dead to life, bringing water to dry streams and summoning storms. In Balkan cultures he was known as the Thunderer. In Greece he is remembered by his Latin name, Elias, associated with the easterly gates of cities facing the rising sun, Helios (whence his name presumably originates), as well as with innumerable hilltop sanctuaries.

One grows quickly perplexed in the labyrinths of folk tale, ancient scripture and myth, but let us explore for a moment. In the Koran, Hıdr met Moses "at the place where the two seas meet", which may have been geographical, where the Mediterranean meets the Red Sea, for example, or metaphorical, when the Mosaic or Judaic dispensation encountered the Islamic dispensation, or metaphysical, representing the meeting of the physical and spiritual realms. Being immortal, Hıdr might have met both Moses and Elijah (separated in history by numerous generations) and it is the second of these two meetings which is commemorated, and somehow re-enacted, at Hıdrellez.

Could these two meetings share the same metaphorical significance? Moses and Elijah were the two prophets present with Christ at the Transfiguration, as in Raphael's painting, and are often to be found side by side as representatives of the Christian prophetic tradition accepted by Islam. In one Jewish version, the events of the Hıdr/Moses tale from Sura 18 are retold with Elijah as the principal figure. It is not impossible that the two East–West, Islamic–Christian encounters between Hıdr and a Christian prophet are memories of one and the same event, or idea.

May 5 in the Julian calendar is April 23 in the Gregorian. St George's Day in Georgia is on May 5 but in the Balkans and Greece on April 23. In Greece it is celebrated by leaping over bonfires in streets and lanes and village squares, which is also part of the Hıdrellez tradition. Clearly the matching of the calendar dates and the fire-leaping is more than a coincidence, although St George would seem to have little in common with either Hidr or Elijah. But wait. St George in Europe is the most famous of the dragon slayers, a function interpreted by mythologists as the symbolic killing of the Old Year in order that the reviving spirit of the New may be born. The dragon in many mythologies is symbolic of life-giving energy, fertility, and also fire. The traditional date of the Crucifixion and Resurrection of Christ coincides with these late-April or early-May dates and is widely seen as belonging to the same cycle of death and revival, and is thus a celebration of the annual rebirth of the life spirit.

Hıdr as the Green or Verdant One is sometimes equated with the Green Man, whose leaf-strewn countenance stares from the sculpted façades of columns and arches in many British churches. Food was put out for the Green Man, as salt, sugar and flour are put out for Hıdrellez. The Green Man, besides, was always associated with the health and fertility of the forests. Puck, a fairy king in some accounts and a sort of goblin in others, seems to have been one of his manifestations.

I warned you about the labyrinth of myth, and we don't seem close to finding the way out of this one. According to the poet and mythologer Robert Graves, an education in mythological symbolism – deriving from the Bible, the Welsh Triads, Norse legend and the folk sagas surrounding such figures as King Arthur and Alexander the Great – was the medieval equivalent of today's literary education. Ordinary folk were familiar with the personalities and events of these old stories, Graves says, while poets and bards appreciated their symbolic value. Today we are not, and do not, which is perhaps why we so soon get lost.

The old villagers of central Anatolia are a dying breed, marginalised by mechanisation, economies of scale and the steady shift towards the new order represented by the big urban settlements. The crisis of the villages is that the young people don't stay, which is why Yusuf couldn't keep the cows and has nothing but a field to live off. With the emigration of young people from the villages and the consolidation of individual plots under the ownership of "progressive" farmers, it is not only the old, self-sufficient village economies that disappear but the culture that informed and supported them.

The same process, observed and vigorously recorded by William Cobbett, can be traced in England in the first decades of the 19th century, triggered by the forcible

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enclosure of common land. This was not only a socioeconomic transformation but a cultural-religious one. As Thomas Hardy put it, in olde England "God was palpably present in the country, and the devil had gone with the world to town."

The rural divinities were part-pagan, part-Christian. Seeds for flowering crops were sown during the waxing of the moon, for root crops when it was on the wane. Provided the phase of the moon was right, the afternoon of Good Friday was preferred by many farmers for putting in the spuds. In Devon they used to say: "We sow our potatoes at the foot of the Cross."

The tradition in mid-Anatolia of not sowing summer crops before Hıdrellez lacks such a directly religious connotation, yet the underlying idea of an age-old mythical calendar is the same. Seasonal activities were dictated by the weather, but also took on a sacred character which influenced not only when things were done but in what spirit – extending to the choice of tools, the care of animals, the storage of produce, the small rituals that insisted on excellence or, if you like, artistry. Traces of this artistry survive in all old peasant cultures – seemingly indestructible dry-stone walls, tools that see out lifetimes, the extraordinary complexity of millwheel construction and harness-making, the perfect simplicity of village bread ovens. The old magico-religious beliefs that informed and backed the rural culture were essential to the practice of traditional agriculture, now overwhelmed by the dictates of machinery and economics.

Puck would no doubt have been forgotten in England long ago if it weren't for Shakespeare and Kipling (who called him "the oldest thing in England"), but the demise of Hıdrellez in Turkey seems unlikely. There are still plenty of people who put out the condiments for him every May 5, with a wish list of blessings for the household, and the farmers show no sign of forgetting him. He continues to enjoy a semi-official existence in Turkish almanacs and diaries, and the website of the Turkish Ministry of Culture devotes a section to him.

It's quite simple, really: as the weather turns to summer, the ghosts of the old magicians perform a fly-past, dispensing fertility and urging country folk to get busy in the fields. The Green One and the Thunderer link hands. The Arab and the Jew bury the hatchet. The Turk and the Greek forget their differences. Summer's here and the divine bounty is back. ◆

Roger Norman is a novelist living in Eskişehir, where he lectures at Anadolu University. rnorman@anadolu.edu.tr

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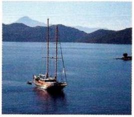

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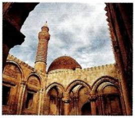

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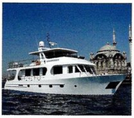

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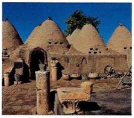

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The diving diva

JOHN CARSWELL ON THE LATE HONOR FROST (1917–2010), DOYENNE OF UNDERWATER ARCHAEOLOGY

Honor Frost led many lives, as an artist, ballet designer, scholar, writer and publicist, but she will be remembered most as the initiator of underwater archaeology as a serious field of study.

This happened in an almost fortuitous way, and involves Turkey in general and in particular Yassı Ada, a tiny island off the coast of Bodrum. As an old friend, she came to stay with me in the 1950s, when I was teaching at the American University of Beirut. She was already a competent diver, having been trained by Frédéric Dumas, Jacques Cousteau's colleague, in the South of France. At that moment she had just been working with the archaeologist Kathleen Kenyon at Jericho, where she had inherited my previous job as an archaeological draughtsman, planning underground rock-cut tombs.

She had brought her aqualung with her, and that summer explored the coast of Lebanon, concentrating on Tyre, Sidon and Byblos, even venturing into Syria to investigate the island of Ruad, off Tartus. My own participation was peripheral; no diver myself, I was simply a spectator. One Saturday she decided to dive off the headland at Tabarja, a little fishing village close to Byblos. When we arrived Honor explained that diving alone could be dangerous, and my role was to watch and keep an eye on the trail of bubbles emitting from her aqualung.

Sitting on a rock I realised there are an awful lot of bubbles in the Mediterranean and soon got bored. Having spotted a little café nearby, I went and ordered a drink. I noticed an old Lebanese house across the bay that appeared abandoned and asked who owned it. It turned out that it belonged to the owner of the café and that he was prepared to rent it. In the meantime Honor had emerged from the sea, somewhat miffed at my defection from duty. But by the time she got to the café, I had agreed to rent the house for a year.

The house was a perfect example of a type found all over the Levant, two storeys high and with a triple arch and balcony facing the sea, but unusually with a flat roof. My new landlord explained it had been empty for years after being bombed during the Second World War. He had only recently put on a new concrete roof, to prevent any further decay. At that moment, little did I guess that it was to become my home for the next 20 years.

I moved out of my apartment in Beirut and Honor followed close on my heels, having decided that it would be an excellent base for her further underwater exploration. She would disappear for days, sometimes weeks on end. I remember waking up one morning when Honor suddenly arrived in a fishing boat, wearing a fur coat.

HONOR FROST IN BODRUM IN THE 1950S, PHOTOGRAPHED BY HER FELLOW DIVER PETER THROCKMORTON (COURTESY OF THE INSTITUTE OF NAUTICAL ARCHAEOLOGY)

That summer when I had finished teaching, Honor suggested we should travel together so that she could investigate the southern coast of Turkey. We booked a flight on Turkish Airlines from Beirut to Adana, and having failed with the bubbles, this time my role was to wear her lead belt, and she would carry the aqualung.

When we landed, the customs officer lifted the flap of my jacket and was puzzled to discover the lead belt. Quick as a flash, Honor said "*Spor*", knowing the Turks were mad about sports, and he let me go without asking exactly what *spor* it was for. From Adana we travelled along the coast on country buses. I sat with my belt, with Honor beside me with the aqualung on her lap wrapped in a red chequered *kafeer*. When an inquisitive lady asked what she was carrying, she firmly announced "*Baybee*", and loosened the valve to supply a corroborative hiss.

After a week or so we finally arrived down a dirt track at Bodrum. In those days it was a tiny fishing village with no more than a couple of hundred inhabitants. We lodged in the only *pansyon*, and quickly met two other divers. One was an American, Peter Throckmorton, who had just arrived from India, where he had been photographing tigers. The other was Turkish, Mustafa Kaptan, on his annual holiday from Izmir.

The three divers quickly discovered they had a common objective, which was to find an underwater wreck. They hired a caique, and with the help of local fishermen they did indeed locate a Byzantine wreck, laden with amphorae, just off a tiny island called Yassı Ada.

Peter took photographs with his underwater camera, and Honor set about measuring the wreck, using exactly the same methods she had learned at Jericho planning tombs. As for me, I was set down on Yassı Ada, and spent happy hours all alone, swimming and drawing the pottery they recovered.

It can justly be claimed that this was the birth of scientific underwater archaeology, with the meticulous recording of a shipwreck before lifting its contents. This was a process which Honor was to refine for the rest of her life. Her reputation was firmly established by her work in Alexandria (1968) and the discovery, excavation and conservation of a Punic warship at Marsala in Sicily (1971).

We kept in touch over the years, and our paths crossed just a couple of years ago. We had both been invited to an international symposium in India entitled *Gujarat and the Sea*. She was chosen as the doyenne of underwater archaeology, and I because of a growing interest in the history of maritime trade between China and the West via the Indian Ocean.

But we both had ulterior motives. For Honor, it provided a chance to inspect what was purportedly the largest stone anchor ever found, off the southern tip of India. For me, it was an opportunity to see an important hoard of Chinese porcelain discovered below the walls of a Tughluq palace in Delhi. We decided we would travel together.

Honor was 94 and still an active diver. Unfortunately, she reacted adversely to a course of injections, became seriously ill and swiftly died. She never knew she was to have been the guest of honour in Gujarat.

Born in Cyprus in 1917, she lost both her parents as a young girl and became the ward of Wilfrid Evill, a London solicitor. Through Honor I got to know Wilfrid too, and stayed in his house in Hampstead, where he had amassed an extraordinary collection of modern British painting, Regency furniture, Chinese porcelain and other works of art. When he died a bachelor in 1963, it was no surprise to learn that he had left his entire collection to Honor. When she herself died in 2010 she had decided that Wilfrid's collection should be sold, to endow a foundation consecrated to underwater archaeology. The collection was auctioned at Sotheby's over three days in 2011, and made over £41 million. This is the basis of the Honor Frost Foundation, to support principally marine and maritime archaeology in the Eastern Mediterranean. ◆

www.honorfrostfoundation.org

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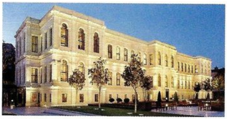

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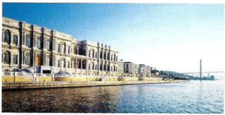

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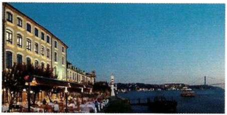

The Sumahan on the Water

A launch whisks you across the water to Europe when you stay on the Asian shore at the Sumahan. An inspired conversion of an Ottoman distillery by husband-and-wife architects who inherited it with wonderful views of the Old City. Çengelköy, a village that kept its old Bosphorus charm, is a short stroll. The hotel has a hamam and a brand-new seaside restaurant.

www.sumahan.com info@sumahan.com

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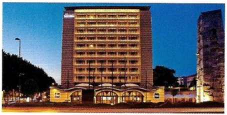
Here are fine hotels of all kinds, from the heart of the historic city to the shores of the Bosphorus, from the grand and glamorous to the very secret. You can also select and book one of Cornucopia's hand-picked hotels online



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www.swissotel.com/istanbul istanbul@swissotel.com

Tel 90-212 326 1100 Fax 90-212 326 1122

Armada Hotel – Istanbul

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www.armadahotel.com.tr info@armadahotel.com.tr

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www.jumeirah.com/istanbul

Tel 90-212 377 4000 Fax 90-212 377 4077

Ibrahim Pasha Hotel – Istanbul

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www.ibrahimpasha.com contact@ibrahimpasha.com

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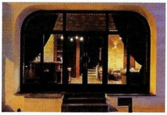

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www.gulevisafranbolu.com gulevi@canbulat.com.tr

TEL 90-530 243 0045 FAX 90-370 712 5051

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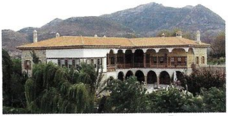

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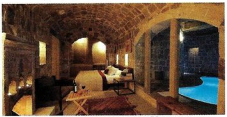

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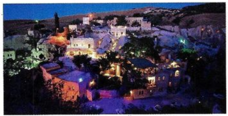

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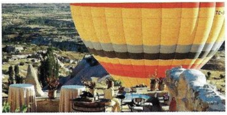

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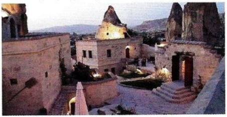

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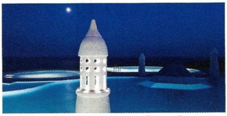

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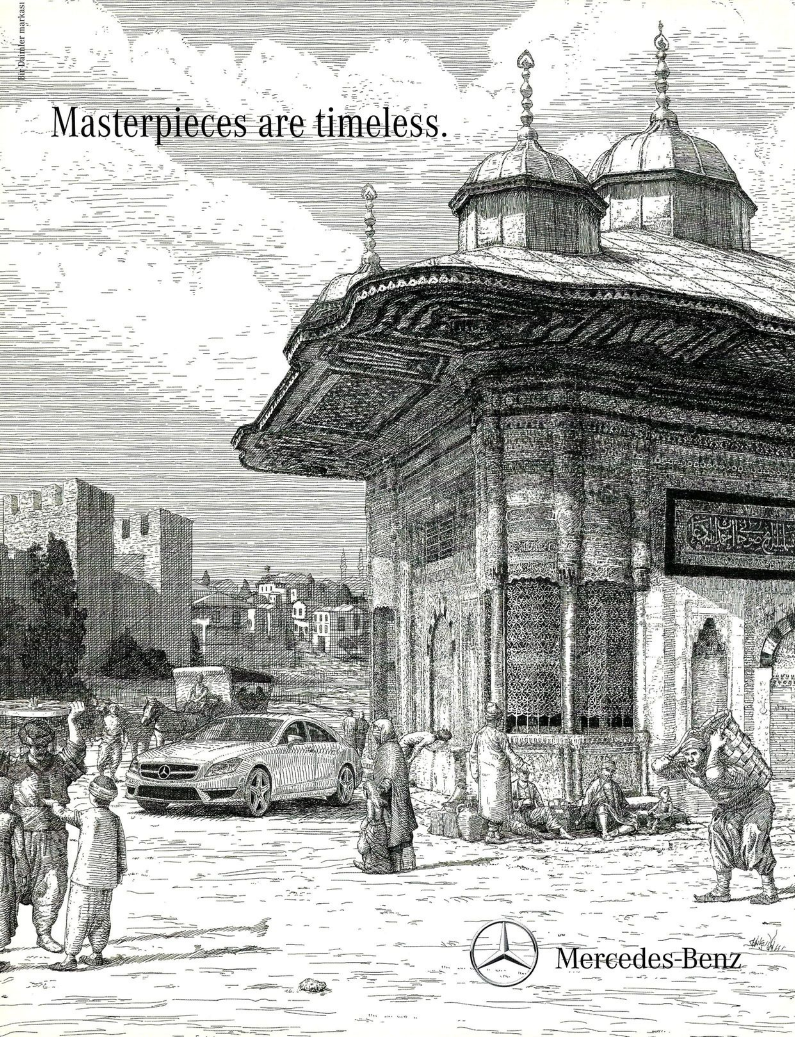
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